

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR BOYS

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

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16 Black and White Illustrations.

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR GIRLS

EDITED BY A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

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CHARIOT RACES, FULL OF EXCITEMENT.

(See "Memories of the Coliseum")



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Edited by A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

With Contributions by

C. F. ARGVILL-SAXBY	S. PORTAL, HYATT
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T. A. GURNEY	F. WHYMPER
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AND OTHER AUTHORS.

With Coloured Plates and
Sixteen Black and White
Illustrations.

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LONDON E. C.

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A YOUNG Englishman's curiosity led him to investigate a South African mystery, despite the embargo of the witch-doctors. The result was surprising.

The Stone Hippopotamus

BY

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

KLAAS, the little wizened old Basutu wagon-driver, looked up from the brake-block he was making.

"What foolishness you Mashona always talk!" he remarked politely. "Except when you are asleep, you are always jabbering of witches and evil spirits. Never did I think that any folk could be so useless. Your brothers, the baboons up there"—he pointed to a huge, bald kopje—"have more sense than yourselves. At least, they do not keep witch-doctors to poison all the honest men."

The Mashona, half a dozen practically naked savages squatting round a few smouldering logs, grunted. There was no love lost between them and this down-country native, who had been brought up to Mashonaland by Douglas Hay, the big trader—the only trader, in fact, in a district the size of England. He was always scoffing at their witchcraft, just as he was always reviling them for their dirty habits and their incurable laziness.

Only one of them dared to answer, however. It was Bungu, son of the local chief, a big, happy-looking savage, with distinctly more than the average amount of intellect.

The Stone Hippopotamus

"It is bad to talk as you do of witches, Klaas," he answered. "Never have I heard any one do it who was not killed in the end. An evil spirit comes along, riding on a hyæna, and strikes him with a terrible sickness of the bowels."

The wagon-driver snorted. "You mean a witch-doctor mixes powdered bamboo in his food, and after that comes the dysentery. I know. But I am careful as to my food, and the Chief"—he meant Douglas Hay—"will certainly kill all witch-doctors who come near to this camp of his. He has a magic by which he can kill all evil folk. For instance, Ma Tumela, there"—he pointed to a weedy youth—"his father it was who said M'Yaka turned himself into a lion at nights. Who killed M'Yaka? Tell me that, Ma Tumela."

A shudder of uneasiness ran through the Mashona, whilst Ma Tumela got up and left hurriedly. Douglas Hay was entirely just in all his dealings, but he was known to hate witch-doctors and their ways, and he had been very severe on some of the professional poisoners. There was no white man's law in that district, save what the trader made himself. At any moment, the Mashona might have wiped out the trading-station and its occupants, and weeks might have elapsed before the authorities heard of the fact; yet, somehow, Douglas Hay dominated every one. The clean-bred, clean-living Englishman, who always lives up to the faith that is in him, who never lowers himself in any way, who is scrupulously honest and scrupulously moral, can do almost anything with savages. It is the man who forgets his early training, the man whose god is money or pleasure, who comes to grief. The savages are quick to see that he is no better than themselves.

"What's the matter, Klaas? What's all the indaba about?" The speaker was Gerald, Douglas Hay's younger brother, who had come out to join him six months before.

The Basutu grinned. "It's the foolishness of these

The "Death that Spits"

Mashona, Baas," he answered. "They have been talking of their stone hippopotamus, who lives in a cave somewhere out by that big hill, N'Yamimi. They say that by day he is no bigger than a rock-rabbit—a silly stone image; but at night he turns into a big bull hippo, and goes down to feed in the Lundi River. Any one who sees him, and any one who goes near the cave, dies. Some night I will borrow the Chief's big rifle and go and shoot him. Then I will beat Bungu and the other Mashona for talking foolishness. I have done so before."

"So I remember," Gerald laughed. "But why are they so afraid of their stone hippo? What is he supposed to do when he's not feeding in the river?"

Bungu answered: "He guards one of the great secrets, Baas. Only a few, a very few, know what that secret is. But he is not alone. There is also the 'Death that Spits.' It is bad to talk about the matter, Baas, whilst those who go near the cave die—die painfully."

The Basutu grunted. "You should be beaten for talking such foolishness, beaten very hard, and your witch-doctors should be hanged in the white man's way. As I have told the Chief often, there is a very good tree beside the cattle scherm. But Baas Douglas is always too kind to the baboon-folk, the people of the granite hills. They only use the charm to hide some stolen things, Baas"—he turned to Gerald—"things like those axes we lost, and my blue shirt. Mashona are no good at all. They should always be well beaten every day."

"Never mind, Klaas. We'll go and rout out the hippo, and find your blue shirt one day soon," Gerald laughed, and, not noticing the looks of mingled fear and amazement on the faces of the Mashona, strolled back to the camp, which was on the top of a small kopje.

In the big, eighteen-foot living hut—Douglas Hay believed in doing things comfortably—Gerald found

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his brother deep in conversation with a stranger who, apparently, had just arrived, having ridden in from the other side of the kopje.

"This is my brother and partner, Martin," Douglas said.

The stranger, tall, thin, wiry, dressed in distinctly disreputable khaki, with two days' growth of beard on his chin, shook hands. There was something in his face, some hint of laughter and kindness in his eyes, which appealed at once to Gerald. He knew who it must be—the Reverend John Martin, the Padre from the old mission-station at the foot of the big hills, the man who was reputed to be the best game-shot in the district, better even than Douglas himself, the man who had gone down, single-handed, into N'Jova's kraal, and had flogged that chief for selling his children to a half-breed Portuguese.

For a time Gerald said little : the others were talking of the situation generally, the ever-present chances of a native rising, the bad harvest, and the certainty of famine about Christmas-time ; but at last he was able to mention the matter uppermost in his mind—the story of the stone hippo.

At once his brother's face grew serious. "You leave that alone, Jerry," he said. "I've heard of it often, but it's one of those things with which it's unwise to meddle. There may be nothing in it, but at the same time, you risk arousing a lot of prejudice against us and of being poisoned by the witch-doctors. Don't you agree with me, Martin?"

The Padre nodded. "I agree entirely. There are many far more harmful things we have to tackle first. I am much more anxious to get them to wash their babies and feed their animals than to hunt through the hills after an absurd, legendary stone hippopotamus. As you say, Hay, to interfere in the matter would be merely to arouse prejudice, hatred even."

Gerald, however, was far from being satisfied. He had made up his mind that the cave of the stone

A Great Secret

hippo must contain some great treasure ; otherwise, why should it be guarded so carefully, hedged about with all these superstitions?

The others dropped the subject as though it were not worth discussing, but after a while Gerald went out in search of Bungu, whom he found engaged in dressing a water-buck cow's skin under the supervision of Klaas.

"These are lazy folk indeed, Baas," the Basutu growled. "Really, they should all be well beaten every morning, instead of being given too much food, as is the way of the Chief, your brother. This baboon, Bungu, has been four days braying a skin which a Basutu would have done in one day. If I am not near him with my sjambok, he is by the fire eating food. They are indeed a bad people," and the little man shook his head mournfully.

Gerald laughed. The contempt which a Basutu feels for every other native, especially for the Zulu and the Mashona, is very real and entirely natural. He is a worker, and the others are loafers, the Zulu being a bragging loafer, the Mashona an uncleanly one. But Klaas always expressed himself so vividly, talked so much of the terrible penalties he was going to inflict, whilst, at heart, he remained the very kindest of men.

"I want to hear more about the stone hippo, Bungu," said Gerald.

The big Mashona put down the water-buck skin and took snuff, very carefully, first from one hand, then from the other. "It is an evil matter," he answered ; "none but a great wizard could go there in safety. The stone hippo is more terrible than many lions. He guards a secret."

"But what secret?" Gerald demanded.

Bungu shrugged his shoulders. "Only the witch-doctors know. It is all hidden from the people."

"A sjambok would make them tell," Klaas growled. "It is the right medicine for this witchcraft. Often I have given it, when the Chief was not with the wagons,

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You and I, Baas, will go and find that stone hippo, and we will take Bungu with us."

Gerald nodded. "I've often been shooting round the foot of that big hill, N'Yamimi—there is a fine troop of koodoo there, as well as impala and klipspringer—but I never saw any signs of caves. It seemed all solid granite; whilst as for hippo, there are none within twenty miles."

"We will go there," Klaas answered. "We will find their devil and slay it; then we will come back and beat all these folk, as they deserve. What do you call the other devil, Hillman?"

Bungu shook his head slowly. "It is called the 'Death that Spits'; but it is well to leave all such things alone. I do not know"—he glanced round nervously—"I do not believe in much of the witchcraft of my tribe, but this matter is very real."

"I'm going to town to-morrow, Jerry," Douglas Hay said that evening. "Martin tells me that there are a couple of good wagons for sale, and we want two more badly enough. It'll take me four days to ride in, two days there, and four days out again. I suppose you can manage here?"

Gerald flushed. Of course he could manage. True, he had been only six months in the country, but during that time he had learnt a great deal. He considered himself now quite capable of running the trading station whilst his brother went into the township, which was a hundred miles away, up on the High Veldt.

"Of course I can manage," he answered, "especially if you leave Klaas behind with me."

The trader nodded. "I shan't take any Kaffirs with me this time; just a pack-horse—that's all."

Gerald Hay was very proud when, having gone to the foot of the kopje with his brother and the missionary and seen them off, he went back to the camp. He was now in sole charge of the largest trading station in Mashonaland, and he intended proving to

Slow Trading

his brother how capable he was, by the profits he made during that brother's absence.

The first day passed successfully. Gerald bought a cow, two young bulls, and ten sheep and goats, all at very reasonable prices, in addition to doing a fair cash trade for trading goods.

But on the second day there was less doing. He saw several parties of natives with live stock which they had brought for sale turn away after a few words with his own boys. One bull-calf and a thin goat represented that day's turnover; and he only took twenty-two shillings in cash.

On the third day, beyond some fowls, two baskets of tomatoes, and a pumpkin, all articles for their own use, he did no trade at all, though he certainly did refuse the offer of an armadillo and a half-dead baboon.

"What does it mean, Klaas?" he demanded of the Basutu. "Why is there nothing doing? I've got the trading-goods and the money here, and I'm ready to buy or sell. Besides, they like me well enough."

Klaas scratched his wool. "It's this way, Baas," he said. "They don't know you yet. These hillmen—baboons of the granite kopjes—are hard to understand. I have heard their talk though, and I know. There are many cattle and sheep and goats waiting in the kraals round here, waiting to be sold to the Chief when he returns. It is lucky to deal with him, they say, but they are not sure about you. The witch-doctors are going to find out."

"I see." Gerald frowned angrily. It was most humiliating to be treated in this way. Why, when Douglas returned there would be practically nothing to show. And all because the rotten old witch-doctors had not decided whether it was lucky or unlucky to deal with him.

For a moment he thought of sending down to bribe those professionals, then put the thought aside. A white man could not do such things. Douglas would merely smile at his lack of success in the business, but

The Stone Hippopotamus

would be furious if he had any dealings with the witch-doctors.

On the fourth day trade was absolutely dead. Gerald mooned about, trying to find some occupation. There were no cattle to train, all the working oxen having been sent down to the salt veldt to pick up condition prior to the wet season ; there were no skins to be made into wagon-whips or reims ; there were not even any repairs to be done to the wagons themselves. In the camp he could not find a single book or paper which he had not already read.

At last, "I can't stand this any longer," he told himself ; "it's too horribly monotonous. I shall go out shooting for a day or two. The camp will be perfectly safe." Then his eyes happened to rest on N'Yamimi, the big white kopje at the junction of the two rivers, some twenty miles away. "By Jove ! I'll go and look for that stone hippo of theirs. Klaas will come with me. I'm sure it is used to frighten the natives away from some sort of treasure. It may be something the ancients left, thousands of years ago, a lot of gold, or even diamonds. The witch-doctors have any amount of stuff hidden away. It would be ripping to have a small fortune—or a big one, perhaps—here for Douglas when he got back."

Klaas was ready enough to accompany him. The little old Basutu had been, like many of his fellow-tribesmen, brought up as a Christian, and though, at the back of his mind, there may have remained some fear, of the evil spirits of his own race, he had no fear of those of other races.

"Certainly we will go, Baas," he said. "I will make all things ready, food for four or five days. There is bread cooked now, and cold guinea-fowl, and bacon that has been boiled. We shall get plenty more guinea-fowl, as well as buck-meat. Some tea, coffee, and sugar, and milk in tins—those, with salt and some more flour, are all we shall need. We will not tell the Mashona, who carry the food and blankets, where we

A Good Beginning

are going. If we camp at the very little river, three miles this side of N'Yamimi, you and I can go on alone."

Gerald nodded. "The very little river—that is where the lions are, where I shot the big water-buck bull. There's a good thorn scherm there already, so the lions won't trouble us. . . . All right, Klaas, we'll go off at dawn to-morrow."

The dew was very heavy when the little party—Gerald, Klaas, and half a dozen carriers—set out. Before he had gone a quarter of a mile Gerald was soaked up to the waist from the wet grass, but half an hour after sunrise he had begun to dry again, and to feel the joy of early morning on the veldt, the crisp, clean air, the sense of absolute freedom. Everywhere guinea-fowl were calling, and, had he wanted any more, he could have shot scores of them; but one of the Mashona was carrying the shot gun, and, as usual, lagging well behind.

Whilst they were amongst the kopjes Gerald did not worry to look for game, but as soon as they reached the bush country he was on the alert. . . .

"There, Baas, there!" the carrier behind him gripped his arm and spoke in the whisper of the true hunting boy.

Gerald's eyes followed the pointing finger. For a moment he could see nothing; then it took shape suddenly—an impala bull standing amongst the mopani scrub, head erect, ready to jump to safety.

But instead of jumping, he collapsed, Gerald's bullet through his heart. A moment later the whole veldt seemed to become alive. Impala never run alone, and this was an unusually big troop. Everything appeared to go up in the air as the animals broke away, taking a ten-foot-high bush without the slightest effort.

"A good beginning!" Klaas grunted, as he prepared to skin the impala. "Now we shall have good luck all through."

Gerald slipped a fresh cartridge into his rifle. On

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the veldt you never know what you are going to encounter—lions, leopards, or wild dogs ; but, though he had several chances, he did not fire again at a buck. His brother had trained him well. "A fool, or a bloodthirsty sportsman, or any other vulgar person of that kind may destroy game," Douglas Hay had said, "but an English gentleman can't do that sort of thing. He just shoots what he needs for food for himself and his natives."

They stopped for a mid-day meal at a water-hole, where there were the remains of a watch-hut built during the Rebellion ; then they trekked on, reaching the "very little river" an hour before sundown. The thorn-scherm proved to be in a poor state of repair—"I think an elephant must have trampled it !" Klaas remarked—but it did not take very long to make it comparatively lion-proof.

They lay down in pioneer style, on the ground in the open. About midnight a lion roared amongst some low granite kopjes a couple of miles away.

Klaas sat up quickly. "Its mate will be somewhere down here. He's driving the game down towards the one that isn't making any noise."

Gerald nodded. He knew enough of lions to realize that the noisy one is not the dangerous one.

A few minutes later, just as he was dozing off again, he was suddenly aware that something was sniffing at the thorn fence only a few feet away from him. In an instant he was on his feet, rifle in hand, but Klaas was even quicker.

"Don't shoot, Baas !" he whispered. "If you wound, he may attack. This is the proper way to make him run." He picked up a stick from the fire and flung it in the direction whence the noise had come. A low, sullen growl rewarded him, and made him follow the brand with a second one. The next growl came from fully three hundred yards away.

Quite calmly Klaas proceeded to get into his blankets again. "He will not worry us now," he remarked.

Important Game

Klaas awakened Gerald at the first streak of dawn. "We should start early," he said ; "you see, Baas, it may take us some time to find their foolish cave with the stone hippo in it."

The Mashona were distinctly surprised when they were told to remain in the camp, especially as they saw Klaas make up a small package of bread and cold meat.

"But if you shoot some big buck, Baas," Bungu remonstrated, "who will carry it in? You want one of us at least as a messenger to fetch the others whilst the Basutu skins it and cuts it up."

Gerald shook his head. "I want none of you!" he retorted as he strode off.

Bungu shook his head. "They are both mad, quite mad." He took a huge pinch of snuff, then picked up his own old muzzle-loader. "I will follow behind," he said.

Klaas was just as keen on the quest as was his young Baas. It was the Basutu's greatest delight to score over the Mashona, and by discovering this secret of theirs he would certainly have the laugh of them. It would be a great triumph in that way. Gerald, on the other hand, was thinking more of the treasure he expected to find.

They were wet through with the dew when they reached the broken granite ledges at the foot of N'Yamimi. They had seen a number of small buck, but had fired at none of them, and even when, as they skirted the great kopje, a magnificent koodoo bull stood out in the open, seemingly covering the retreat of half a dozen cows, Gerald did not shoot. He was after more important game than that.

It was a slow task working round the great white kopje, for the ground was very broken, and they had to miss nothing which could possibly be the entrance to the hippo's cave. Several times they scrambled upward two or three hundred feet, only to find a small fissure in the rocks.

Klaas began to grow a little despondent. Although a Basutu is, as a rule, superior far to any other Kaffir,

The Stone Hippopotamus

he still has the native's disinclination for prolonged effort. "I do not think there is such a place, after all, Baas," he said. "I believe this is merely another lie of the Mashona. It would be well to turn back. There is no cave of the stone hippo, no Death that Spits."

Bungu, who had managed to creep very near, behind some rocks, started. So they really were out on that mad errand? He frowned and shook his head. In his queer way he was very fond of both Douglas and Gerald, whilst he had a certain affection for Klaas. He himself believed wholly and entirely in the stone hippo, believed that to enter its cave meant death. Yet how could he stop Gerald? The latter would certainly not take his advice. Still, there was a chance that they themselves would give up the search.

"Anyway, we'll go on round the kopje," he heard Gerald say. "I can't see much likelihood of a cave, though. It seems all solid rock."

Bungu followed them, now quite close, now several hundred yards in the rear, according to the nature of the country.

Suddenly he saw Klaas stop and point at something on the hillside. Glancing upwards, he made out a large leopard.

Gerald squatted down and took deliberate aim. It was a long shot, but the creature was quite still and the light perfect. At the report the leopard sprang into the air, evidently badly hit, then seemed to disappear entirely.

Gerald turned to Klaas. "Where's he gone? He was on that ledge of rock."

The Basutu was puzzled too. "He's badly hit, Baas," he answered. "We must go and see."

Bungu, too greatly excited to think any more about concealment, would have followed them up the hillside; but he found himself gripped by the arm, and, turning round sharply, discovered a hideous little old native, his naked form hung all over with small buck's horns and filthy leather pouches. He knew at once

“They go to their Deaths!”

who it must be—Mahika, the great witch-doctor, who was supposed to have supreme charge of the hippo.

“Stay here, fool!” the old man growled. “They go to their deaths, and you die, too, if you move.”

The Mashona shuddered. He had been bred up in the fear of that stone hippo and of the witch-doctor—he dare not take the risk of disobeying. Moreover, what could he do? He could not stop Gerald.

He squatted down on the ground and waited. It was not an easy climb up to the ledge on which the leopard had been, whilst there was also the need of going very cautiously, with rifles ready, in case the animal was still able to fight.

At last they were on the ledge, side by side.

“Now is the time for the vengeance of the stone hippo,” Mahiki snarled. “Now you will see them disappear for ever.”

For a few seconds the two up on the ledge seemed to hesitate, to peer at something, then they stepped forwards, stepped downwards as it seemed, and disappeared.

The witch-doctor laughed hideously. “They have gone to the Death that Spits!” he mumbled.

Bungu shuddered. He was sure the old man was right, that they had indeed gone to their deaths; still, all he could do was to wait, and the old man waited beside him. The minutes went by, and became hours, yet there was no sign of Gerald and his companion. The Mashona was half-frantic with anxiety and grief, but he knew he was powerless. He might have killed the witch-doctor, but, according to all his beliefs, his whole life afterwards would then be haunted by the fiercest of evil spirits.

Suddenly the old man, who had been staring intently at the ledge, got up.

“So,” he commented, “it is all over.”

At the same moment Bungu thought he could make out some brown object moving on the ledge. Then he fled, shuddering. He thought he understood. . . .

The Stone Hippopotamus

It was just after daylight the following morning when Bungu entered John Martin's temporary camp. In spite of all the real and fancied terrors of the veldt, he had done a perfectly amazing march. The Padre, who was washing in the open at a tin bowl standing on an empty milk-case, recognized him at once, recognized, too, that he was the bearer of bad news. Bungu squatted down.

"It is the matter of my young Baas, chief," he began, then told his tale.

When he heard of what the Mashona had thought he had seen on the ledge, the missionary also shuddered.

"There's no chance for them, none at all, if you're right. But at least I must go and recover the bodies. Now go and rest. I shall need you as a guide."

A few minutes later Bungu was eating a meal such as only one of his race can consume—huge quantities of buck-meat and porridge. Then he lay down under a thorn-tree. By mid-day he was awake again, alert as ever.

"I am ready, chief," he announced.

When he began to climb the hillside up to the fatal ledge the Padre carried a shot gun instead of the usual rifle; also he went alone.

Very cautiously he moved, as though fully expecting some sudden danger. His natives below, watching him, noticed that he was approaching the ledge from one side.

Then, like a flash, his gun came to his shoulder, but he did not fire. Instead, he gave a shout of relief, and hurried forward. As he reached the ledge he gave something a push with his foot, and the carcass of a big brown snake rolled down the hillside. After that he seemed to disappear as the others had done.

But he was soon back, shouting to his followers to come up. As they reached the ledge they saw that behind it was a dip leading to a small cave, and lying in that dip, beside the body of the leopard, were Gerald

Swift Justice

and Klaas, both alive, but both utterly exhausted and apparently blind.

It was the following day before they were able to tell their story coherently. By that time their sight had returned, thanks to some compound of crushed leaves which Bungu made.

The snake had been a "Ring-hals," a horrible creature capable of hitting you in the eye with his venom at a distance of many feet. He had blinded them both, and then would doubtless have killed them, but for a lucky slash with Gerald's sheath knife, which half severed his head from his body. It was his last contortions on the ledge that Bungu had seen.

As for the hippo and the treasure, when the missionary and Gerald explored the cave they found a crude little clay image, evidently of considerable antiquity—that was the wonderful stone animal; whilst instead of the gold or diamonds which Gerald had expected so eagerly, there was only a spring, bubbling out of the rock at the back, and running away in a fissure.

The Padre bent down and smelt the water. "Ah! that's it," he exclaimed. "Sulphur! It's the only sulphur spring I ever heard of in the country. It was a treasure indeed to the witch-doctors, because they could not make gunpowder without it. But a big charge of dynamite will close the cave for ever."

As for the old witch-doctor, he was never seen again. The white men searched the bush for him, and, after a while, came on a hut in a small clearing. In that hut were the various articles used in the making of gunpowder, and outside it was a human skull, with flesh still on it. The top of that skull was crushed in.

The Padre touched it with the butt of his rifle. "Only one thing on the veldt can have given that blow—a lion's paw. Justice overtook him with wonderful swiftness."

Gerald nodded. "Yes, but in future I shall leave witch-doctors and their ways severely alone."

A RUGBY Union story, reminding
youthful aspirants that veterans
have their uses.

Dr. Billy Returns

BY

W. S. DOUGLAS

THEY still tell with glee in Mountshire of Dr. "Billy" Wharton's last two appearances on the football field.

If there ever was a born football-player it was Billy. At the age of five he was taught the whole art of dropping, the secret of which is to kick in the very same instant in which you drop the ball from your hands.

He was the happiest small boy in all London when, at school, he dropped his first goal in a practice game. Afterwards he spent as much of his leisure as ever he dared in "rotting about with the puntabout," as a schoolfellow contemptuously put it. But he did not "rot about" really; he, on the contrary, practised consistently and diligently the dropping of goals from all manner of angles and at all possible distances. When the puntabout was being kicked about he would take it as it came—at the touchline, or on the half-way line, or at no farther than ten yards out from the posts; but he would invariably and systematically aim at dropping it over the cross-bar. So it came to be a habit with him to drop goals from all sorts of unlikely places.

A Warm Welcome

Well, his skill and his turn of speed and his physique made him a fine three-quarter back in youth. He did not, as his friends say, hurry through his medical studies. As a matter of fact, he was a hard-working student, but had not the knack of cramming up for examinations. So his course was a long one, and—from a football point of view—illustrious.

Billy played against almost every sort of Rugby player in the British Empire—Canadians, New Zealanders, and South Africans. He played against all the "national" teams in London, the perfervid Scottish, the hard-bit Irish, the cunning Welsh. He took part in countless "dog-fights" of Inter-Hospital Cup matches. He played against Oxford, he played against Cambridge, and twice he played for England.

So, when he had at last qualified, and his father had set him up in a practice in Mountshire, the Rugby community there hailed his coming very fervently. They wanted the famous Billy to play for Tosston-Maltby.

Mountshire is, of course, in the North Midlands; consequently there is a good deal of Northern Union played there, and Association clubs abound in the county. But in Tosston-Maltby and some of the other towns there are Rugby teams very proud of their amateurism, and all the more keen for their own game because they play it for its own sake.

Dr. Billy settled down in practice in Tosston in early summer. The girl of his heart was going to be Mrs. Billy in a year's time, if all turned out well. He clattered about in a gig, made many friends, and decided that the place and the life would suit him excellently.

The very first time he appeared at the cricket ground, to watch the locals against the Pardover Eleven, he was waited upon informally by a deputation. There was Tom Bax, captain of the Mountshire Fifteen, and his nippy little half-back, Jack Nye; and there was the vicar and his very good friend the Wesleyan minister

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(the vicar was an old Oxford blue, and the Wesleyan had played many a hard Rugby game in his native Lancashire) ; and there was "Lyncæus," of the *Tosston Herald*.

I don't say they approached him in a body. But first, with professional glibness and assurance, "Lyncæus" buttonholed Dr. Billy as soon as he had espied him seating himself. Just as the doctor was hugely interested in some big hitting that "knocked off" the Pardover fast bowler soon after his arrival, "Lyncæus" bustled up to him with—

"Glad to see you, doctor ; the boys in the pavilion were speaking about you not a quarter of an hour ago ; we are all hoping to see you out at three-quarter for Tosston in the autumn."

And the clergyman followed in the same strain, and Bax "hoped he'd turn out in October."

"We'll see when October comes," said Billy.

October came with serene, crisp weather. Already the Tosstonian enthusiasts had turned out for two or three practice games. Dr. Billy had not, as yet. He had done some cub-hunting, and vowed he would ride to hounds at least one day a week through the winter.

But on the last Saturday of September his afternoon round took him by Luckfield Park, where the Rugby ground is, and he felt the old zest as for five minutes he watched "the scrum, the far and sure drop-kick, the whizzing punt, the pass that's short and quick."

"I'll have a go at it for fun," said he to himself. So that evening he called round for Bax, and, to the skipper's great delight, promised to turn out at the final practice on the 1st of October.

"Four sharp at Luckfield," said Bax ; "but we could make it the half-hour if it would suit you better."

"No, I can come at four," said the doctor. "You seemed to have a full side to-day?"

"Yes, fifteen a side, and a third team away playing Pardover A. We'll put up again for you, I can promise."

Strengthening the Reserves

Tosston felt proud of itself when the news spread. Never had any of its football men played "in as good company" as that of the redoubtable W. Wharton of innumerable match-cards and caps and photographs. Leapinwell, the Tosston and county three-quarter, had a presentiment—which he wisely did not proclaim aloud—that even Dr. Billy would not greatly outshine him. Nye, nippiest of half-backs, resolved that he'd get the ball out to the doctor in the centre whenever possible.

But Bax, that Tosston and county forward of mighty frame, was a bit exercised in his mind. The Tosston Fifteen had beaten the Reserves in the previous practice very decisively, by three goals to a try. If they simply "swopped" Leapinwell or the other centre three-quarter, Johnson, for the doctor, and left the sides otherwise unaltered, the Fifteen would probably have a "walk-over" that would not be much of a practice. Shouldn't Billy, therefore, be played on the weaker side? Bax took counsel of Nye, and they decided to ask the doctor to consent to this arrangement.

They needn't have worried! Dr. Billy thought it the natural thing. "Arrange whatever will make the best game," he said; "but if you think I can beat the Fifteen off my own bat, I'm afraid I shan't come up to expectations."

So it was settled that the Fifteen should be unaltered, and the Reserves strengthened by Dr. Billy's coming in at centre three-quarter. Favourable reports about two of the forwards, Sadler and Bradley, who had made their début against Pardover A, induced Bax to give them their places in the Reserves' scrum, too. They turned out to be quite worthy of promotion.

There should have been a try for the Fifteen in the very first minute. Bax's kick-off was followed up so hard that the Reserves' back got flustered. He was nearly collared with the ball, and got away, only a poor kick. It went to Nye, who slung it across to Leapinwell, who went off at score; but the back recovered himself at sight of danger, and got across

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so speedily that he reached the corner flag just in time to drive Leapinwell into touch-in-goal.

They gave Dr. Billy the kick-out from the twenty-five, and he sent up a good one, from which the ball broke into touch at the Fifteen's twenty-five flag. Now the Reserves' hopes ran high, for the next scrum showed their forwards holding, and more than holding, Bax and his comrades. Sadler and Bradley set them an example of hard scrummaging. Wedge-like they forced a way through the Fifteen's front division. Five yards farther on the ball was dribbled into touch; another scrum followed the throw-out; then skilful young Sadler adroitly varied his tactics, and "heeled" on the instant to the half. The half knew his business, and "parted" at once to Dr. Billy.

The doctor was floored there and then, however. Leapinwell reached him almost as soon as the ball, and had him and it in his grasp. Nay, the strenuous Leapinwell snatched advantage out of what had momentarily looked like danger; he fly-kicked to the half-way flag the moment the ball touched ground.

Dr. Billy fell back to his place with a grin. He was used to being marked very vigilantly; it reminded him of hospital cup-ties. The game was young, and there would be other chances ere long.

Meantime it was good to see the keenness of those young forwards, dinning it into the older stagers of the Fifteen's pack that "youth will be served," and to watch how warily and nimbly that half-back—Trevor his name was—kept watch upon the *rusé* Nye. For a while it was mainly a duel at the base of the scrum, Trevor pouncing on Nye if his forwards had heeled-out, or Nye on Trevor if the Reserves had got possession of the ball, and "scraped" it back. Then a big kick by Johnson opened up the game; the doctor's comrade at centre three-quarter, Ralton, was collared with the ball; Nye fairly got off, but couldn't pass the back; the game raged desperately under the Reserves' goalposts. Sadler and Bradley steadied the

A Five-points Lead

heaving pack there; and again they clove their way through the forwards of the Fifteen. A wild kick-and-rush by one of their comrades sent the ball to Leapinwell, ten yards off.

But the ground regained was not to be lost. Billy swooped down with all his old turn of speed, took Leapinwell by the knees ere he could dodge, and started on the dribble the moment the ball came loose.

"Versatility" was the football characteristic that the pressmen of yore most delighted to enlarge upon when describing Billy Wharton's play; and he was still versatile enough to be able, although a three-quarter, to dribble the ball like a "Soccer" player. Off he set, dodged Johnson with ease, kicked, quick and close, past the Reserves' back, and had a clear field before him.

Wouldn't he stoop and pick up? The crowd excitedly waited to see. But not a bit of it! Billy's momentum was too great for that; he would have missed the ball, almost to a certainty. Nye and the back and Leapinwell, racing free, were overhauling him; but he was being backed up, too, to good purpose. The astonishing young Bradley was outstripping the lot. And just as Nye, fifteen yards from his own line, had "got up in time to effect a daring save," and Dr. Billy had gone head over heels with a thud, the forward nipped in, carried on the dribble at the same thrilling pace, and scored a try even as the back and Leapinwell vainly sought to wrest the ball from him.

Billy picked himself up none the worse, and ran forward to congratulate Bradley. The Reserves' back, a good place kick, successfully "negotiated," and the Reserves led by five points after a quarter of an hour's play.

Why tell of the remaining fifty-five minutes' game? There were exciting passages in it, but there was no more scoring. What might have happened in the last minute, which, in a well-fought game, often affords the climax of excitement in unexpected scoring, can

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never be guessed ; for it was marred by a slight but universally regretted accident. In trying to dodge Johnson, Dr. Billy slipped and came down heavily. To the distress of everybody on the ground, it was found he had put his knee out.

He reassured the more anxious onlookers by his cheerful bearing. He treated the matter philosophically, even gaily. "Nothing serious," he told Bax and the others ; "it hurts a bit, but it's only a slight twist really."

However, he had to own that "there will be no more footer for me for a while," as he limped off the ground ; and dismay overclouded Tosston-Maltby at this early loss of the brilliant three-quarter.

"Cruel luck," said Bax. "If we could have him in the team we could beat Barndon and Slowheath and perhaps even Mountover." Success in the annual home-and-home matches with Mountover, that rival town ten miles down the River Mount, is what every Tosstonian Rugby man yearns for more than anything else.

"He may be fit enough again in a month or so," said Nye.

"I remember he had a knee trouble about the time of his last International," said Leapinwell. And it was even so. Dr. Billy had just escaped water on the knee that time, and the fact made him rather specially careful not to risk it again.

So, though he found himself as keen as ever, he did not resume Rugby, even when the knee was sound again. He said he "had had to give it up, and high time. I'm an old stager. Besides, I'm too busy." But he somehow managed to see all of Tosston's principal matches right up to Christmas and after. He condoled with Bax and the rest about an unlucky defeat by Slowheath, was as delighted as anybody about the sound beating which Tosston gave Barndon. On that occasion Johnson and Leapinwell used Nye's passes so well, and found so good a wing three-quarter in



He was nearly collared with the ball.

A Dangerous Pair

a newly promoted youngster, Holmes, that the back play was something dazzling. Time after time they went through, or round the Barndon defence ; when no-side arrived, they had put on three goals and four tries.

"They don't need much help from me," said the doctor to himself, as he watched ; and when the game was over, he congratulated the team as a whole, and the centre three-quarters in particular, in the heartiest way.

The first Mountover match of the season, on the other hand, was a bitter disappointment. It was a defeat, and a defeat that rankled, for the men that really "dished" Tosston were not local men at all, but imported talent, brought to Mountover for business rather than sporting motives—in fact, for the sake of the "gate."

An enterprising publican, who busied himself greatly about the affairs of the Mountover Rugby Football Club, had found sinecure employment in the town for the renowned Wessex half-backs, "Dickie" and "Jem" Brace ; they were a draw for the local ground and for the publican's saloon bar. Certainly they could play football, effective though often dubiously tricky. "Lyncæus" fearlessly denounced the importation in his paper as "veiled professionalism" ; and a good many people, even in Mountover, disliked the playing of total strangers as a commercial move that should be frowned upon.

But protests were in vain ; the brothers Brace, it was explained, had come to Mountover because "they got better football there than at home ; and they signalized their coming in their first match, against luckless and angry Tosston, by scoring four tries "to their own cheek."

They had cultivated the fine arts of picking out on the "blind side" of the scrum, and of putting the ball in crooked, until it would have taxed the powers of the best of referees to enforce fair play. Moreover,

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their passing and repassing between themselves were wonderful. By legitimate methods alone they were formidable enough opponents—so formidable, by dint of their strong running and their knack of feinting, that they might quite well have dispensed with shady tactics.

Tosston groaned in spirit over a twelve-point defeat, which might have been no defeat at all but for the undesirable aliens, Dickie and Jem. They hoped to "get a bit of their own back" in the return. How they were going to accomplish that was not very clear, but they lived in hopes of it.

The return was to come on early in March. On the last Saturday of February disaster befell the team. Nye broke two ribs in a match with Ullsbeck, and Leapinwell got a chill that ended in pneumonia. They had to face Mountover and its "Braces" with a depleted back team.

What was to be done? What but beg and implore Dr. Billy Wharton to step into the breach? Bax did beg and implore him, but found there was well-nigh an insuperable obstacle in the way. "My dear chap," said Billy, in impressive tones, "I'm going to be married in a month, and what would the girl say? She'd never let me! Much as I sympathize and willing as I should otherwise be— There! I can't make speeches."

"Do get her to come and see the match, and then, if you play, she'll be a mascot to you—and us." Bax was tremendously proud of this artful inspiration.

Dr. Billy certainly was tickled. "She's often enough seen me play, if you come to that. Well, I dare say I can explain to her that it is a case of urgent necessity—'needs must'—'any port in a storm'—that I'm only playing *pro bono publico* and the honour of Tosston, and so forth."

The fact was that the doctor was pretty keen on the Mountover match. The elder Brace had come "athwart his hawse" before now on the field, and though he didn't

The Best Defence

thirst for revenge, he did wish to show that a true amateur could excel a more or less paid amateur at Rugby football. So Bax was able to depart in great delight at Wharton's consenting to turn out ; and even the doctor's farewell words to him—" Absolutely my last appearance, remember "—did not at all damp his spirits.

A memorable last appearance it was ! The doctor was as hard as nails, and as keen as he had ever been in his very best days. Mountover soon realized that they were " up against " a craftsman worthy of his almost world-wide reputation. Luckfield Park never had produced such a game, and never again will, it is to be feared.

Needless to say, the Tosston lads were all burning to show themselves no unworthy comrades of Dr. Billy. Trevor was out at half, *vice* Nye ; Bax was reinforced in the pack, as he had been during most of the season, by Sadler and Bradley ; alongside of the doctor was Johnson, and beyond Johnson the flying Holmes. Upon that speedy wing man Dr. Billy greatly relied. " Attack's the best defence," he told Bax beforehand. " You hold 'em in the scrum, and we'll do the rest, if you give us enough of the ball. Shove for all you're worth, and get hold of the ball whatever you do."

These sage counsels Bax dinned into the ears of his men. And well they responded. From almost the very first scrum, Sadler's quick foot got the ball out, clean and sure, to Trevor, who deftly dodged the elder Brace and shot ahead like the confident youngster he is. " Pass out ! " yelled the crowd. But Trevor didn't need to be told. Unerringly he slipped the ball along to the doctor. The doctor sent it on to Johnson, Johnson to Holmes. The sprinting wing went off at top speed, dodged his *vis-à-vis* with an effort, but was thrown out of his stride, and next moment hurled into touch by the back, three bare yards short of the corner-flag. It was a good chance thus early, and the chance was not lost. Trevor " buzzed "

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the ball straight and far out from touch ; leggy Bradley jumped for it, caught it, and, swerving quick, passed it to Dr. Billy, who got up his top speed in a second, shoved off Jem Brace, shook off the centre three-quarter, and sprawled over under the cross-bar with a try as the back vainly grabbed at his knees.

"Bravo, doctor !" The crowd shouted itself hoarse. The quieter section reserved its fire, grimly anxious lest they should "make a mull of the place and put on only the three points." But there was no mistake about that. Trevor's partner at half placed the ball for Bax to take an easy kick. The ball soared between the posts over the bar, amid renewed and frantic shoutings, and Tosston led by five points in the first three minutes.

Mountover looked a trifle crestfallen as they lined up at the half-way ; but they were not done with yet by any means. A good reply by the back landed the ball at the half-way again ; midfield scrummaging seemed about to end in a Mountover break-away, when Dickie Brace flagrantly picked out and was penalized. Bax could make nothing of the long kick, but a fumble by the man opposite Holmes let the Mountover men down badly, and again, thus early, Tosston were well within their twenty-five.

A whisper of "Inwards this time " reached Trevor's sharp ears at the back of the next scrum. It was Jem Brace's signal to Dickie, and Trevor knew what it meant. So, when the ball came out to Dickie, and was passed by him to Jem, the latter found himself pounced on. Trevor knew that "inwards " meant a re-pass to Dickie, and he was not, therefore, likely, to lie off on the chance of the ball being sent along the line to the three-quarters. He nipped the movement in the bud by his adroit collar of Jem Brace. "Played, Trevor !" sang out Billy Wharton. And the whole side was nerved for a big effort, intent on adding to its score, determined to go on as well as it had begun, if possible. Each "arm of the service " had confidence in the others, after this promising opening

Ten Points Up

—a very desirable state of affairs on the Rugby field, where often a good forward team may be baulked by fumbling backs, or good backs' efforts spoiled by feeble scrummagers.

Fortune smiled upon those keen triers, too. An old-fashioned, tight scrum ended in a crafty and neat wheel by the Mountover forwards ; but Johnson flung himself at their feet, and from the mêlée Sadler broke away with a dribble—cleverly stopped by Jem' Brace, who got the ball off to his brother, and he to the centre three-quarter. Then the latter slung out a further pass.

Alas for him ! Dr. Billy was on the watch and jumped in to intercept that pass. The ball, meant for the Mountover wing man, reached the crook of the doctor's left arm instead, and he flashed ahead with Trevor in attendance and the Braces and the whole field tearing after him. The Mountover back awaited him ; but Billy's pass to Trevor, and Trevor's to Holmes, did the visitors' business again : the winger " romped in unmarked " behind the very posts for Bax to kick another easy goal. Ten points up in ten minutes !

" Keep it up ! Rub it in ! " urged the delighted Luckfield crowd. And there was no want of excitement, believe me, in the next twenty-five minutes. Mountover were hard pressed, but—to their credit be it said—they put up a fine defence. Bax was playing the game of his life, and, backed as he was, it was almost a one-sided affair, forward. Far from getting the ball at their ease, the brothers Brace found their work cut out for them in defence. The sting was taken out of their boasted game ; attack was indeed proved " the best defence." Yet Mountover kept itself free of further reverses, and at two goals to nil the score remained at half-time.

After change of ends an almost invariable rule was reversed. The Mountover men had had a bit of a breeze against them, so far. Most Rugby teams so situated find themselves too " blown " to take advan-

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tage of the wind at their backs afterwards. But the Braces' comrades were not done with ; they used the breeze well, and a couple of dropped goals reduced Tosston's lead to a narrow couple of points. Then, ten minutes from time Jem scored, and the unconverted try put the visitors ahead.

Could Tosston still win? Heads were shaken doubtfully. The worst was feared. But there still were hopes.

Nor were these misplaced. Tosston "came again." They still tell you with rapture how, two minutes from time, Trevor snapped up the ball in front of a Mount-over forward rush, how dexterously he dodged, and how Dr. Billy backed him up ! It was a bit of amazing re-passing that saved the situation. The doctor passed to Holmes ; Holmes raced down the touchline and, with the perfection of "timing," served Billy with the ball again as the back made to collar him. Billy went over, and in like a flash, and the game was won.

Married six weeks afterwards, Dr. W. Wharton has never played football in the two years that have passed since, and he never will again. But the tale of his last two tries seemed worth telling.

THE singular story of an adventure that befell a public-school boy on his way home at holiday-time.

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED

Copy of a holiday letter from Gus Cutaway, of the Upper Remove, Shellboro', to his particular chum and messmate, Joseph Rackett:—

DEAR JOSSY,—If you want a motto in life, I'll give you one—"Ware kids!" Don't you have anything to do with kids, unless you want to lose all your pocket money, and be made a fool of before the fellows, and get yourself in a regular high old mess all round.

You needn't think I don't know what I'm talking about. I do. Promise you'll never say a word of it to anybody, especially to any of the fellows, and I'll tell you.

It was on breaking-up day. You know, all of you went off by the 2 train and I had to wait till the 3.15. That's the worst of going through London; the trains never go at the right time. It came in up to time, for a wonder, and I bagged a second-class carriage to myself, and laid in some grub and a *B. O. P.* and made up my mind to enjoy myself. What do you think? Just as the bell was ringing a female with a kid rushed on to the platform and made a dive for my

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

carriage. I can tell you I was riled. But that wasn't half of it.

"Are you going to Waterloo, young gentleman?" asks the female, as out of breath as you like.

"Yes—why?" said I.

"Would you be so kind as to look after Tommy? His father will be there to meet him. He's got his ticket, haven't you, Tommy? Say thank you to the kind young gentleman. Bye-bye; be a good boy."

"Right forward!" sings out the guard.

"Love to daddy," says the female.

"Stand away from the train!" shouts the porter.

And then we were off. And here was I, left alone in a carriage with a kid called Tommy, that I was to give over to a chap called daddy at Waterloo!

How would *you* have liked it yourself, Jossy? I was awfully disgusted. And of course, till the train was off, I never thought of saying, "I can't," and then it was too late. I can tell you it's a bit rough on a fellow to be served that way. If ever you're going by train and see a female and a kid coming along, hop out of the carriage till you see which carriage they get into, and then go and get into another.

I made up my mind I'd leave the little cad to himself, so I started to read. At least, I pretended to. Really I took a good squint at him while he wasn't looking. He was a kid of about four and a half, I fancy, with a turnipy head and a suit of togs that must have been new, he was so jolly proud of them. He sat staring at the lamp and swinging his legs for a good bit. Then he got hold of the window-strap and fooled about with that. Then he remembered his swagger togs and looked himself all over, and stuck his hands in his pocket. He twigged me looking at him as he did so.

"I've got a knife," he said, as cool as if he'd known me a couple of terms.

"Who said you hadn't?" I responded.

"It's in my pocket," he said.

A "Plant"

"Oh," said I. I didn't want to encourage him.

He pulled it out, staring at me all the time. Then he slipped down off the seat and brought it up to me.

"Open it," he said.

"Open it yourself," said I.

"I can't," said he. "Open it ! open it ! !"

"All right, keep your temper," said I, and I opened it. A beastly blunt thing it was. "There you are ; take it."

"I want to sit beside you," he said when he'd got it.

"Do you? I don't want you. Haven't you got all the rest of the carriage?"

"Lift Tommy up," he whined.

I'd a good mind to chuck him out of the window. "Lift yourself up," I said, "and shut up ; I want to read." Then I'm bothered if the youngster didn't begin yelling ! Just because I didn't lift him up. I never saw such a blub-baby in all my life. I couldn't make out what he was up to at first. I thought he was curtsyng and seeing how long he could hold his breath. But when it did come out, my eye ! I thought the engine-driver would hear. I was in a regular funk ; I thought he'd got a fit, or something ; I never heard such yelling. He was black in the face over it and dancing. I'd a good mind to pull the cord and stop the train. But I thought I'd see if I could pull him round first.

So I picked him up and stuck him up on the seat. Would you believe it, Jossy? The moment he was up he stopped howling and began grinning. It had all been a plant to get me to lift him up, and as soon as he'd made me do it he laughed at me !

I can tell you it's not pleasant to be made a fool of, even by a kid.

"I'm sitting beside you now," he said, as much as to tell me he'd scored one off me.

I was too disgusted to take any further notice of him. I suppose he saw I was riled, and began

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

to be a bit civil. He pulled a nasty sticky bit of chocolate out of his pocket and held it up to my nose.

"A sweetie for you," he said.

I didn't want to have him yelling again, so I took it. Ugh!—all over dust and hairs, and half melted.

He watched me gulp it down, and then, to my relief, got hold of the *B. O. P.* and began looking at the pictures. He got sick of that soon, and went and looked out of the window. Then he came and sat by me again, and began to get jolly familiar. He stroked my cheeks with his horrid sticky hand, and then climbed up on the seat and tried to lark with my cap. Then, just because I didn't shut him up, he clambered up on my back and nearly throttled me with his arms round my neck; and—what do you think?—he began to kiss me!

That was a drop too much.

"Stow it, kid!" I said.

"Dear, dear!" he said, getting regularly maudlin and kissing me at about two a second.

"Let go; do your hear? you're scrugging me."

"Nice mammie," he said.

I didn't know what to do, until I luckily thought of my grub.

"Like a bun?" said I.

He let me go and was down beside me like a shot. You should have seen him walk into that bun! His face was all over it, and the crumbs were about an inch deep all over the place. When he got near the end of bun No. 1, he looked up as near choking as they make them, and said—

"I like buns awfully."

"All right, have another," said I. You see, as his governor was going to meet him in tow, it didn't matter much to me if he got gripes at night. Anything to keep him quiet.

After the third bun he was about full up, and said he was thirsty. I couldn't make the young ass understand that I had no water in the carriage. He kept

Stories

on saying he was thirsty for half an hour, till we came to a station. I had made up my mind that I would get into another carriage at the first stop we came to, but somehow it seemed rather low to leave the kid in the lurch. So I bought him a glass of milk instead, which set him up again. Nobody else got into the carriage—knew better—and off we went again. He'd got an awful lot to say for himself, about dicky-birds, and puff-puffs, and dogs, and trouser-pockets and rot of that sort, and didn't seem to care much whether I listened or no. Then, just when I thought he had about run dry and was getting sleepy, he rounded on me with—

"Tell me a story."

"Me? I don't know any stories."

"Oh, yes; a funny one, please."

"I tell you I don't know any—what about?"

"The Three Bears."

"I don't know anything about 'three bears,'" said I.

"Do ! do ! ! do ! ! !" he said, beginning to get crusty.

So I did my best. He kept saying I was all wrong, and putting me right; he might just as well have told it himself. I told him so. But he took no notice, and went on badgering me for more stories.

I can tell you I was getting sick of it !

When I made up a story for him to laugh at, he looked so solemn and said—

"Not that, a funny one."

And when I told him a fairy tale, he snapped me up and said he didn't like it.

It ended in my telling him the "Three Bears" over and over again. It was about the sixty-fifth time of telling when we got to Vauxhall and had to give up tickets.

"Now, young 'un, look out for your governor when we get in—I don't know him, you know."

The young ass didn't know what I meant.

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

"Look out for daddy, then," I said.

He promptly stuck his head out of the window and said the ticket-collector was his daddy, then that the porter was, then that a sweep on the platform was.

It wasn't very hopeful for spotting the real daddy at Waterloo. I told him to shut up and wait till we got there.

When we got there, I stuck him up at the window, as large as life, for his governor to see. There were a lot of people about, but I can tell you I was pretty queer when no one owned him. We hung about a quarter of an hour, asking everybody we met if they'd come to meet a kid, and watching them all go off in cabs, till we had the platform to ourselves.

"Here's a go, kid!" said I; "daddy's not come."

"I 'spex," says he, "when the middling-size bear found his porridge eaten up, he wondered who it was."

"Shut up about the bears," said I. "What about your gov—your daddy? Where does he live?"

"In London town," said he, as soon as I could knock those bears out of his head.

"Whereabouts? What street?"

"London town."

"Do you mean to say— Look here, what's your name? Tommy what?"

"It's Tommy," he said.

"I know that. Is it Tommy Jones, or Tommy Robinson, or what?"

"It's Tommy," he repeated. "My name's Tommy."

Here was a nice go! Stranded with a kid that didn't know his own name or where his governor lived! The worst of it was, I had to stop in London that night, as there was no train on. My pater had written to get a room for me at the Euston Hotel, so that I should be on the spot for starting home first train in the morning.

I was regularly stumped, I can tell you. It never turned a feather on the kid, his governor not turning up, and I couldn't make the idiot understand anything.

In a Fix

He hung on to me, singing and saying, "Who's been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up?" or else checking the porters, or else trying to whistle to make the trains go.

I thought I'd better leave word with the station-master where I'd gone, in case any one turned up; and then there was nothing for it but to take a cab across to the hotel.

The kid was no end keen on having a ride in the taxi. It would have been in a little better taste if he'd held his tongue, and shown a little regret for the jolly mess he'd led me into. But, bless you, he didn't care two straws.

"What will daddy say when he can't find you?" I said, trying to get him to look at things seriously.

"Daddy will say, 'Who's been sitting in my chair and broken the bottom out?'" said he, still harping on those blessed bears. I gave him up after that, and let him jaw on.

When we got to the hotel I was in another fix. The chap in charge said he'd got instructions about one young gentleman, but not two.

"Oh, I'm looking after this boy," said I, "till to-morrow; I'll have him in my room."

The chap looked as if he didn't like it. And, of course, just when he was thinking it over, the young cad must go and cheek him.

"What makes that ugly man so red on his nose?" he asks at the top of his voice, for every one to hear.

The chap was no end riled at that, and looked as if he'd kick us out. When he'd cooled down he said—

"You wait here; I'll attend to you presently."

That was a nice go! If I had had tin enough I should have gone somewhere else; but I'd only got enough for the journey to-morrow, and so thought I'd better hang on here, where the governor had arranged.

The kid went on anyhow while we were waiting in the hall. He ran and stood in front of people, and he pulled waiters' coat-tails, and got mixed up with

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the luggage, and called out to me to know where the ugly red-nosed man had gone. At last I had to pull him in.

"Look here, kid!" said I, "if you don't hold your jaw and sit here quietly, I'll give you to a policeman."

"Tell me about the bears, then."

Oh, how I loathed those bears! Think of me, captain of my eleven, in that rackety hall, with people coming and going, and a row enough to deafen you, telling a kid about the Three Big Bears! You may grin, Jossy, but I was reduced to it.

After a time the hotel chap came and said we were to have a double-bedded room, and he should charge half extra for the kid, and if we wanted dinner we'd better look sharp, as it was just beginning.

So we went up and washed—at least, I had to wash the kid's sticky hands and face for him—and then came down to *table d'hôte*. I was in a regular funk lest any of our fellows, or any one I knew, should see me. We got squeezed in between a lady in grand evening dress and a professor chap with blue spectacles; and as they were both attending to their neighbours, I hoped we might scrape through without a scene.

You should have seen that kid tuck in! I mildly suggested that he'd better not have any mock-turtle soup; but he began to get up steam for a howl and a half, so I gave it up.

He said it was ugly stuff, but for all that he polished off a plate of it, and then walked into salmon. After that he had a turn at roast pork and apple sauce, and after that a cabinet-pudding and some Gorgonzola cheese. He was very anxious to have some beer, like the professor, or some wine, like the lady; but I put my foot down there, and let him have lemonade instead. You should have seen people stare at him! The professor glared as if he was a rum animal.

"Your brother?" said he.

"Not exactly," said I.

"Uncommon appetite. Would you mind telling me

Personalities

in the morning what sort of night he had? I shall be curious to know."

The lady glared too, chiefly because the kid had sprinkled her silk dress with melted butter, and pork gravy, and lemonade. He caught her eye once and said out loud to her—

"Our cat's called Flossy! What's your cat called?"

The lady turned away, whereupon the kid began his cheek again.

"That lady," said he to me and the company at large, "has got a nice dress and a nasty face. I like nice faces bestest—do you?"

"Shut up, or I'll clout your ear," snarled I, in a regular perspiration of disgust.

"What's clout?" inquired he. Then, feeling his ears, "My ears don't stick out like that man's over there, do they?"

"Do you hear? Shut up, you little fool!"

"We've got a donkey at home, and his——"

Here I could stand it no longer, and lugged him off, whether he liked it or no.

He was just as bad in the reading-room. He wouldn't sit still unless I told him stories, and made a regular nuisance of himself to the other people. Then (I suppose it was his big feed) he began to get crusty, and blubbered when I talked sharply to him, and presently set up a regular good old howl.

"Why don't you put the child to bed?" said a lady; "he's no business up at this hour." Nice, wasn't it?

I had to sneak off with him upstairs, howling all the way. He wouldn't stop till I gave him a mild cuff on the head. That seemed to bring him round enough to demand the "Three Bears" once more.

Anything to keep him still; so at it I went again.

Then I told him to go to bed; and he told me to undress him, as he couldn't do the buttons.

I can't make out how I got him out of his togs. Then he kicked up no end of a shine because I was going to stick him in bed without his bath.

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

"I've got no bath," said I ; "wait till the morning."

"Tommy wants his bath. Bring it ! bring it ! ! " he shrieked.

Finally I had to mess him about in a basin in cold water, which set him yelling worse than ever. Then I had to put him in my nightie, for he'd got none of his own.

"I want to get in beside you," he said, as I stuck him in bed.

"I'm not going to bed yet," said I ; "not likely, at eight o'clock !"

More yells ; and a chambermaid came and knocked at the door to know what was the matter.

I tried all I knew to quiet him down. He wouldn't listen to me, not even when I tried to tell him his "Three Bears." He bellowed out one incessant "Want to get in beside you ! Want to get in beside you ! ! " till finally I chucked up the sponge and actually went to bed to oblige him.

He simmered down after that, and I began to hope he'd drop off and get to sleep. But, bless you, Jossy, was it likely, after those buns and the dinner he'd had?

We had a fearful night, I can tell you. He kicked till I was black and blue, and rolled over and over till I hadn't a stitch on me. Then he wanted some water to drink. Then he wanted the gas alight. Then he began to blubber for his mother. Then he wanted the clothes on. Then he wanted them off. Then he got his feet entangled in the nightgown. Then he wanted some chocolates. Then he wanted to know who was talking in the next room. Then he wanted the pillow turned over. Then he wanted a story told him, and shut me up before I'd begun one sentence of it. Then he wanted me to put my arm round him. Then he wanted me to lie over on the edge of the bed. Then he had a pain in his "tummy," and called on me to make it well, and howled because I couldn't.

Poor little beggar ! He was in a jolly bad way,

An Amateur Nursemaid

and I couldn't well cut up rough ; but I can tell you it was the worst night I ever spent. He didn't quiet down till about three in the morning, and then he went off with his head on my chest and his hand on my nose, and I daren't for the life of me shift an inch for fear of bringing it all on again. I suppose I must have dropped off myself at last, for the next thing I remember it was broad daylight, and the young cad was sitting on the top of me as merry as a cricket, trying to prize my eyes open with his fingers.

"Can't you let a chap be?" grunted I. "Haven't you made a beast enough of yourself all night without starting again now?"

"I want to see your eyes," said he.

Then he began to jump up and down on the top of me, and explained that he was "riding in the puff-puff."

I wished to goodness he was ! Of course I had to wake up, and then we had those brutal "Three Bears" on again for an hour till it was time to get up.

He insisted on being tubbed all over, with soap, and criticized me all the while.

"Boys who spill on the carpet must be whipped," said he. "Mother will whip you, and you'll cry—ha, ha !"

"I don't care," said I, "as long as she clears you off."

He never seemed to understand what I said, and wasn't a bit set down by this.

Then came the same old game of getting him into his togs, and parting his horrid hair, and blowing his nose, and all that.

I can tell you, I was about sick of it when it was done.

When we got down in the hall, the first chap we met was the hotel man.

"There's the ugly man with the red nose," sings out the kid. "I can see him—there he is !" pointing with all his might.

Eighteen Hours with a "Kid"

"Look here, young gentleman," said the man, coming to me, "we aren't used to be kept awake all night by your noise or your baby's. You may tell your papa he needn't send you here again. There's half a dozen of my visitors leaving to-day, because they couldn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"No more could I," said I.

He was going to say something more, but just then a man came in from the street. Directly he spotted the kid, he rushed up to him.

"Why, it *is* Tommy!" said he.

Tommy put on a grin, and dug his hands into his pockets. "I've got a knife," said he, "of my very own."

"Are you the young gentleman who left the message at Waterloo?" said the man. "Why, the letter I got said the train got in at 8 *a.m.*, not 8 *p.m.* You don't know what a turn it gave me to go down there this morning and not see him. Have you had him here all night?"

"Rather!" said I.

"Daddy, there's an ugly man came to this house. I can see him now, with a red nose. Look there!"

"I hope he's been a good boy," said the proud father.

"Pretty well," said I.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said he. "I'm afraid he's been a trouble to you."

"Not at all," said I.

"Well, I've got a cab here. My word! I'm glad I've got you safe, Tommy, my boy. Come, say good-bye to the kind gentleman."

"He was naughty, and spilt the water on the floor. He must be whipped—ha, ha!" observed Tommy, by way of farewell.

He didn't seem to care twopence about leaving me, and chucked me up for his governor as if I'd been a railway porter. However, I can tell you, I was glad to see the back of him, and didn't envy his governor.

"I expected it"

Of course, I'd lost my first train home, and had to wait till mid-day to endure the scowls of the hotel man, and the frowns of all the people who had been kept awake by the kid's row. Among others there was the professor.

"Well," said he, "what sort of night did baby have?"

"Middling," said I.

"I expected it would be middling," said he.

Now, Jossy, you know what I mean by "'ware kids." Keep all this mum, whatever you do. I wouldn't have any of the fellows hear about it for the world. I can tell you, I feel as if I deserve a week's holiday longer than the rest of you. Never you utter the words "Three Bears" in my hearing, or there'll be a row.

Yours truly,

GUS CUTAWAY.

MR. GORDON-DAVIES, the Cambridge University quarter-miler, tells us how to train for and how to run sprint races.

How to Run Short-Distance Races

BY

D. GORDON-DAVIES

YOUR editor has honoured me by kindly asking me to write a few words of advice and suggestions which may help any who are either already useful runners, or may be thinking of taking up that branch of athletics.

I need hardly say that I have responded to the invitation with much pleasure; for, as one who is extremely fond of running myself, I have no hesitation in saying that running and jumping are two sports which are sure to prove of immense worth and bodily advantage to all boys practising them. They are simple sports in themselves, not complicated games such as cricket or football; they are Nature's earliest suggestions of movement for every boy and girl emerging from childhood; they cost little or nothing to perform and practise; they are the initial movements which are the basis of, and lead up to, the more intricate games and sports.

Hence, since running and jumping form the foundation of all subsequent athletic exercises where movement of body from one spot to another is required, we cannot begin too soon trying to learn the best

The Initial Question

way of practising them, so as to gain the most advantage and benefit from them in every way, both for body and mind.

I intend in this article to confine my remarks chiefly to the running section of this theme, 'as running is what I have had most experience of in my own sport.

Now, when a boy first begins to find out he is fond of running, and that he can run a bit better than the average, he has really to decide one of two things regarding this branch of sport, namely, whether he intends to run short or long distances. The two are very different in many respects ; and very few men indeed are able to beat most rivals both at 100 yards and in a two-mile or three-mile contest. As the youth who tries to excel in everything generally manages to end by excelling in nothing, so it is best to settle at the start whether you mean to be a short-distance or a long-distance runner, and to train and work for the selected end accordingly.

Now, my own penchant being for short distances, I hope to speak chiefly on this point here.

If you were to ask me, roughly, to name the distinct requisites for the two classes of races, I should shortly put it as follows : Short distances require superior speed ; long distances require superior stamina. In running 100 yards you must "go all out" right from the crack of the pistol to the tape ; in running three miles you may take your time for a good part of the way, reserving your best and most strenuous efforts for the spurts which are to send you in front at critical moments of the race.

Now, to start with, your excellence as a short-distance runner does not depend at all, or very little, on whether you are tall or short ; it depends on whether you have that extra turn of speed above your fellows which will make you develop, with proper training and practice, into a superior sprinter. If you find that you can do 100 yards, or anything up to 220 yards, faster than most of your comrades, then go in for this

Short-Distance Racing

kind of running, and set yourself by all legitimate means to attain as high a standard in it as possible.

The ordinary schoolboy ought not to need much special training—as we older athletes understand that term—to keep him fit. He is always running or knocking about ; hence his limbs and muscles and sinews do not grow stiff and heavy as do those of a man whose occupations for the most part prevent his exercising his limbs so frequently as does a schoolboy. But, of course, every lad will regularly and constantly practise running the distance he aims at achieving successfully in the sports ; he will be willing and eager to learn from any good trainer or coach with regard to improving his running at that distance ; he will practise and train day after day most diligently till he feels sure that he can do the distance inside a certain time, under almost any conditions, and he will try to improve on that time again and again.

I do not think boys need very seriously take to heart the question of dieting. Yet I would say that all pastry is best avoided, if a lad wishes to become a fine sprinter ; and also the less sweets he eats the better for him. I do not altogether bar either of these luxuries, for I know how most boys like them ; but I do give it as my own opinion and experience that any wise lad training for a sprint-runner will leave them alone as much as possible.

One thing, however, I do most strongly urge you to omit altogether if you ever mean to become a great short-distance runner, and that is smoking. Nothing is so fatal to one who has it in him otherwise to become a splendid sprinter as is smoking. Even for properly developed men smoking is bad in this matter ; so you can easily understand how seriously it will interfere with the more undeveloped, younger, inexperienced boy's chances of great success. No habit or practice of life acts so prejudicially on the runner as does smoking. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that if a lad persists in smoking when he is wishing and



D. Gordon Davies wins the Quarter-mile ; 'Varsity Sports, 1913.

Getting off the Mark

trying to be a runner he can never hope to get near the front rank ; he must be content to remain somewhere amongst the third-rate section of athletes. For one of the most important things in any short-distance man is the state of the heart ; and smoking acts very detrimentally on the action of the heart in every case.

Let us suppose you have been in good training, have practised regularly, and are now able to "feel your feet," as we say—that is, you have some hopes of being able to put up a good fight against dangerous competitors. Now you need a bit of useful counsel to perfect your training, perhaps. Well, here are a few hints that may help you.

There is one right way, and many a wrong way, of getting down on your toes at the starting-line when waiting for the pistol. It is not easy for me here, without diagrams, to show you exactly which is the true and which the false method of getting down at the post. But I would say this, that any method which throws your body out of perfect balance, which makes it awkward or difficult for you to spring away in a second like a shot from the line, is a wrong way. Your body should be so easily and exactly balanced as you rest on your toes, leaning slightly forward for the take-off, that it is able to give you the utmost assistance in propelling you forward into your swiftest pace and fullest stride at once.

Try to get off the mark as quickly as possible at the flash of the pistol, the calling of the word, or the fall of the flag, as the case may be. It may make all the difference in the world to you how you got off, when the last five yards are in question. You may win many a race from getting off well at the start, although you may lack the bit of extra pace some rivals may possess. So practise every day, time after time, the getting-off the mark quickly to begin with.

In training, too, I should advise you never to keep trying to run the whole distance at top speed. Go about the first 30 yards as fast as ever you can, then

Short-Distance Racing

slow down by degrees. You can increase that top-speed distance a little as the time of the race comes nearer, so as to gain confidence. But I should counsel you not to run the full 100 yards at your highest speed all the way, unless it were just once or, at most, twice, so as to learn the fastest time you can do it in, as a guide and test.

In slowing-up when practising, or even when racing, do this gradually, not suddenly. There is always the danger of spraining a muscle or straining a tendon if you pull up too quickly at a time when every muscle is perfectly taut, and when each tendon is stretched to the utmost. Learn to pull up slowly, and so finish without risk and danger to yourself; and go through such practice as this three or four times over each day, in the evening for preference, and not usually more than three times weekly.

You see, you have to watch carefully against overdoing the business, against what we term "cracking-up." One is at such severe tension and strain during the terrific pace and dash of a short-distance sprint that the risk and danger of "cracking" is much greater than in most other sports and races. And once you find something has gone wrong, your career as a runner may be greatly crippled, if not brought altogether to a close, should you persist in disregarding the omen. Nothing will so easily and so effectively cause "something to go wrong" as overdoing the business whilst training and practising.

Do not turn your head in the least to look behind you when running. This is a very common and fatal fault of boys. Never mind how near your rival may be, never mind how anxious you are to know his precise whereabouts. Keep your eyes right in front and your head well up. Have your gaze fixed on the tape, and steer a straight course for it. The experienced oarsman will tell you that nothing so easily upsets the rhythm of the whole eight's stroke as for one man to let his eyes go out of the boat. And the cox

Some Cautions

who knows his business is ever on the look-out to detect a rower making this rather serious blunder. Thus it is with sprinting, or even with long-distance running. Do not keep turning your head or looking behind. The very motion of the neck in this way will materially help to retard your speed, whether you feel it or not at the moment. For you cannot move your muscles or joints out of their usual positions when running without interfering with their customary action as exercised at other times.

Never go in for training or practising when you are already feeling tired, done-up, or overworked in other ways. It is always fatal to success to do this. For the mind works in close conjunction with the body, even in sport, and an unwilling mind certainly never makes for surpassing success in the bodily organs and muscles. You should practise only when you feel you want to, when you feel fit and ready in every way. If you are always feeling a disinclination to practise, then something is wrong, and either you should seek medical advice or you should give up hoping to become a distinguished athlete. For one who is "born tired" is not the boy or man to defeat international competitors at the Olympic games, nor to win a championship, nor even to carry off the trophies at school.

A very important phase of short-distance running is what we call "striding." My advice to you is not to take too long strides when practising, and you may well let your stride look after itself in the actual race, as it will tend then to follow what has become a habit with you. For the stride practice you may well do something like 250 or 300 yards at about half-speed, taking care to throw the legs well forward, to keep your head well up, and not to over-stretch. Moreover, see that you do not turn your toes out when striding, as one does in walking. For it is most important to run straight, to make your feet swing as if in lines; and throwing out one's toes acts very detrimentally against straight running.

Short-Distance Racing

When nearing the finish of a 100 yards race pull yourself together for a final burst, if the competition is keen. You have gone, say, 40 yards at top-speed from the start ; you have then just slackened the least bit ; you have so far not had any trouble in keeping going on that first wind, or breath, as we say. But now, about a score yards from home, the great crisis comes. How can you best meet it?

Well, what I advise you is this. Take a good breath again, pull yourself together to the utmost, throw every bit of the best you have into this final burst, and go all out for the tape. When close to it do not make a jump, as so many runners do, but rather throw yourself well up from the right leg and try to touch the tape with your left breast or arm. You can finish very strongly in this way when you have practised it a few times and have also gained much by stern experience.

I need not say much more, but I should like to add just this in conclusion. Short-distance running depends for its success on an extra turn of speed, on quick and decisive movement, and especially on immense pluck. One has so little time or space in which to think and act ; one must have a tremendous store of energy to meet the terrific strain and tension. And it is just there you show your pluck.

THE scene of this episode is the
homeland, but the incidents are
far removed from the commonplace.

My Adventure with a Hermit

BY

CLUCAS JOUGHIN

SURGEON-MAJOR REARGUARD (retired) was a boy at sixty, notwithstanding his thirty years' service in Bombay. How much younger he was in strength and vigour at sixteen I do not know; but at that age he had a remarkable escape from death by starvation and exposure which showed his courage and pluck in peril. He never spoke of it that way, but gave the story rather as an example of the sterling qualities of the boy reared on the Scottish coast and fed mostly on oatmeal.

Here is the story in his own words :—

I was home from Edinburgh for the Christmas vacation; and as it was the only year we lived in Muirs, on the north-west coast, I know it would be the year 1833.

Six miles along the coast from my home there was a mountain which furnished good cover and feeding for snipe and woodcock; and to walk to this mountain in the early morning, hunt all day, and then walk home in the evening was quite an ordinary day's programme. It never occurred to me that I was performing

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a feat of uncommon endurance. I had brought home from Edinburgh some vacation work, and read one day and shot the next.

One morning I started off, in opposition to the advice of the old gunner who often accompanied me, but on this occasion refused to come because he saw the signs of an approaching snowstorm.

"It will be a sore e'en," said Duncan, "an' I'll nae be so fule as to gang far frae hame."

So I turned back and left word that if I found it necessary I would shelter for the night at Barran, the house of the shepherd on the mountain where I always had a good meal before starting on my homeward tramp.

I had with me a brace of setters that were mother and daughter. It was the splendid working qualities of these dogs that often tempted me to stay longer on the mountain than I otherwise might have done. But where is the man who takes his recreation with his gun and dogs who does not find half his pleasure in watching his setters quarter their ground with unerring precision, trot swiftly and gracefully, and back each other at all distances?

I lingered long on the mountain, worked all the most likely cover on the sheltered side, but found only a few snipe, and no woodcock. Early in the afternoon I stood on the ridge of the mountain and looked away to the south-east. The sky was thickening for bad weather, and all the distant peaks were obscured by the foregatherings of a snowstorm. Not apprehending immediate danger, I started down towards the track that led homewards by the sea cliffs.

The coast-line was wild and lonely. Bold crags stood up in the glow of the sinking sun as if conscious of their aloofness from the sylvan beauties on the other side of the mountain. Here and there, at intervals of a few hundred yards, there were depressions where rock and earth commingled, and at the bases of these crescents lay the sea-beaches.

A Primitive Archer

When about half a mile along the track above the cliffs I caught sight of a small flock of ducks swimming near the rocks. They were coming towards me, and rapidly nearing a little cove where the shingle was much marked by loose rocks and high boulders.

Dropping to the ground, I waited for the ducks to dive, so that I might make a race for the bed of a little stream which fell into the cove by a steep, rocky bed, and from which I calculated on a possible descent to the shore.

With my chin on my hands as I lay full length on the ground I counted the ducks, making them nineteen one time and twenty the next count. On trying to make out the variety I thought they were scaups, but the sun was beginning to sink into the sea and the sky rapidly darkening.

The leader dived, and then the others went down, so I sprang to my feet and made a race for the precipitous gully down which the stream fell on to the shore. Slithering and climbing in haste, I hardly noted the difficulties and dangers of my chase, and reached the beach in ample time to take cover behind one of the great rocks that lay like gloomy mementoes of some past strife between the sea and the crags.

It was a dreary place, darkly surrounded and seldom touched by the foot of man—at least, I thought as much as I waited for the approaching ducks; and forty years of time with life abroad have not obliterated the recollection of its grim and silent features.

Imagine, then, my astonishment and start of surprise when I saw an *arrow* shoot out from behind a distant rock, pierce one of the ducks, and come slowly back to land with the bird securely caught by its barb!

By the way in which the other ducks dived I knew that the fowler who shot the arrow was not visible to them, and I curbed my impatience to see the primitive sportsman. The ducks came to the surface of the sea within thirty yards of where I lay, when I shot one on the water and another on the wing as they rose.

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As the tide was ebbing there was no time to spare if I was to reap the reward of my shots. Neither of the setters would retrieve from water, though the dam would occasionally retrieve on land, and an ebbing tide will take a shot bird off to sea very fast in some waters.

I threw off my clothes and swam out and retrieved them myself.

While I was putting on my clothes a man came along the beach with a bow and arrow in one hand and a duck in the other.

He wore no hat or bonnet, and his hair was so long that it hung about his shoulders in kinky curls. A very long, heavy coat of buff-coloured frieze, on which there was not a single button, was fastened to his tall, lean body by a rope girdle, and a kind of cravat that held the upturned collar close to his neck. His feet were bare, and the nether garment appeared to be a pair of woollen underpants.

When he came nearer I observed that his face was red, as if from constant exposure to the elements ; and his very large eyes were arched over by bushy eyebrows that seemed as if they had grown strong through being unshaded from the sun.

"You are a braw lad," he said as he came up to me ; "I kenned ye coom doon till the shore, and though ye are a gude craigsman, ye are a better fowler."

For some seconds I could only gaze at the strange-looking fellow in amazement. At first I took him to be old, but soon saw that he was under, rather than over, middle age.

If he had been dressed in sheepskins, he would have appeared only a little more like a survivor of the ancient Briton. The arrow-head was made of tin, and a grey goose-quill was neatly warped to the feather end. A hank of fine cord which he held in his left hand had one end made fast to the feather end of the arrow ; and this revealed to me the secret of his method for drawing birds to the shore.

A Modern Cave-dweller

"Where have you come from?" I asked in wonderment. "Where do you live?"

"I live here, laddie; my dwelling is among the rocks." He laughed quietly as he spoke, but looked nervous.

As he appeared to be susceptibly conscious of my stare of curiosity I tried to assume an indifference which I did not by any means feel, and began to chat with him.

As we talked we walked along the shore in the direction from which he had come. I was surprised to find my companion—wild and unkempt as he looked—a man of some learning and good breeding. What on earth had happened, I asked myself, to bring him to this life of primeval barbarity?

I was curious to see his place of abode. There was not an ordinary human habitation to be seen, and I knew that the nearest dwelling-house on the mountain was at least a mile away: and to that I knew he did not belong. He conducted me along the shore to a spot where, at the foot of a cliff, the mouth of a cavern was plainly visible at an elevation of about ten feet.

On climbing up and entering I was struck by the thought that the place had at some early period in the history of man in Britain been used as a cave dwelling.

According to measurements which I subsequently made, it was twenty-one feet deep, seven feet six inches wide in the centre, and five feet three inches wide at the entrance. The earthen floor was so level and so hard that it had all the appearance of being artificially laid at some remote date. Much of the rock near the floor was straight and smooth, as if it had at one time been prepared as a resting-place for the backs of men, and suggested the picture of a family of cave-dwellers seated around the place with their backs leaning against the sides of the cavern.

I noticed that the present occupier had collected an immense stack of driftwood at the far end, and that

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salvage of divers kinds lay about the place in a medley of confusion—belaying-pins, portions of ship's deck-houses, bits of rigging, timbers of all sizes, and other tokens of the perils of the sea. In a central position, near the entrance, a rude fireplace had been made by a selection of stones from the beach.

A large axe, a few old knives and forks, spoons and broken crockery, a large iron pot, and a grill were the only symbols of the civilization from which this denizen of the wild seashore had fled. A piece of ship's sail-cloth, suspended from a beam jammed between the sides of the cavern's mouth, did duty as a door.

The hermit produced a steel and flint and box of tinder and began to strike a light to kindle a fire, and although I had with me a box of matches I waited to see the fire lighted by a method then becoming obsolete. In less time than I expected there was a bright fire of blazing wood on the crude hearth; and while it flared and smoked the man plucked his duck. Then, after he had cleaned the fowl in the stream that ran through the shingle to the sea, he laid the duck on the grill over the red embers and chuckled over the prospect of such a savoury supper.

By this time the wind had risen to a gale that whistled and howled among the crags, and snow was coming down from the mountain in swirling drifts. The darkness of evening fell rapidly over the shore below, and I realized the absolute necessity of taking shelter with the hermit for the night.

It did not occur to me that my host was in any way mentally deficient. He talked well and pleasantly, occasionally lapsing into Scottish dialect, but generally in fluent and good English. He gave me his name as John Carr, and told me his father was the son of a naval officer who had been duped out of his property and estate by a clever but dishonest advocate, so that he died in poverty and left John, his only child, to earn his living as a stonemason.

It was clear that my arrival had thrown the hermit

How John Lived

into a state of animation. He ⁴²talked far into the evening, telling of his own struggles to save a remnant of the estate, from the anxieties of all which he at last sought a refuge in this dull hermitage.

After supper I made bold to question John on his way of living, and he told me of his plans for catching fish by rod-fishing from the rocks and by setting a long line at low-water mark. He occasionally got a wild duck, and sometimes a sheep fell down the cliffs and got killed. The latter he bled and skinned directly he found them, and he said he ate as much of the mutton as he could while it was fresh and salted the remainder with salt begged from the shepherd who lived away on the mountain.

The stories of his many adventures with his bow and arrow and fishing-lines entertained me until far into the night, until, weary and drowsy, I piled more logs on the fire, rolled myself into a piece of sailcloth which I took from among the salvage, and lay down to sleep.

At intervals during the night I was awakened by the howling of the wind ; and on getting up once or twice to replenish the fire with driftwood from the back of the cavern I noticed that the snow was drifting deeper and deeper around the rude door. The hermit slept peacefully through it all.

When morning dawned I went down to the shore and looked about to note the effects of the storm. The tops of the cliffs were overhung with snowdrifts in wondrous forms ; and in many places giant stalactites in snow tapered down from rocky projections. The shore and the more perpendicular cliffs were the only parts of the earth that did not lie buried beneath the drifts.

I saw that the gully where the stream from the mountain came down—which formed the only way to the land above—was so filled with the drift as to make it impassable. North and south of the shore the crags jutted out into the sea—rocky headlands on which there

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was no way to the top ; and even if there had been the drifts on the shelving lands above were deep beyond hope of getting through them.

Undressing, I swam out to sea a short distance in the hope of being able to survey the prospect along the land north and south of the beach and discover a clear way up the mountain.

I was not disappointed. I saw that a rib of land which came down to the sea about a quarter of a mile to the north was sufficiently exposed to make the venture if we could but reach the base of the rib.

While I was swimming for the shore John came out of the cavern with one of the ducks I had shot and began to pluck it.

It then occurred to me for the first time that if we could not get away from the shore to the house of a shepherd or farmer inland we should have to stay there and starve.

While eating our breakfast of grilled duck I suggested to the hermit the probability of our being imprisoned until we were starved ; but I added, by way of consolation, that we might live for a considerable time on shell-fish and perhaps catch something with our fishing-lines.

"There are no shell-fish," said John ; "I have eaten them all, and there has been no sign of fish for weeks past !"

That was rather alarming. I walked along the beach with my gun under my arm and the dogs at my heels. It was to be high water about noon, and knowing that a rocky shore of the sort offers feeding-ground for curlews, herons, and other waders, I hoped that when the tide began to ebb some of these would arrive, and that the isolated rocks on the beach would give me cover to stalk one or two of them.

Twice or thrice seagulls flew by, and some cormorants came along the calm sea, fishing ; but we were not yet reduced to the necessity of shooting birds that are only eatable for famished men.

Short Rations

No fear of the future seemed to disturb the apathy of the hermit. He said he had passed through such sieges before, and always managed to get enough food to keep himself alive and enough firing to keep him warm. But there were now four mouths to feed ! What barely sufficed to keep one man alive would only be a little better than nothing for two men and two big dogs.

The opening of the cavern commanded a view of the entire length of the shore—which was about three hundred yards in length ; and as there was nothing else to do I kept under cover a great part of the day and watched for the opportunity of a shot. But the only birds that came to feed among the pools and shallows near the low-water mark were a few red-shanks and oyster-catchers, and the contemplation of being forced to eat such stuff was too nauseating to make me at all anxious to shoot them.

So the day ended, as it began, by our eating more duck—the last we had !

The following day was clear and crisp, with a very low temperature. Nothing in the way of food came our way, and we passed a third night in the cavern, hungry enough, but warmed by the wood fire, for which, fortunately, we had plenty of fuel.

I had noticed during the day, from pieces of wood I sent off to sea, that the ebb-tide flowed north ; and I had proposed to John the possibility of reaching the rib of bare land I had descried from the sea. There was plenty of timber in the cavern to make a raft, and much of the driftwood held nails and bolts, while of rope for lashing it together there was a great store.

But the hermit had lapsed into a state of apathy. Notwithstanding John's indifference, I resolved that if the morning showed no signs of a thaw I would make the raft myself and then persuade him to trust himself on it with me and commit ourselves to the chances of the tide, the use of a pair of boards as paddles, and to the care of Providence.

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At dawn of day, I paced along the base of the cliffs on the look-out for melting snow ; but the air seemed colder and the frost thicker—whether this was so in fact or only appeared so by reason of my want of food to keep the body warm I do not know ; the stern reality was the drifts that stood before me in grim silence—unassailable, unyielding.

I was, as I have said, only a boy in years, but it did not require the experience of age to teach me that if we were to take action to escape the sooner we began the better. Another day and night without food in such weather would but leave us with less strength and energy.

Acting on this thought, I went back to the cavern at once and began to haul out the heaviest and longest spars. With the hermit's axe I forced out nails and bolts from other timbers, and by using all in conjunction with rope and some bits of rigging I soon had a tolerable framework for the raft. Over this I nailed crossbars, and over all I constructed a rough flat bottom.

The work occupied me until the afternoon, but as the tide was ebbing, and favourable for our venture, I called upon the hermit to come out of the cave and help me to get the raft afloat. All through the forenoon, while I worked away like a galley-slave, he had looked on in unconcern, and now did not make a move to respond to my call.

Something had to be done. I went behind John, seized him round the waist, and dragged him to the cavern's mouth.

Here there was a scuffle, and we both fell down on to the shore, where the struggle was renewed in the sand. Not a word was said by either of us, until, by sheer force of will and muscle, I got John to the edge of the raft.

Then I said : " Don't be a fool, John ; push her off with me, and then please yourself whether you'll come or not ! In an hour or so it will be dark, and

Afloat

our chance of escape made impossible till the next ebb in the afternoon, for we must have daylight to help us ! ”

Much to my surprise, John began to shove with a will, and jumped aboard directly the raft floated. Then I ran for my gun and game-bag and for the two boards I had prepared as paddles, which I had forgotten.

Directly the dogs were aboard we pushed off into the run of the tide, which though not very swift was so much stronger than I had reckoned upon that I began to get alarmed ; and, indeed, there was grave cause for alarm, for the farther we got the more rapidly we fell away from the land.

It was plain that the land-breeze which was now beginning, together with the tide, was going to be too much for us ; and though we both were on the port-side labouring with might and main to make the rib of bare land, we were shocked to find ourselves taken far beyond the point and off to sea.

In our dilemma we paused a while to get breath and take our bearings. The line of coast which we opened looked as frostbound and uninhabitable as the coast of Greenland. There was no sign of human life or habitation. There was not even a bird to relieve the loneliness of the scene.

We looked abroad over the sea to which we were now so hopelessly committed. No distant sail or hull of small boat along the coast met our brooding gaze. The snow-covered mountain soon began to look weird in the failing light of the fast-declining day ; and in the midst of our sufferings from cold and hunger the darkness fell on us, and we sat down on the raft, dumb as dummies.

After a long silence we fell to and discussed our chances of being brought to land by the flood-tide. We thought that if we had the tide in our favour we could use our paddles to such advantage that we might strike land at a place from whence we could get through the snow to a dwelling-house. It was a doubtful question, but it gave us hope.

My Adventure with a Hermit

We were now in the Minch, drifting in a north-easterly direction. The short twilight soon passed into the darkness of night. At all events, we were not yet on the Atlantic Ocean, and were surrounded by many chances of getting ashore *somewhere*.

I took out my watch and struck a match to see the time. To my surprise I found it was only five minutes after six o'clock. It had seemed to me that we had been now many hours on the raft. In reality we could only have been a little over two hours.

I began to feel the cold breeze from the snow-covered land strike me like ice as we lay reclining on the elevated flat bottom, and so proposed to John that we might as well paddle to keep ourselves warm. We then paddled away vigorously, but did not much increase the speed of our unwieldy craft.

By and by we opened a strong, steady light away on the north-west, which we both knew at once to be the fixed light on the Butt of Lewis.

This gave us pause. We dropped our paddles without a word, and began to reflect on the fact that we were still going north, notwithstanding that it was full ebb about six o'clock, and, therefore, that the tide had turned an hour or so.

I did not know then, as I do now, that the flood-tide comes up through the Little Minch, between the Long Islands and the Isle of Skye, and meets the ebb opposite Old Man Point on the Cromarty Island. We had drifted into the flood flowing north without our knowing it. My experience of the sea, however, was considerable for a youth, and I soon grasped the situation, and explained my ideas to John.

"Then what we have to do," said John, "is to use the paddles on the seaward side and try to make the land inside of the South Ear light. I know it stands on a neck of land that stretches out on the coast of Sutherland."

"Very good advice," I replied; "you are waking up, old man!"

A Steamer's Light

It was qualified praise, but it had its effect. John afloat proved to be a much better man than John ashore. The adventure was beginning to quicken his long-dormant faculties and energy. He applied himself to the paddle with a vigour that I rightly guessed he would be capable of maintaining beyond ordinary endurance.

So we paddled away on the port side for dear life, watching our course by the South Ear light.

Occasionally the old dog would rise on her haunches and whine. Evidently she was growing conscious of the danger of her position. Then the young dog would join in, and at times we had a most melancholy howling. The grave uncertainty of what might happen during the twelve hours of darkness before the break of day was perplexing and distressing us. If we drifted past the South Ear light during the night and got carried on to the ocean, we might die of hunger and cold before we were sighted from a passing vessel.

But we did not despair, or relax in our strenuous efforts to give the raft a landward drift.

Then, after a long hour's paddling, a providential thing happened: John slipped on the wet boards and fell overboard. It did not look providential for John when he was floundering in the cold sea, but as I turned round to help him I caught sight of the lights of a vessel coming up behind us.

That she was running straight for us we both agreed directly John got back on the raft—none the worse so far for his mishap. At times we saw the green starboard light of the vessel most and at times the red port light.

I took it to be a steamer which the man at the wheel had to handle a bit to keep her in her true course; and we sat down to watch and wait for coming events. We were surely in the vessel's way, and our business now was to make ourselves heard as she came up.

In many ways it was an exciting time for us. If

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it did turn out to be a steamer, well, the chances of making ourselves heard were small : the noise of her paddles would be against us, and her speed would leave us little time.

So far no sound other than the lap of the tide-waves on the stern of the raft disturbed the solemn calm of the night. The stars shone dimly through a dull sky, and a crescent moon lay on its back. We had long before this lost all sight of land.

By and by we made out the hull of the vessel, a black mass which became more and more distinct every minute, though yet too far away to hail.

We had not long to wait before we heard the distant but ominous thud, thud, thud of the steamer's paddles as they beat the smooth sea and drove the vessel straight toward us. Under the hazy sky she looked a leviathan, and our position low on the water helped to increase the appearance of great size.

"Ship ahoy!" yelled John. "Ahoy, ahoy!" I cried.

The dogs barked, the air seemed to quiver, but no answering signal came from the vessel. She was now about half a mile away, steaming straight for us at about eight knots.

"John, John," I said, "if we do not make him hear us, the very thing we thought would save us will be the death of us!"

Then we both bellowed together, "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" and again the dogs barked. This time there came the light of a moving lantern on the deck, and a man with the light showed up on the stem of the ship.

The paddles were stopped, and for a few seconds there was a dead silence; but the impetus of the steamer and the flow of the tide were carrying her up at a rate that threatened our quick destruction.

"Where away there?" the man on the bow shouted.

"Head her off!" I bellowed. "Head her off, or you will run us down! We are right in your course on a raft drifting with the tide!"

“Get Aboard !”

The course of the vessel was promptly altered, and a few beats of the paddles sent her off to sea ; but it was evident to us that we were not yet seen.

“ If we only had a torch ! ” said John.

“ I have it ! ” I cried ; and pulling out my box of lucifers I began to take off my coat and waistcoat. My shirt was a cotton one, and I knew it would blaze. I tore it up, and, striking two or three matches at once, set an end of it on fire.

“ Hold hard there ! ” some one from the vessel shouted, and by the lights we saw men at the davits making haste to lower a boat.

I economized the torch, and before it was burnt out a boat with four rowers and a coxswain came up to us with a lantern flashing from the bow.

When they saw us they looked dumbfounded. They had probably expected to see the survivors of some fishing craft, and instead saw a bareheaded man with long hair down over his shoulders, a long coat tied with rope, barefooted, and altogether odd-looking ; and a youth, dressed in shooting costume, with gun, gamebag, and a brace of setters !

“ Where in the wide world have ye come from ? ” asked the man at the tiller. “ This beats the beater ! Get aboard, get aboard ! ”

Then, after we had pulled a little away from the raft, he called to the men to “ Stop her and back water. I think we had better take the raft in tow,” he said ; “ it would be a danger to fishing craft in dirty weather.” So we shoved back and made the raft fast, and hot work the men had pulling it up to the steamer’s side.

We were soon aboard, talking to the captain. The vessel was the *Minx*, of Glasgow, Captain John Foster, bound to Reykjavik, in Iceland, with general cargo, and also with a deck cargo for Lerwick, in the Shetlands, to be landed en route.

When we told our story to the captain he showed much interest and sympathy, though it was quite plain to me that he had much ado to keep from laughing at

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us. We were taken below, and John was provided with a berth until his clothes were dried, and we drank some hot rum and water. The ship's cook was ordered to make us some lobscouse and rice-pudding, which to this day I often think of: it was so good.

Early the following afternoon we were landed at Lerwick, where we learned that the steamer which plied between that port and Aberdeen was not due for three days; we therefore took our leave of Captain Foster with many expressions of gratitude, and accepted from him the loan of a little money.

I took John to a tailor and had him measured for a suit of clothes, which the tailor promised to have ready before the time appointed for the steamer to leave for Aberdeen. In the meanwhile he wore a pair of breeches which Captain Foster kindly gave him, but which were many inches too short for him, and baggy beyond all proportion to his lean figure.

We took lodgings in rooms above a little shop kept by a Mrs. McAlister in the only street in the town, where the good woman insisted on stitching buttons on John's coat. At nine o'clock on the morning of the third day ashore we started for Aberdeen in the little steamer *Chloe*, and from that port reached home by all kinds of vehicular traffic and our own good legs.

Whenever I tell this story by my own fireside some one is sure to ask, "What became of John?" The answer is not without its interest in the study of such cases, and may have been of value to me as the doctor of a regiment abroad, where men often suffer great depression through home-sickness and other causes. The adventure proved to be John's salvation socially and mentally. The changing scenes and bustle of the seven days we were jogging about before we got back to Muirs made a new man of him. He was easily persuaded to think no more of his lost estate, and to stick to his guns as a stonemason and reap the benefits and blessings of a life amongst his fellows.

A STORY of devotion at the time
of the Rye House plot.

The Plot that Failed

BY

E. E. CRAKE

IT was a lovely spring morning, and the sun lit up the sparkling waters of the little River Lea just where it joins the Stort.

A mile away lay the quaint old market town of Hoddesden—given by Queen Elizabeth to the Cecils.

The river seemed to be full of fish, and the young trout were making their first essays at fly-catching as their victims darted to and fro near the surface of the water. Two young people sat on the turf beside the stream, and their fishing apparatus, still unpacked, lay beside them.

"This is the very spot where good Master Izaak Walton used to come fishing with Sir Henry Wotton," said John Maxwell Gray to his companion, Mary Rumbold.

"Ah, yes," answered Mary, "and to-day I heard my father say that the gentle writer of *The Compleat Angler* has just passed to his rest. They were old friends," she continued, "and my father loved his contemplative spirit, though he seldom shared his sport—he had other work to do."

"That was a fine young fish!" exclaimed John, as

The Plot that Failed

the eddying waters showed where a big trout had leaped almost out of the water. "Shall we fish?"

"Nay, John," replied his companion. "I do not feel inclined for the gentle sport to-day, though we have brought our rods hither."

"And why not, Mary?" asked the young man with sudden solicitude. Then he took her by the hand and looked earnestly into her face.

"What is it?" he asked in a low voice.

"What is what?" she replied, trying to smile.

"Ah! it is of no avail to try to deceive me," answered John. "There is something disturbing your sweet soul to-day. I marked it when we first met at the Rye House this morning, and you looked as if you had been weeping. Tell me what it is, Mary. Surely I have the right to share your troubles—if you have any," he continued caressingly.

The maiden's eyes wandered over the quiet sylvan scene; then she fixed them on her lover's face, but she spoke not.

"You *must* tell me," he said; "something has happened, and you seek to hide it from me."

"These are troublous times, John," she answered, "and just lately matters at the Rye House have taken mysterious shape—I know not what to make of them." She hesitated for a moment.

"Go on," said John gently; "I listen."

"Well, then, I will tell you; but chide me not if you think me fanciful or wayward. Of late we have had strange visitors at the Rye House; they come at late and unexpected hours and they depart with secrecy. Whence they come and whither they go I know not—but, oh! I wish they came not. For their coming has affected my father strangely. He spends much time in burnishing his weapons and oiling the locks of his pistols. One evening I lighted upon him in full armour, just as he used to dress when he was a major in Cromwell's Ironsides, and he was singing the old battle psalm,

An Ominous List

'Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered.' He did not see me, but I trembled as I gazed at him; his body was there, but his heart was far away, and his soul was full of recollection of Naseby and Marston Moor. Oh, John, there are wild schemes afloat; and God only knows what may be the end of them all! Tell me, John, tell me, and hold nothing back from me, know you aught of this? Is your father, Captain Maxwell Gray, privy to it all?"

"On my word," answered John solemnly, "I know naught of it, though I mind me that my father has been strangely affected of late, and he has gone to Holland suddenly on some mysterious business."

"Ah! then it is all true, and it is no ghastly dream of mine," cried the girl, wringing her hands and moaning. "But now I must tell you something more, my dear John—a thing I would fain hold back from you. This morning I entered my father's private closet, as I am wont to do. It is my daily task to set it in order for him, and to none other is this care confided. He had gone forth and I was alone. On his table was a paper—left there as if by chance—and I looked at it. It was a list of names, some of which I knew, others were strange to me. But oh, John! the third name was your father's and the fourth was your own. Oh, fatal list! for my heart assures me that a deadly plot is on foot, and this was a list of the plotters; and your name, the dearest to me in the whole world, was among them. Yet you say that you know naught of this? Is some dreadful oath binding your heart and conscience? Tell me quickly, John, or I die!" and the poor girl moaned in sheer agony.

John seized her hands, drew her to himself, and kissed her pale lips.

"Mary, I know naught of this!" he cried. "But I will know more of this matter, and to-night I will come to the Rye House and you shall show me this dread paper."

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Mary looked at him steadfastly.

"At thy bidding I will do this thing," she said, "though I fear evil may come of it. My father left home this morning, telling me that he would not return till nightfall, and that he would bring with him a few friends, for whom I was to make ready refreshment. Be with me at the hour of five, and I will take you to his closet. Now let us be going; there is no fishing to be done to-day, I fear."

So they arose and, hand in hand, walked slowly towards the Rye House. They were a goodly pair—he tall, stalwart, and of fine presence; she finely proportioned and beautiful beyond the ordinary run of women.

He was dark-haired, and his glossy locks fell lightly on his shoulders beneath his broad dark beaver. She was a true Saxon maid, her eyes blue as his were dark, her abundant golden hair falling in unconstrained masses over her shoulders.

They were little more than children, these two, for he was but nineteen years of age and she was a year younger. Yet the tenderest of ties bound them closely together.

Their fathers had held commissions in Cromwell's own regiment, and had fought side by side on many a stricken field. When the army was disbanded, after King Charles had reviewed their serried ranks on Blackheath, they had retired into private life, and, as good fortune would have it, became near neighbours.

Colonel Rumbold had one daughter, this maiden, Mary. His wife had long since passed away.

Captain Gray had one son, John Maxwell Gray, but his wife still presided over his household and acted the part of a second mother to Mary. The two young people were thus thrown together from infancy, and became as brother and sister.

But of late a far more tender tie than a fraternal love had taken possession of them, and, with their parents' consent, they had become affianced lovers.

The Rye House

Colonel Rumbold's civil occupation was that of brewer and maltster. The sword had been long laid aside, and the soldier had devoted all his energies to the building up of a great business ; he was now a rich man.

The Rye House was a stone building of the fourteenth century ; at one period it had been surrounded by a moat, fed by a tributary from the River Lea, and in troublous times it had been a place of strength. The Colonel had added many business structures to the original house, but these had not altered its character. There was something very fascinating about the old house, with its stone-mullioned windows and Early English doorways, the solid oak doors and the great oak beams which supported the masonry of the second story.

Thither came John Maxwell Gray that March evening as the hour of five drew near and the shadows were beginning to fall. He wore a well-fitting doublet of a dark purple tint, to which his broad white collar offered a pleasing contrast ; he was unarmed, although the leather belt about his loins showed where his rapier was usually suspended.

He was walking slowly, as one in deep thought. At the entrance porch, and ere he could ring the customary bell, a graceful figure, garbed in a close-fitting grey costume, darted forth to meet him.

"I was watching for you, dear John," said Mary, as she eagerly extended her hands in welcome. "It is strange," she added, "but there are no servants at hand ; old Martin has sent them all on errands into Hoddesden, and he is in the malthouse, so we are all alone."

They passed into the great dining-hall, hand in hand. It was finely timbered, the old oak panels shining like ebony. On the walls were silver sconces, with wax candles ready to be lit. Down the centre of the hall ran a long oak dining-table, and John at once noticed that a solid repast was set forth.

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"Ah!" said he. "I see you have prepared for your guests of the evening; when do you expect them and your father?"

"I do not know," Mary replied; "he did not tell me. Perhaps he did not know also."

"I see you have laid the table for seven," said John. "It will be quite a large supper party; shall you join it?"

"No," replied Mary nervously. "My father will not present me to his guests; I am to keep out of the way."

They looked each other steadily in the face; the same idea had occurred to them both.

"Come," said John gravely, "let us go to your father's room; I cannot rest until I have seen the document of which you spoke to me."

The shades were deepening; so Mary lit a candle and preceded him upstairs.

Presently they were in the little low-roofed closet which was the Colonel's "sanctum." The list lay on the table where Mary had seen it in the morning, and she placed it in John's hands. He carefully read the names written thereon.

"These names," he said to Mary, "represent the Puritan party in this neighbourhood, and they are almost all old soldiers. Yet there are other names of which I have heard, such as Wade, Fergusson, Ayloffe, and Goodenough—wild adventurers against whom my father has often warned me. Alas for the State which commits its fortunes to such men! Oh, Mary, I too am a Puritan, and, if you like, a Republican, but I pin my faith to such noble men as Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell. Why are not their great names on this list, if it be God's work? Oh, Mary, I mistrust it all! Why has your father given the aid of his unstained name to aid a cause which is bolstered up by such men as Wade and Fergusson?"

"Hark!" said Mary suddenly. "I hear sounds

Conspirators

from below. The guests have arrived." Instantly she replaced the list on the table where it had lain. "Oh! what shall we do?" she cried. "They are coming upstairs, and if you strive to pass them you will be in great danger. My own room is on this floor, but I cannot hide you there," and a sudden blush suffused her fair cheeks. "Here, John, stand behind this heavy curtain in the recess in the wall; it is the only way."

The young man obeyed her vehement command, as the advancing steps drew nigh.

"I go to my room," whispered Mary; "God guard you and bring us safely out of this trouble!"

A moment more and he was left alone in the Colonel's room—in concealment.

The position was hateful to him, and for a moment he almost resolved to step forth and face the coming guests—but he thought of Mary; at all events and risks her fair name must not be compromised.

The door opened, and the Colonel with five guests entered the room. The Colonel took his seat at the head of the table.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said; "this room is small, but it is the most secluded spot in the house, and therefore the best suited for our purpose. Besides, our business may not keep us long, and then supper awaits us below, of which you must stand in need."

"Is that the list of our supporters?" said one of them, catching sight of the paper as it lay on the side table.

"Yes," said Colonel Rumbold, taking it in his hands.

"Has it lain there all day?" said the speaker.

"Yes, Mr. Wade, I must have forgotten to lock it up when I went forth this morning, but it does not matter. My daughter is the only person, excepting myself, who enters this room."

"Let us hope that she is the only person who has seen it," replied Wade; "it would be enough to hang us all if Mr. Justice Jeffreys had possession of it!"

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"Enough on that point," said the Colonel testily, "Now let us get to business. First let me tell you that we have enrolled two hundred staunch men—most of them old soldiers—to take part in our enterprise. To-day I have received two hundred stands of arms of the latest and best types from Holland, and they are safely concealed in my malt-house at this moment. Mr. Fergusson has just returned from Newmarket, and he has important news for us. He tells me that the King and the Duke of York are there, and that on Wednesday, March 23rd, they will return to London escorted by two companies of the Royal Horse Guards. They will take the London road, passing through Hoddesden at midday."

"The Lord hath delivered them into our hands, and as a bird falls into the net of the fowler, they shall not escape," exclaimed Fergusson, rising from his seat in excitement.

"Now all is well," cried Wade; "they cannot fail to fall into our hands. Tell us, Colonel, your plans of operations; you are our leader, our commander-in-chief, and we leave the military part of the great scheme entirely in your hands."

"I will give you a brief outline of it," replied Colonel Rumbold, and as he spoke his eyes glistened with a soldier's ardour. "I and my two hundred men will give the royal party battle on the heath over which the road passes. It will be a fair fight, and no quarter will be given nor received, and God defend the right!"

"I do not like the plan," replied Fergusson; "it might fail. Now hear mine, though I have not your military experience nor skill. Between the heath and this house the road passes between two thick hedges. Line these hedges with your musketeers, and with one volley our foes would meet their destined and deserved fate."

"I agree with that scheme," cried Wade; "let us run no chance of failure."

A Sudden Interruption

But the Colonel rose in fiery indignation.

"Why, that would be a base assassination," he exclaimed, "and I, for one, will be no party to it! I have met my foes in fair fight, face to face, scores of times, but I have never played the part of the assassin, and, please God, I never will!"

The remaining conspirators looked doubtfully at each other, and for a while remained silent, though Ayloff and Goodenough, with pallid faces, were whispering to each other. It was at this critical moment that a sudden interruption to the debate occurred.

The heavy curtain which shut out the waning daylight was snatched aside, and from the recess behind it John Maxwell Gray boldly stepped forth. An apparition from the unseen world could not have created greater terror and dismay.

Facing the party with manly determination, John moved quickly to the side of the Colonel. Every man leaped to his feet, and deadly weapons were drawn. The Colonel stepped in front of John, and ere the young man could speak he cried—

"I know him; he is a good man and true—his name is fourth on our list!"

"How came he hither to act the part of a spy?" cried Wade. "Has he taken the oath of fidelity to our plot? If not, he must do so at once—or die!"

Every man looked John in the face, approving generally of Wade's vehement speech.

"Lay aside your weapons, gentlemen," exclaimed the Colonel; "I do not think you will have need to use them." Then, turning to John, he said: "Speak, John Maxwell Gray, and explain your presence and purpose here—your life hangs upon your words!"

With perfect self-possession and cool bravery John spoke.

"I am no spy, as the Colonel well knows," he said; "I am a Puritan by birth and conviction, but I am not an assassin! By mischance I have become aware of your schemes, and I dislike them. I am of the

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school of Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney. Why are not their names on your list?—where my own poor name appears without previous consent on my part. I stand by Colonel Rumbold. I am ready to fight by his side as my father did at Naseby and Marston Moor; but I am no assassin and I refuse to join in your plot!"

"Then you die!" shouted Wade, as he seized his loaded pistol.

"I agree with Mr. Wade!" cried Fergusson with fierce vehemence. "We have no choice," he continued; "this young man must join us unconditionally or die—if we would not find the hangman's halter around our own throats."

"Stay, gentlemen!" cried the Colonel, again sheltering John with his own body. "Hear me patiently, gentlemen, for a few moments. This young man's father, Captain Maxwell Gray, is at this moment in Holland, where he is purchasing munitions of war for me and our purposes. As this young man has already told you, he fought by my side in the great war, he held a commission in Cromwell's regiment, known as the Ironsides. Would you slay the only son of such a man as that? God forbid!"

"Let me ask this young man one question," asked Mr. Ayloff, speaking for the first time. "How came he hither, and with what intent?"

"Aye, aye," cried Goodenough, "let him tell us that!"

John hesitated. He felt that he would rather die than compromise Mary. At length, and while a rigid and tense silence prevailed, he spoke.

"I may not answer that question," he said.

"Then I agree with Mr. Wade," said the speaker hoarsely. "You must die—or we perish!"

"Must he die? Then I perish with him!" cried a sweet voice as Mary entered the room.

A thin partition separated her own room from her father's closet, and she had, perforce, overheard all.

A Dreadful Dilemma

"Mary!" cried her father with amazement, "what means this?"

Meanwhile the fair girl had stepped to the side of John, and had seized one of his hands. Thus the noble young couple stood facing the conspirators.

"This is the meaning of it, oh! my father and gentlemen. This man is my affianced husband, and to save my fair fame, which he thought to be in danger, he would rather die than tell you that it was I who brought him hither."

"And why?" cried the Colonel in breathless eagerness.

"Oh, I will tell you all! I will hold nothing back; and if we die we shall perish together. It was I who told him that his name was on that fatal list, I who displayed it to him, in this room, at the very moment that you all entered the house! That is all—there is nothing more; now deal with us as you list!"

And the proud, dauntless girl faced the plotters with a face that was radiant with excitement and determination. For a brief space all remained silent, and the plotters looked upon each other with dismay. Even Wade and Fergusson, fierce and truculent men as they were, felt that they could not render their leader a childless man, yet the dilemma was a dreadful one, for this young couple held the fate of them all in their hands.

At length the Colonel spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think I see my way out of this great difficulty. We know that in eight days' time the King returns from Newmarket; it is a brief period, and when March the twenty-third be passed Heaven will have decided on the success, or failure, of our great scheme. Therefore I propose that we hold this young couple as close prisoners until the issue of the plot be revealed. You may not know that in this ancient house there is a room known to us as the 'priest's chamber.' It has concealed many a refugee in troublous times, now it may serve as a prison cell;

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there is none safer in Newgate or the Fleet. There I will keep John Maxwell Gray in strict confinement until March the twenty-fourth at least. As for my daughter Mary, it is enough for her that I lay my command on her that she keep her room until the same date ; I answer for her, she will obey."

The conspirators whispered together for a few minutes, then Wade spoke.

"We agree," he said ; "there is no other way."

Then the Colonel addressed the young couple.

"You hear the decision of this council—a council of war in very truth, for it has power of life and death. Do you both, unreservedly, accept my proposition?"

"We do !" they exclaimed together.

"Then that decides the matter," said the Colonel.

"I will myself lead Mr. Gray to his cell—for it is little else—and my daughter will retire to her room. We have, gentlemen, much to arrange and to talk over ; but, with your permission, we will, on my return to this room, repair to supper."

To this all agreed, and the Colonel, accompanied by John and Mary, left the room.

After supper that night the conspirators arranged to meet again at the Rye House on the following night, to perfect their plans.

History tells us how the plot failed.

Owing to the accidental burning of his house at Newmarket, the King and the Duke of York returned to London eight days earlier than the date fixed for their departure. The Royal Party passed through Hoddesden on the day after the meeting of the conspirators at the Rye House, and when the plotters met there that night, according to agreement, their baffled plot was discussed. Mortification and rage filled their hearts !

They consoled themselves with the hope that another opportunity would soon present itself, but that, for the present, it was advisable for every member

Flight

of the plot to seek safety abroad. The conspiracy would soon leak out, urged Wade and Fergusson, and they two had important business in Holland. For a fortnight the two young prisoners should be kept in durance ; and this was agreed upon. So their last meeting terminated, and the Rye House Plot was at an end.

Wade and Fergusson fled to Holland, and lived to become the evil counsellors of the unhappy Monmouth in 1685. Ayloffe and Goodenough escaped—both doomed to violent deaths in due time.

Rumbold, the noblest of them all, lived to take a distinguished part in Argyle's rebellion, and was executed at Edinburgh in 1685. His estate was confiscated, and the Rye House thus passed away from his family.

Two great Englishmen lost their lives for alleged connivance in the plot—Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney—yet their guilt was never proved.

In 1684 John Maxwell Gray and Mary Rumbold were happily married at Hoddesden, as the parish books of that ancient town testify.

MR. McLEAN has led the forwards for Scotland in the England v. Scotland "Soccer" match, and is amongst the most brilliant players of to-day.

Some fine Forward Lines

BY

D. McLEAN

(Sheffield Wednesday and Scottish International XI.)

IT may appear almost invidious for me, or any other player, to try to single out a few of the finest forward lines amongst the chief football teams in our land. Yet I do so in no spirit of pride, as of one having special discernment; I only intend to point out what must have been obvious to all supporters and enthusiasts of Soccer who follow the various clubs closely and know about as much of the principal players as there is to be known in what relates to their performances in the game.

You will, of course, have a long way to go to beat the five forward men who were available at one time for Aston Villa—Stephenson, Halse, Hampton, Bache, and Watson (to say nothing of Wallace, Whittaker, Henshall), if these latter had to take the places of any of the other five. These seem to my thinking to be just about as hot a lot as we are likely to meet with when watching any contest in the First League. More than one of this forward line have done splendid service on the international field. Indeed, the triumphs of Hampton, Halse, and Bache in that connection would make pretty reading for any football enthusiast.



D. McLean.

Aston Villa

But it is as a combination understanding each other to a degree almost past believing that the old Aston Villa company of forwards shone. It was well worth watching closely how these five forwards used to manipulate the ball and work in unison when once they got it at their toes. The skilful and pretty business was worth going far to see, for the Aston lot had the deftest of touches, the quickest of brains, the most daring moves imaginable at their command. And they made the greatest use of these advantages too! Note how Bache was never dismayed; how Hampton used that beautifully gentle "push" as effectively as though it were a terrible charge; how the keen eye of Stephenson was always on the ball; observe how Harold Halse was the surest possible guide as to the whereabouts of danger and activity in the game. Yes, they were a fairly warm company, these Aston Villa five, as I, who have had the honour of opposing them more than once, can thoroughly testify.

I trust I shall not be considered dogmatic either when I say that the team which faces the forward line of the Blackburn Rovers brigade has generally something stiff up against it. The very names of Simpson, Aitkenhead, Shea, Latheron, Clennel, and Orr are quite sufficient to prove to the average follower of the Soccer game that such a forward line will not be easily overcome, and that any opponents will have to go all out to make it waver, let alone to defeat it. And the Rovers knew something when they got the youthful Dan Shea, last but not least of a splendid line, to partner the others!

Simpson is probably one of the finest forwards now playing in any of the four countries composing these islands. His scheming brain, his great speed, his quick movements all make him a terribly dangerous wing man, as all who have ever had to oppose him will readily acknowledge. Aitkenhead is certainly as good a player as you could wish to have in his position, whilst his goal-scoring abilities generally bring him

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well into prominence when the list of successful kickers appears at the close of the season. Shea is perhaps the finest goal-scorer possessed by any English league club to-day, whilst as Clennell and Orr both put in an equal number of goals during 1912-13, it is clear that they are not far from being equal in their play, and those who have had the good fortune to watch Blackburn Rovers will admit that both these men, with Shea and some of the other stars mentioned to make up five forwards, can show you as fine a game in that part of Soccer as you need wish to see.

One of the greatest forward lines in the leagues for many years was undoubtedly that of Manchester United. It has recently suffered from the loss of Halse, who went along to Aston Villa a year or so ago and then to Chelsea. But even yet this line is an awful fence for a team whose forwards are not above the average. Most elevens whose forwards *are* above the average would generally prefer not to meet the Manchester United fraternity when the latter are at the top of their form. Just glance through its list of names! The one and only Willie Meredith, the splendid George Wall, the redoubtable Arthur Turnbull, that excellent goal-kicker E. J. West, the versatile Nuttall, the ubiquitous Hamill! You have got something to keep you going, and no mistake, when that forward line is awaiting you, eh?

When it also included Halse I should have been inclined to aver that it was undoubtedly the finest forward line of all amongst the big clubs, but the loss of a man like Halse is not easily to be repaired. Nevertheless, you must remember that Meredith is the doyen of all internationals in either Soccer or Rugby football, no other man has ever equalled his record; also that Wall and Turnbull are internationals who have done yeoman service in that—the highest—department of the game; and that West and Nuttall are both a great deal better than many men who have been chosen to play for England before to-day. Yes, I fancy the

The Tyne Company

Manchester United forward rank can even yet hold its own with the best.

Another warm lot is usually Newcastle United, when you are speaking of forwards. There was a time, a few years back, when the team from the Tyne could put into the field the finest set of forwards then playing. The magnificent combination and pretty, scientific football exhibited by the set in question has never been excelled in forward play, and neither Aston Villa, nor Manchester United, nor Sheffield Wednesday at their best has ever surpassed the work of the Newcastle men in the seasons when they got to the Cup final.

The Tyne company are not quite so good as that nowadays. Yet when you reflect that they still number in their ranks such men as the following, Shepherd, Wilson, McTavish, and Higgins, you may be pardoned for asking me how much warmer any line could be than the line including four or five such players. Yet I do think that Newcastle's five of three years ago, say, was a still stiffer proposition, though when I say that I must admit it is only my personal opinion, based on actual results of play as shown by the end of the season's scoring-sheet.

I grant you fully that you'll have a long way to go—a very long way too!—ere you can pick five comrades in a team who are likely to make many rings round the usual Newcastle company of forwards. The abilities of Albert Shepherd, probably the finest goal-kicker the leagues have known; or of Wilson the inimitable; or of Higgins, nearly as good as Shepherd; or of McTavish, who is as hard a worker as you could desire—I say the marvellous abilities of these men are enough to make one pause even now before saying that any forwards of another club could possibly surpass their records and play.

The old-time glories of Sheffield United, as regards the splendid forward line it once possessed, appear temporarily to have departed. There are certainly two or three good men to-day in the ranks of this Sheffield

Some fine Forward Lines

club, but one can hardly question that latterly in the forwards of Sheffield Wednesday it would have its superior. These latter players are certainly an excellent combination, as well as being fine individual players. When you recall Kirkman, Glennon, Wilson, Robertson, and Burkinshaw, all waiting to do duty for any one club, you may feel sure that to outwit such a combination would not prove an easy task, whatever set of opposing forwards may have to undertake the business.

You can't teach Wilson much about forward play that he doesn't know. On many a Scottish field has he had to uphold the honour of Caledonia, and, like his native land, he is "stern and wild" when it comes to scoring football. By "wild" I should imply that resolute determination to score which characterizes him in every match I've ever seen him play. And when you learn that Glennon scored fourteen goals and Kirkman twelve in a recent season you can guess that, with such men working together beautifully for Sheffield Wednesday, the club would not be an easy proposition to tackle in any important game.

And, of course, I must necessarily reckon the forward line of Sunderland as one of the very best amongst present-day elevens. The names of its recent players have only to be uttered to prove this. Holley, Mordue, Buchan, Hall, Martin, Tinsley—what do you think of that lot? Pretty warm, aren't they, for one team to possess?

George Holley I have considered for years to be about as clever a forward as there is going; what others think of Mordue and Buchan was shown by the choice of these two to work together two years ago on the international field. The immense success which attended the Wearsiders in all their league contests during the past three seasons was largely owing to the magnificent play of the whole forward line of the team, which, after the first game or two, was scarcely ever found wanting or caught napping. In match after

Men worth seeing

match the Sunderland forwards simply went on from glory unto glory, and enhanced their already big reputation in a way that was astounding.

It was this very thing, the wonderful evenness of competition between the forward lines of Aston Villa and Sunderland, which made the Cup final in 1913 so intensely exciting that it drew the marvellous record attendance of 132,000 people to witness it. Do you need any grander testimony than this single one to the very superior and perfect play of these two magnificent forward lines in Soccer to-day?

Undoubtedly the six clubs whose forwards I have mentioned so far are the clubs possessing the grandest forward lines of recent years, as they were arranged in the games of the 1913 season. It may be—nay, it is almost sure to be—that changes will have taken place for the present season in the ranks of these clubs, so that my remarks anent them must be taken as concerning their form and play of the past two years rather than as concerning the present time. But no other clubs could then put into the field such ranks of five in the forward department as could Aston Villa, Manchester United, Sunderland, Sheffield Wednesday, Newcastle United, and Blackburn Rovers. You who want to know what our very best and most skilful forwards are like, how they act in combination, how they score goals or lead up to such scoring, how a man who scores perhaps only three goals in a whole season may yet be one of the very finest forwards in the land—I say you who desire enlightenment and coaching on those points could not do better than watch some of those forwards at every match you get the chance of attending.

Different forwards have naturally different tactics and varied individual characteristics. You may find only one Holley for sheer bustling performances; you will see only one Hampton for that delicate touch which worries a goalkeeper to death as he catches the ball—a touch which often sends both goalie and

Some fine Forward Lines

ball into the net behind him ere the man has known he was touched at all ! You may see nobody else like Shepherd, the kicker of four goals in one international ; you will find no two who are so much the complement of each other as Mordue and Buchan ; you may never see another man who can suck a straw like Meredith, and yet so magically control the ball at the same time with three foemen surrounding him ! Yes, each of the great forwards will have his own speciality in the business, his own way of working, his own deft, artistic play, his own mannerisms and ways of leading up to a score.

As boys wishing yourselves to shine some day in forward play you should note *what* these men do, singly and in unison, and note even more closely *how* they do it. For even these famous and naturally gifted players did not arrive at such eminence by mere genius or accident. They had to practise, to think, to plan, to learn to combine ; they had their anxious moments, their own troubles, just as you boys sometimes now have in the game. But if you watch them you'll learn a vast deal worth knowing, and such observation is bound to improve your own game, if only you act on what you see and learn.

But be sure you see and learn the right thing ! I know one boy who, having seen the inimitable Meredith sucking at that straw, went away and began to suck a straw himself whilst playing, as though he imagined that straw was the mascot of Meredith's success ! And it is easy for other lads to fall into a similar mistake. What you have to do, if you wish to learn something from such great experts in forward play, is to watch closely, and try your best to copy, the clever touches, the magical methods, the essence of the artist which appears in every game wherein such men take part. Their private idiosyncrasies are nothing ; their scheming and artistic ways of accomplishing their aims are everything !

TWO small boys, seeking for seabirds' eggs, found something larger, and became heroes.

A Cry from the Sea

BY

M. OYLER

"LET'S go home by the cliffs, old man," pleaded Cuthbert ; "it's ever so much more fun than the road. We might find some gulls' nests, too," he added, seeing the undecided look on his brother's face. "Weston brought home a pocketful of eggs the other day, and he found them all between here and Anstead."

Raymond Harford hesitated.

"It'll soon be getting dark," he said. "I expect by the time we get to the cliffs there won't be light enough to see by ; better stick to the road this evening, I think, especially as Aunt Grace said we were to be in punctually, as she wanted to see us before she goes over to the Rectory to dinner."

"But you know it's much shorter than all the way round the road," Cuthbert insisted. "We cut off the whole of that corner by the workhouse ; ever so much better walking, too, by the fields. We may just as well go that way ; come on, there's a good chap."

So Raymond, who had been really half inclined to agree with his younger brother all the time, allowed himself to be persuaded, and the two boys set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the little village of Anstead where they lived.

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The Harfords' parents were in India. Colonel Harford was a most distinguished officer, and it was the ambition of both of the boys to become, if possible, as well known and well beloved as was their father. While their mother and father were abroad, the boys spent their holidays with an uncle and aunt, who were quite devoted to them. Very happy and delightful times they spent at the dear old house at Anstead—times which, when they were grown up and realizing their hearts' desire by serving their King and country in far-off tropical countries, they often looked back on with thoughts of affection and gratitude; going over again and again to themselves—and each other when they met—the adventures which in those long-ago days seemed to them so thrilling and full of hairbreadth escapes.

On that particular evening the boys, directly tea was over, had walked over to the small town three miles distant, to fetch some fishing tackle which Raymond had ordered. Cuthbert, too, wanted cobbler's wax for some mysterious article he was manufacturing. However, their shopping did not take long, and, while there was still a good deal of daylight left, the boys started off across the field path which skirted the cliff most of the way back to Anstead.

It was a chilly, grey evening, with a strong wind blowing off the sea. The boys walked quickly, hoping to get a little time to look for gulls' eggs before it got completely dark. But by the time they reached the favourite nesting-place of the sea birds it was difficult to distinguish the holes in the cliff, although this did not prevent the boys from scrambling about and peering into dark and likely corners.

"How rough and beastly the sea sounds this evening!" Cuthbert said. "I should hate to be wrecked and drowned, shouldn't you? I always think the sea is like a murderer waiting for victims—so angry and greedy."

"What rotten ideas you have!" Raymond replied,

"There it is again !"

almost crossly. "Where you get such nonsense from I can't make out : it's those silly stories you're always reading, I suppose. What you can see in them beats me."

Cuthbert felt rather aggrieved.

"I don't get those ideas out of books," he declared. "I've got them myself inside ; I can't help it. The sea is a greedy monster—you can see it is ; just think of all the people's it's swallowed up. I wonder whether it's drowning any one now."

"Well, you *do* say sickening things !" his brother retorted crossly. "If you feel like that, I should think it's time we went home and you got your Nanna to tuck you up warm in bed. You won't be able to get drowned there," he added.

Cuthbert poked his head into a most unlikely crevice before replying. "It's full of dust and rubbish," he announced, coming out coughing. "Yes, I think p'raps we'd better be off home ; it's getting very dark."

The boys had hardly begun climbing the steep path which led up to the top of the cliff when Cuthbert stopped suddenly.

"What are you stopping for?" Raymond demanded. "If you're going to wait about like this we shan't be home till midnight."

"But didn't you hear?" asked Cuthbert in a hushed voice.

"Hear what?" asked Raymond impatiently.

"Listen !" said Cuthbert. "There it is again !"

Both boys stopped and listened. There was no sound but the roar of the sea below them and the singing of the wind in their ears.

"Oh, come on !" Raymond said at last. "I never met such a chap as you are for fancying things. What did you think you heard this time?"

Cuthbert held up his hand.

"There it is again," he said.

Above the roar of the sea a faint sound was carried to them by the wind—a despairing and feeble cry, but

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undoubtedly from some person in distress. "Help!" came the cry; then a slight pause, and again, fainter and more feeble, "Help!"

"It's down in the sea," Cuthbert almost whispered. "You can hear it is. It's some one drowning; I told you the sea was greedy. He's got some one, I'm sure he has."

"I don't believe it," Raymond answered, but he stood and listened nevertheless. No sound came to them, and a fresh burst of wind nearly blew them off their feet. "It's only sea birds, I think," he said doubtfully.

"Do sea birds shout out 'Help!'?" Cuthbert asked.

Before Raymond could reply, clear and shrill during a lull in the wind came a more distinct, wailing cry, repeated two or three times, "Help! Help!"

"It *is* some one," Raymond agreed. "Come on, Cuthbert!" And down to the bottom of the cliffs dashed the two boys.

The darkness had closed in so quickly that it was impossible to distinguish objects clearly; they could just see the white line of surf on the beach, but very little beyond. The shore shelved suddenly at that place into very deep water, so deep that big liners often passed quite close to the shore, greatly to the boys' delight. But on that evening no shipping appeared to be near: not a light was visible, nothing but darkness thick and dense, the roar of the wind and sea, and a wailing, distant cry for help.

"It's no good waiting here," Raymond said, after they had stood listening for several seconds; "it's some one just a little way out at sea—near the old wreck, I should say, judging by the sound."

The old wreck was the remains of a small cargo steamer which had foundered comparatively close to land some months earlier, after a collision with a tramp steamer; nearly all of it had been either taken or washed away, but there still remained a piece of mast and a few portions of the framework, which at low water

"We're going to save him !

stuck up gaunt and dejected-looking in the waste of waters.

"But who would be out near the wreck at this time of night?" asked Cuthbert doubtfully. "I don't think it can be there."

"Help ! Help !" came feebly through the darkness.

"Come on, we must hurry," Raymond said, and he began to climb up the cliffs just as fast as he had come down them, closely followed by his younger brother.

"What are you going to do?" panted Cuthbert. "We're not going to leave him to drown, are we?"

"Of course not !" Raymond replied, between his gasps, for it was a steep climb. "We're going to save him ; we're going to the coastguards to tell them, just as hard as we can lick ! We mustn't forget the place when we come back ; it's exactly opposite the post that is leaning against this square stone. Let's wedge my cap and your handkerchief in to help mark the place."

It did not take long for the two boys to cover the mile which lay between the cliff and the coastguard station, nor, when they arrived, was much time taken up by explanations. Raymond quickly told his tale, with Cuthbert filling in any details he had left out.

Almost immediately a boat was manned and rowed along the shore, while the boys, feeling rather important, were conducting a coastguard to the place on the cliff where they had heard the cries.

On arriving there they lighted a lantern to guide the rescuing party in the boat, and then came half an hour of intense interest and excitement. The boys with their coastguard went down to the shore, and at intervals faint shouts and voices came to them through the darkness.

Once Cuthbert whispered to Raymond : "I wonder what Aunt Grace is thinking?"

"Oh, shut up !" Raymond said.

For a long time the rescue party seemed to be having no success, and the boys began to feel very disheartened

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as well as rather cold and decidedly hungry. Then suddenly their coastguard friend remarked, "They're coming now!" and above the roaring of the sea could be distinguished voices, which gradually came nearer and nearer, followed by the splashing of oars and the grating of the keel of the boat on the beach.

The boys and the coastguard with the lantern hurried to meet the rescue party.

It was rather a pitiful sight that met their eyes. Huddled down in the bottom of the boat, in a half-fainting condition, was a poor woman, with a lad, evidently her son, clasped in her arms, while farther up the boat, also lying on the floor, quite exhausted, was a tall, bearded man. The coastguards had wrapped them round as well as they could in their heavy coats, but the poor creatures were so drenched through and numbed that it seemed quite useless trying to get any warmth into their bodies until their wet clothes could be removed.

In a very short space of time a little procession was formed, and the poor, half-drowned creatures were carried up the cliff to the coastguard station to be warmed and taken care of. Raymond and Cuthbert walked in front, proudly carrying a large lantern.

After they had arrived at the coastguard station, and the rescued family had been cared for and put between hot blankets, one of the coastguard men came up to Cuthbert, who had been watching proceedings.

"And now, young gentleman, after you and your brother have saved three lives, I think it's about time you were off home, don't you?"

"Did we *really* save their lives?" Cuthbert asked in an awestruck voice.

"Of course you did, sir. If you hadn't have heard them and told us, they couldn't have hung on much longer."

It was two very proud boys who, conducted by one of the coastguards, walked home across the cliffs that cold night, and many were the questions they asked. The



There, cold and drenched, they clung.

Run down

people they had rescued, the coastguard told them, had taken a boat, and the father had rowed them over that afternoon to see friends in a neighbouring bay. They had been overtaken by darkness on the way home, as the wind had got up and was dead against them, which made their progress slow. In the dark, quite near the old wreck, they were run down by a passing vessel, which had gone on without realizing what had happened.

Mercifully all three of the occupants of the boat could swim a little. They made for the projecting mast of the old wreck, and there found a precarious refuge, half in and half out of the waves. There, cold and drenched through, they clung, calling for help. At last the boys had heard them, and as the coastguards said, undoubtedly they saved three lives that night.

THE hero of this story of Scots
university life was for a very
little while tempted to dishonour.
But he made recovery in time.

The Making of Graham

BY

J. S. BELL

"FIVE years' hard labour!" Dick Graham saw the warder tap his brother on the shoulder, and the pair disappeared from the box. He turned to his father, who was seated next to him, and with pain at his heart noticed how the latter had aged in the days of the trial, during which William Graham had been charged with forgery and found guilty.

"Come on, dad," said Dick; "we must go to mother."

He took the old man's arm and piloted him through the crowd that thronged the court. Helping him gently into a cab, he gave his home address, and away they rattled through the streets. Yes, it was hard on his father. Had Bill really done that low thing: Bill, the pride of his mother's heart—great big, strong, clean Bill? He could scarcely believe it. Was he the brother of a felon?

The cab drew up at his home and put an end to his reverie. Dick paid the man and helped his father into the hall, where his grey-haired mother awaited them. She saw that the elder brother did not accompany them, and her eyes filled with tears.

"All will come right!"

"He's— Five years! Oh, Mary, it's too hard for me to bear!"

"John, John," said the old lady, "this is not like you! We know that William was not guilty. Trust in Heaven, John; all will come right yet. And we've Dick."

"Dick must leave us to-morrow. You're forgetting college goes up to-morrow, mother," said the old man.

"Let me stay for a bit with you, father," said the young lad.

"No, boy," said his father; "no. Your mother and I will face our trouble, as we ought. You'll go back to college to-morrow. Now, mother, you're tired; I think you should go to bed."

It was with a heavy heart that Dick bade his father and mother good-bye next morning. But it was only when he sat alone in a carriage that he began to think of his own position.

"The brother of a felon! The brother of a felon!" the wheels seemed to grind out. Dick was not a bad chap at heart, but he was proud in a manly sort of way, and now that this trouble had come upon him his pride was shocked.

How could he face the men at college? He almost heard them already. "Hullo! there's Graham. His brother was condemned for forgery the other day."

But would they know? What should they know? He glanced at the morning paper; the case was scarcely mentioned. He need say nothing. He felt easier in his mind as the express steamed into the little junction where the local train waited to carry its burden of youth to the old grey, 'Varsity city, by the northern sea.

Dick jumped out, determined, if possible, to get a carriage to himself; but he was disappointed. Just as the train started, the door opened and a dark-skinned fellow jumped in. Dick turned with dismay to see Nicholson, a man he cordially disliked.

"Hullo, Graham!" said the latter, stretching out

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his hand. "How are you? Beastly business about your brother!"

Dick shuddered. So this, his worst enemy knew! How was he to face it?

"I see the papers don't say much about it," Nicholson went on. "Don't expect they know up here. Just happened to hear about it from a cousin of mine. He was representing the firm in court. Pretty rotten on you. Don't expect you'll play Rugger this year. Certain blue for you, too. It's hard luck. You'll tell them, I suppose? Of course, there's no reason why you should. I won't say a word, and I don't expect any one else will know."

Then Dick Graham did the first cowardly thing in his life. He leaned across the carriage and, putting his hand on Nicholson's knee, he said: "You're a good chap. No, I'm not going to tell them, if you'll hold your tongue."

A queer look came into Nicholson's eyes.

"That's all right," he said. "Hullo! there's the links, and here we are. There's a row on down in Reid's rooms to-night. Look down about nine, will you?" And as the train stopped he jumped out of the carriage.

Dick picked up his bag and, stepping on to the platform, was soon surrounded by a crowd of old college chums.

"Hullo! Graham! How are you, old man? Had a good time?"

Cries of welcome met him from all sides. No one seemed to know his shame. If only Nicholson held his tongue! But Nicholson was a waster, disliked by all the decent men.

"You'll be down to our place to-night, Graham?" the cheery voice of Smith, the Rugger captain, greeted him.

"Certainly," said Dick.

Then a voice broke on his ear. "Oh, I say, Graham, that's too bad!"

The Freshers' Trial

Dick turned to find Nicholson, with a sinister gleam in his eyes, at his shoulder.

"You're booked for us to-night."

Dick turned to the captain. "Sorry, Smith," he said; "I booked up with Nicholson in the train."

"Eh?" said the captain. "Nicholson? Right-oh! But don't forget the Freshers' Trial Match on Friday."

Friday was a perfect football day. The ground was damp enough to prevent accidents, but not so wet as to prevent the threes moving fast. The dressing-room rang with the cheery chatter of the older players, and the thud, thud as they stamped into their football boots. The Freshers stood about in twos and threes, stripped long before the time, kicking the boxes with their heels and failing entirely in their attempt to look unconcerned. The First Fifteen captain sat adjusting his boots and discussing the situation with one or two old blues.

"Keep your eye on that young three-quarter from Blair House, Dickson," he said, addressing a burly player, who was struggling to force an immense pair of shoulders into a sweater. "His name's Carnegie; he's playing wing to Graham. Which reminds me—what's up with Graham? Not the same chap at all this term. He's begun to hang around with the Nicholson gang; I don't like it. Oh, by the way, Nicholson's got a young brother playing wing-three in 'B' team. We'll have to watch him, too. There'll be a cap going for one of them."

Behind the pavilion Nicholson was in earnest conversation with Graham. The latter, his hands clenched, was obviously restraining himself with difficulty.

"All right," Nicholson was saying; "but either you muck your passes to that wing or the 'Varsity knows to-night that you're the brother of a common thief. My brother's got to get his place, and it's your business to see that the Blair House kid plays a rotten game. There's the whistle; get a move on!"

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The teams lined up, and the captains spoke to one or two of the old blues, pointing out the men they wanted particularly watched. Smith walked over to Graham.

"I say, old man," he said, "our forwards are heavier, but we're going to let that ball out every time. The stand-off's to feed you, so keep your wing going. I want to see what he can do. All right, referee."

The next minute the game was begun. For some time play was uninteresting; the forwards were fresh and eager, and controlled most of the ball. But bit by bit the weight of the "A" team told. In a scrum at midfield they got the ball. Quick as a flash the half had it out to his stand-off, and Dick felt the ball in his hands. He forgot everything but the game, and, running beautifully, he made about twenty yards before he was forced to pass to his wing. The young boy nipped the pass neatly, sprinted for the line, and was forced to touch about a yard from it.

A cheer broke from the crowd. But just at that moment Graham caught sight of the evil face of Nicholson. Unhidden rage was marked on it, and Dick's heart failed him.

From the line-out the "B" forwards broke away, and were only stopped by a plucky piece of work by the back in his own twenty-five. The scrum was in favour of the "A" forwards, and again Dick found himself with the ball in his hands. But the player was dead in him; the coward had overcome the better part of his nature. And, moreover, how easy it would be to muck his winger's game! No blame would fall on him. If he passed just a little too slow, and just a little too far behind, his wing three-quarter would appear to be entirely to blame. There would be nothing for himself but sympathy. So he sprinted, tricked two opponents, and then, when he had made a splendid opening for his wing, he passed loosely, and the Blair House boy missed.

To the spectators it appeared as if the wing three

Swindling !

was at fault, and mingled cries of "Hard lines, old Graham !" and "Be careful, youngster !" reached Dick's ears.

Three times Dick got the ball, and three times he gave the poor winger a bad pass. The crowd was getting annoyed at the boy, and several old blues shook their heads, and moved round to watch Nicholson's young brother. So far there had been no scoring, and just then the whistle blew. Half the game was over.

Dick couldn't talk to his wing; he saw the poor boy's face was white. The captain walked over to the lad.

"Buck up, Carnegie !" he said. "You're fozzling these passes badly. Graham's making great openings for you. What's wrong?"

"I don't know," replied Carnegie ; but Graham could see that the boy *did* know.

He felt a tap on his shoulder. Nicholson was standing beside him.

"Good man," said the latter. "You're a marvel ! If I hadn't been in the know I would never have spotted it."

The whistle blew, and the players strolled back to their places.

Swindling ! Swindling ! The word sang in Graham's ears. So he was, a swindler, a common cheat. was his pride ! What better was he than his brot

"Graham !"

He heard the cry just in time. The ball had come to the other inside-three, who was running diagonally. He passed delightfully to Dick, who slipped between two forwards, and gave Carnegie a perfect pass. The boy never hesitated ; he made straight for the line—and he could run !—the back tried to get him; but a slight swerve took him past, and, running round behind, he scored between the posts. The captain took the kick and scored.

The " B " team bucked up. From a free kick they got

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well down in touch, and from the line-out their three started. The centres made some headway and, finally, Nicholson's brother got the ball. He had a clear field except for Graham. But Dick was too fast. Young Nicholson swerved feebly, and Graham saw he was funkng. Had he gone straight forward he could have got across the line and scored. He made matters worse, for just as Dick tackled him he attempted a weak drop, and the ball rolled harmlessly over the dead-line. The two players crashed to the ground together.

"You'll pay for this!" the young fellow growled, as he picked himself up.

But there was a clear, fearless light in Dick's eyes now. The rigour of the game had cleared his soul of its cowardice. Come what might, he would play his best.

The game had him in its grip. Again and again he broke away, and played to his wing like a book. The boy was excellent. Three times he crossed the line, and as the whistle blew the captain crossed to Dick with hand outstretched.

"Well, that's the right wing solved, anyhow," he said. "You and Carnegie suit each other excellently. I thought the young chap was a no-user in the first half; but I suppose it was nervousness."

"No, it wasn't nervousness," said Dick, with a queer catch in his voice.

"Eh? Come and have tea with me, and tell me all about it," said the captain. "Buck up, if you want a bath before the water's cold."

Dick walked listlessly to the pavilion, scarcely hearing the congratulations heaped on him. Nicholson was standing at the door, and as Dick passed he whispered to him—

"The 'Varsity hears all about your brother to-night."

Dick did not answer.

The captain was in the best of form at the tea-table. He was an excellent host, and laughed and joked.

Dick tells the Story

Young Carnegie was also there. Dick sat attempting to take an interest, but his thoughts were elsewhere. Each time the captain mentioned his play favourably he felt as if he would choke.

"What was the matter with you in the first half, Carnegie?" the captain called. "Nervousness, was it? You mucked some of Graham's passes badly. Graham was giving you every chance."

"Yes, I'm afraid it must have been nervousness."

Dick's cup of agony was full. Even the boy shielded him, for he could see that the lad knew he had passed badly on purpose. What a low cad he was becoming!

"Look here, Smith," he burst out at last, "I can't stand this any longer; I mucked those passes on purpose. I——"

"If you chaps want to talk anything over I'll clear," said young Carnegie, whose face had become very red.

"Right-oh, old man!" said the captain. "See you in the Union later."

When the door closed the captain came over to Dick, and put his hand on his shoulder. This was the last straw. Graham gave way completely, and cried like a little child. Bit by bit he told the captain the story. Bit by bit he raised his head, till he found himself looking the captain straight in the face.

When he finished, Smith laid his hand on his shoulder. He offered no criticism.

"Get on your coat, Dick," he said.

They left the captain's room and walked in the direction of the Union. Smith spoke not a word, and Dick was silent from mere inability to say anything. They passed the Union and went to the gymnasium.

"I expect the crowd are up here," said the captain. "Come up."

Dick followed him into the gymnasium, where several of the Rugby men were hanging about. "Here, you clear out!" said the captain to some Freshers who were in the hall. "You're not wanted here; and, I

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say, look over to the Union and tell Nicholson, the fourth-year man, I want to see him here."

Dickson, the huge forward, lolled across.

"Hullo, Smith!" he said. "What's up? You're looking furious. Evening, Graham. I say, that weed Nicholson's been talking some muck about you in the Union. Don't know what it was—didn't listen. I can't stand the beast. What do you want with him, Smith? Hullo! here he is."

Nicholson entered with two of his own particular friends.

"You want to see me, Smith?" he asked.

"Yes," said the captain. "Shut that door, will you?"

Nicholson looked as if he were going to refuse.

"Shut the door!" said the captain. Nicholson obeyed.

"Now lock it!" said Smith.

Nicholson turned pale, but did as the captain ordered.

Smith turned to the others. "Look here, you chaps," he said, "I want your opinion here. Graham, tell them exactly what you told me in my rooms." And the captain pressed Dick's shoulder kindly.

That pressure helped Dick immensely, and, turning to the company, he repeated the story which he had related to the captain.

"Here, I say," began a tall fellow in the background.

"Shut up!" said the captain.

"But, Smith, don't be an ass! Have you seen the papers to-night, Graham?"

"No," said Dick.

"Is your brother William Graham, of the firm of Alexander and Fergusson?"

"Yes," replied Dick.

"Well, he's not guilty. It's all in the late edition of the *Telegraph*. The porter has admitted the forgery. He forged the cheque—found a blank one on Graham's desk, and had it cashed with some others. He's con-

“He played the Game”

fessed the crime—hurt in an accident, or something. He's not likely to live.”

Dick felt the world swimming. Then faintly he heard the captain speaking.

“I don't think the fact of Graham's brother's innocence makes any difference to Graham's case. He's been a fool—an arrant fool ! He must have had little respect for us ; but I don't think it will happen again. Graham has been a conceited ass ! His brother's actions had nothing to do with him. But Dick's young, and I see his point of view. He played the game at the finish ; he came and told me everything, and I never asked.” Then Smith's voice hardened : “As for you, Nicholson, I can't give my opinion of you without being positively indecent. I've watched you for a long time, and you're undoubtedly the lowest cad I've ever met. Dickson, this is where you come in. I'm going to thrash that”—he pointed to Nicholson—“till it can't stand. Get the gloves, will you?”

With all Nicholson's faults he was no coward. Further, he was quite handy with the gloves ; but the captain's honest anger was too much for his science. For a time he held his own, but bit by bit he began to give way. The captain's jaw was hard and set.

“That will do now,” he said, as Nicholson collapsed in a heap. “Wait till I get a wash, Graham, and I'll play you at billiards in the Union.”

A STORY of famine time in
Southern India, and a bold
deed that was a double work of
mercy.

The Famine Ghoul

BY

ARGYLL SAXBY AND E. SIMPSON

"OH, my masters, have pity ! We are Moslems, and our fathers have been princes in this land of India. Never have we taken from any man what was not our right ; never have we asked favours from any. But we are starving, masters—we and our little ones ! Have pity, and Allah will increase your prosperity ! "

It was no ordinary beggar's wail that appealed to Jack Madersfield and his cousin Richard, as they sat one broiling afternoon in the shade of the veranda that surrounded one of the best bungalows on the plains. The Englishman in India is well used to such appeals to his pocket, and he has learned to value the professional beggar at his worth. But this was a despairing cry, and seemed to flood the air with sadness. It added melancholy to the already depressing air that hung so heavy that even the feathered plantain-trees were inert ; even the birds crouched in the shelter of palm and gum ; even the scorpions forsook the baking sand and hid themselves where the sun's rays could not penetrate.

Jack, the elder of the two boys, threw up his arms with an action of despair as he half-turned in the hammock chair in which he had been lounging.

“It is Food we ask”

“This is terrible, Dick!” he exclaimed. “But what *can* we do?”

“It must drive these poor beggars mad to see us sitting here in cool white and drinking tea, while they——”

“The victims of famine! Yes, old man, it must be awful for them.”

As Jack thus expressed his sympathy, he gave his thoughts practical form by taking out a rupee and throwing the coin to the two skeletons of manhood who were kneeling on the edge of the veranda in attitudes of humblest supplication.

“Here you are,” the boy said generously, as he parted with the money.

One of the beggars picked up the rupee and, touching his forehead with respect, held out the money to return it.

“No, no,” he said. “Master is good, master is generous; but it is not money we seek. We are not beggars; we are good Moslems. It is food we ask for—rice for our families. The rains come not, and we shall not live for many days if the stores are not opened, that we may receive the food we need.”

“Will not a rupee buy enough for the day, at least?” questioned Dick. And the native who had restored the coin shook his head with misery.

“No, and not even a lac of rupees. The merchants have stored the rice in their granaries. They wait until the price is very high. Now they will not sell——”

“Oh, the brutes! They want to make money out of corpses and starving people. I never heard of anything so rotten.”

“Government ought to have laws to stop such a thing,” said Jack. “But, thank goodness, we can meet a little of the need for the moment. Here, friends, help yourselves!” Thus speaking, the elder boy turned to the table near by, which was well supplied with a variety of eatables for tea. “Here, take this with you,” he said, as he emptied the plates into a newspaper and

The Famine Ghoul

handed the bundle to the spokesman of the two supplicants.

The gift was received with an outpouring of flattering gratitude.

"Never mind all that rot!" Jack said. "We can do without thanks. Just toddle off and have a tuck-in under the shade of the nearest tree."

The slang of Madersfield's speech had, of course, been lost to Oriental ears. But they fully understood the drift of the words as they also completely understood the generous action that Jack's impulsive nature prompted.

"Well, you've settled our tea for us before we had time for a single bite," laughed Dick, with an assumption of ruefulness which he did not really feel.

Jack shrugged his shoulders as he returned to his chair.

"Can't say that I feel much in the mood for grub after that business. Did you notice how thin the chap was who did the talking?"

"Who could help noticing? They were both of them absolute living skeletons. Shall I call the boy for more tea?"

"Not for me," answered Jack; "I can wait until dinner-time. But don't let that hinder you. I'm all right. The sight of these starving chaps has given me a kind of you've-no-business-to-eat-more-than-necessary feeling. Can't anything be done for these people?"

"Put back the year a month or two and send along a decent monsoon; that's about all that would put things right. The natives live from hand to mouth; they never provide for hard times. If the crop fails one season they are on their beam ends, as the sailors say."

"Yet, from what these poor beggars told us, there is rice to be got——"

"When the price is high enough," was the bitter rejoinder. "The merchants foresaw what was coming,

A "Corner" in Rice

and bought up all they could. They've made what's called a 'corner' in rice, and they mean to stick to it. I heard dad saying before he left for Madras this morning that old Mariyanna Chetty had enough rice stocked to feed the whole village for six months."

"The old ghoul! Pity he couldn't be made to disgorge."

"He has money," returned Jack significantly. "When you've been a little longer in India, old man, you'll learn that money buys friends and protection here."

"Not, I should imagine, when people are starving!" the younger boy exclaimed.

Jack sighed deeply.

"Ah, well! I suppose it won't do any good to moan over other people's troubles. Hullo!" and the speaker burst out laughing. "What has happened to my boy? He's actually running!"

"He's coming homewards—to grub—in haste like a horse," remarked Dick sarcastically, as he turned to observe the unwonted sight of this particular servant in haste.

But the Hindu continued in his surprising exhibition, and as he neared the bungalow it was plain to see that the inspiration of his haste was no common circumstance.

"What on earth's the matter?" called Jack, when the native was close enough to hear the question. "What has gone wrong to set you on that jog, Thumboo?"

"Seen a ghost?" jerked in Dick.

The servant was panting for breath when he reached the veranda, and it was with difficulty that he was able to make himself plain.

"In the bazaar—now—a little boy—very hungry, master—he steal one hand of rice; merchant beat him—he cry out—men come—starving men—they kill merchant and his family and—and take everything from shop——"

The Famine Ghoul

"Whew!" Dick whistled a long-drawn sound.
"That begins to sound like business, Jack!"

"Like murder—murder let loose, like a panther among sheep."

"I suppose the police will turn out?"

"That's the worst of it. The police *will* turn out, and that will blow up the flame. There will be regular massacres before this night is out. I saw something like it in one of the northern stations two years ago. But the famine has been worse this year, and then these 'corner' merchants—that fellow Chetty—"

"They will kill him!" exclaimed Thumbboo, catching at the last words. "In bazaars they say, 'Kill Mariyanna Chetty, and we starve no more!' Chetty is old man—very bad man——"

"Humph!" grunted Jack. "If all the bad men in the world were killed, I wonder how many people would be left to live?"

"You and me—perhaps," returned Dick, with a slight laugh. Then he turned seriously again to Thumbboo—

"Are you sure that they really mean to kill this—what's his name—Chetty?"

"Yes, master, this night. It frightens me what I see—what I hear. Oh! master——"

"That'll do, Thumbboo," interrupted Jack sharply. He had suddenly risen, and there was a set look about his face that indicated no small purpose ruling him at the moment. "That will do, Thumbboo; you can go to your work. Dick, old man, there's something for you and me to do before the night is out——"

"I know!" The younger lad had sprung to his feet in an instant, his face all aglow with excitement. "I know! You mean that we've got to save that fellow Chetty?"

"That's what father would do if he were here," returned Jack quietly. "He's chief of the police; but by the time he can come back the worst may have happened. If we can stop this, perhaps it will put an end to the whole business—the massacre, I mean."

“We'll get to business”

“But how?”

“I've got a plan,” Jack replied. “Come on ; we'll slip a couple of revolvers under our jackets in case of accidents, and then make for old Chetty's bungalow before the night falls.”

To see Mariyanna Chetty in his tiny bungalow one would hardly suppose that he was a man to whom rupees were “as stars in the heavens,” to use the description of him that was current in the bazaars. His home was meagre. The furnishing only included absolute necessities for the purposes of eating and sleeping. A single female servant attended to his few wants. Altogether the stranger might have deemed Mariyanna but one of the humblest workers. Certainly he would never imagine that the aged Hindu was one who could command wealth sufficient to purchase the entire village, and feel no pinch of poverty after the purchase.

This night he was sitting alone on a mattress engrossed in meditation. The smallest of oil lamps was burning at his side, and an open book lay on his knees, exposing pages thickly covered with figures.

From his meditations the Hindu was roused by the sound of some one knocking sharply on the door. He started and listened. The sound was not that of a native's summons ; it was the crisp, imperious rat-tat-tat of one who demanded admittance as a right, not as a favour.

Mariyanna laid aside his book and rose to open the door, whereupon two English boys stepped briskly into the room without other than the briefest formality of salutation.

“Master is welcome,” said Mariyanna with oily servility.

“Glad to hear it,” returned Jack Madersfield briskly. Then to his companion : **“Shut the door, Dick, and we'll get to business.”**

Puzzled at the strange manner of his visitors, the

The Famine Ghoul

Hindu could only stand and stare as Jack then wheeled upon him and said sharply—

“You know that the village is starving?”

Mariyanna shook his head and shrugged his shoulders with actions of mock sorrow and hopeless regret.

“Master knows that the rains have failed. Our poor people suffer——”

“But there is no need for them to suffer!” interrupted Dick quickly.

Again the old man shrugged his shoulders.

“What would you have? When there is no rain, there is no rice. When there is no rice, people hunger——”

The speaker paused, and Dick questioned—

“Well, what then?”

“Nothing, master. Only—I was questioning within myself why my honourable lords have come this night to say to me what I already know. Perhaps it may be”—and the greedy glint began to light the speaker’s eyes—“it may be that I can do some service to the young excellencies——”

“You can,” came the prompt response.

“That is well.” Mariyanna began to rub his hands with pleasurable anticipation. “A few—rupees—perhaps?”

“A granary of rice!” was the quick rejoinder from the elder boy. Then, without permitting further preliminaries, he opened fire upon the enemy’s camp.

“See here! You know jolly well that you are hoarding up tons upon tons of rice until people are starving enough to pay the price you ask for it. Don’t sham that you misunderstand me, for you speak English as well as we do. Well, that’s got to stop, and stop to-night! The village has got to be fed, and you must give the food—at least, not give, you can sell if you like; but sell you *must*, and that at a fair price. Do you hear?”

As Jack was speaking the Hindu’s face gradually hardened to the cold, cruel expression of the human

“Save me!”

ghoul that he was. And when the boy finished Mariyanna smiled with bitter sneering.

“You have spoken truth when you say that my knowledge of the English tongue is good,” he said, having dropped all semblance of previous servility. “I understand the English tongue, also I understand well the English—law.” There was a pause to allow time for his meaning to sink home. Then the old man deliberately turned his back upon the boys, saying as he did so: “The unbidden guests will leave the house of Mariyanna Chetty; he has no need for their presence.”

“But we have!” exclaimed Dick with a burst of passion, and he gripped the man by the neck, wheeling him round sharply. “We have need for our presence here, and—so—have—you! Do you want to end your days to-night—now? Listen!”

Dick stopped speaking, at the same time releasing his hold from the astonished man. And, as the three persons listened, in the distance could be heard the sound of many voices—angry voices, growing louder and louder as they rapidly approached.

“Hindus and Moslems, starving, and coming to take what you refuse to sell—*after* they have punished you,” intimated Jack.

Mariyanna uttered a wild cry of terror, and in an instant darted to a corner of the room, where he crouched in a huddled heap.

“Oh, save me, masters, save me! You will not let a poor old man fall into the hands of murderers? You will not let them rob me? I have little—very little—only enough that I have saved to keep away hunger until the harvest comes again.”

The close of the sentence was drowned in a sudden flood of voices that broke upon the hearers with the violence of a storm at sea. Immediately afterwards came the battering of clubs and staves against the outer door, while many were the demands that Mariyanna should give admittance.

The Famine Ghoul

The Hindu was now almost distraught with terror. His eyes were staring, his mouth was gaping, his fingers were clutching the air.

"Oh, save me, my masters ! They will slay me—they will slay me !"

"Open, thou dog ! Open, before we break the door ! This night thou shalt die, as thou hast brought death to many !" a strong voice called from the crowd of Hindus and Moslems outside.

"They mean to kill him, right enough," said Dick quietly to his cousin.

"But they shan't !" replied Dick firmly. "We've come here to set things straight, and we must do it. Look here, you old miser, there is only one way to save your life. Will you sign a paper promising to sell rice at a fair rate?"

"But, master—" began the Hindu protestingly, and Jack cut him short—

"Will you—and save your life? Or do you refuse—and let yourself be murdered?"

Utterly distraught, the old man could not do otherwise than consent. The heavy door was yielding to the blows that were being rained upon it, and it was but a matter of a few minutes before the end would come.

Jack whipped out a notebook.

"Quick ! Write ! Say that you will sell all the contents of your granaries at such a rate as the collector declares fair ! Here's a pencil ! Hold him up, Dick ; he's trembling so that he can hardly stand."

Supporting the old man on either side, the boys impatiently waited until the trembling fingers penned the necessary words. Another moment and the door would crash.

"Quick ! Sign !" commanded Jack.

Crash went the door. In rushed a mob of men, all frantic with the demons of hunger and revenge.

"Mariyanna Chetty ! Slay the miser dog !" came from many throats.



The heavy door was yielding.

Joyful News

But the inrush suddenly stopped, and a hush fell upon all. They found themselves facing a couple of revolvers held firmly in the hands of two determined youths, who stood sheltering behind them the shuddering figure of Mariyanna.

Then Jack laughed lightly, and with forced calmness.

"You are excited, my friends," he said. "Well, you have much need for excitement, for this night there shall be great joy in the village. See! This paper! Here is the writing of Mariyanna Chetty—your friend, Mariyanna Chetty. He is sorry for the distress that has fallen upon the village, and in this paper he promises to sell you rice until all your needs be supplied."

A wild cry of joy greeted this unexpected announcement. The crisis was over, and with one will the mob turned and fled from the house to carry the joyful news to their friends.

And to this day Mariyanna Chetty is spoken of in the village as "Mariyanna the Good."

Well, it is better to earn a good name for oneself at the last minute than never to earn one at all.

A FIRST-HAND account of a
recent Christmas party in
Rhodesia.

Christmas on a Rhodesian Farm

BY

E. C. RUNDLE WOOLCOCK

CHRISTMAS in Rhodesia! Even when spent in the towns and townships of that big land it is quite different in every way from Christmas "at home," as most Rhodesians call the British Isles. But the Christmas I am going to write about was spent on a farm, nearly a hundred miles away from a town, where the "house" was several round huts, whose walls were made of tree-trunks, plastered over with *daga*, a kind of mud made from ant-heaps and water, and the roofs were thatched with the long coarse grass of the veldt.

The furniture was all home-made by the English boys and girls, who had only just "come out" a few months before. Tables and chairs were ordinary packing-cases, or kerosene-tins, or trunks of trees, covered with sacks or "limbo."¹ The carpets were skins of various game, either shot by Boss Norman, the eldest son, and Piccanin boss, the schoolboy, or given to the N'Khoosi Khaas,² their mother. The floors of the huts were *daga*, like the walls.

¹ Coarse cotton cloth.

² White woman chief.

Wild Life

Outside the huts, instead of fields, was the brown African veldt and a big kopje, and miles and miles of uncleared bushland, where lion and leopard and snakes and other big and little game came and went. On the kopje itself huge baboons talked to each other in the early morning before they went for breakfast down to the garden near the dam, where tomatoes and cabbages, lettuces and onions were growing. From the big tree which gave shade—where the thermometer stood just now at 110°—the go-away birds called to each other, and snakes often lay coiled round the branches. Morning and afternoon tea would be served by the "boys" under this tree during the Christmas holidays, for it was much too hot to eat indoors. The table was a fixture. Its legs were trunks of trees, cut to an equal size and set into the ground, and its top was formed from the sides of a big case. "Not one atom like the polished oak and mahogany or the afternoon tea-tables at home," as the girls said, "but it serves the same purpose."

Inside the huts were mosquitoes and huge spiders, and big and little "creepy crawlies," which bit and stung. The mosquitoes even got under the nets, and worked their will on the white boys and girls and men and women who tried to sleep in peace under this protection.

Lizards and chameleons climbed in and out of the poles forming the roof, and tarantulas ran over the floor. Hens laid their eggs in the corners between the wall and various boxes. One hen, having made a nest for herself, refused to occupy a new one made by others, and was expecting a brood of chickens to appear on Christmas Day!

Two or three hundred black fathers and mothers and big sons and daughters and small black babies lived in kraals on the land, and the nearest white neighbour was ten miles off.

At 2 a.m. on Christmas Eve the N'Khoosi Khaas and Khosine sat waiting for the rest of the family, who

On a Rhodesian Farm

observed as he and Derick Loder bossed up the "boys," who were roping off a pegged-out enclosure on the veldt intended as a ground for playing old English Christmas games.

Just then a "boy" picked up a bit of iron and hit with it an old broken piece of ploughshare.

"The dressing-gong," Edith said, and the crowd of workers went off to the sleeping and bath huts to get ready for dinner on the veranda in the moonlight. Harold Stapleton had sent his gramophone with records of Christmas carols and other music, so it was set going, and quickly brought up the natives to listen.

They laughed heartily when, later on, they saw the white "bosses" enjoying a "war dance." The war-dance was only blind man's buff and the family coach. When every one was tired out they all sat around a huge bonfire, which the "boys" kept feeding with big limbs of trees from a pile stacked near, and told ghost stories—not about the haunted homes across the sea, but weird tales from native sources about this vast new young country, where the Union Jack was flying over Government houses just as it was doing over Windsor Castle.

Then, very quietly, mother told the story of that Christmas Eve, two thousand years ago, when "shepherds watched their flocks by night," and Madge and Gilbert wondered if the glory that "shone around" could be greater than the light and glory of the African moon, which sailed above them, lighting up the country and throwing weird shadows everywhere. Towards the northern horizon a little bit of the Great Bear appeared, turned upside down, and the Southern Cross glowed in the south.

Loder and Stapleton stood outside the dining-hut for a moment or so. They were public-school men, as were those others who were going to help them fix things up for a sleep on the floor or chairs.

"It's hard to believe it's the same Christmas Eve as they've got at home," Loder said.

Santa Claus

"I rather fancy this country is more like the one in which the first Christmas carol was sung. It's easier to think of 'peace on earth' out here than it is in London, with its millions of people struggling for room to breathe fresh air and to earn their daily bread," Stapleton declared.

"But your gramophone wasn't with the shepherds in those days. That brings us back from the wilds into civilization, old man."

Then both entered the hut, rolled themselves up in their own blankets or *karosses*,¹ and laid their heads on their own pillows, for in Rhodesia white men bring or send their bedding when they intend staying at their neighbours' homes for the night.

When all was quiet a figure, wrapped up warmly against the cool night air, opened the door of one of the sleeping-huts, and, carrying well-filled stockings, hung these on to various other doors. To each stocking a slip of paper, bearing the name of its future owner, had been pinned. Santa Claus did his work, although there were no chimneys or bedposts in this home!

Morning tea was brought to the huts very early; but those stockings had been examined long before cups were emptied. The exclamations inside the huts almost beat in noise the voices of the natives, who were trying to inspan the sixteen oxen to the trek-wagon, already loaded with cooking-pots and "scoff." Water-sacks dangled underneath the wagon; crockery and cooking-pots were stacked on it. When the sleepers from the dining-hut came on to the veranda a "boy" seized the deck-chairs which had been used for beds and stood them up in the wagon for the use of the girls and their brothers *en route* to the picnic.

All the cattle and small stock, such as sheep, pigs, and goats, were trekking to the picnic-ground as well; for at Christmas-time natives have holiday too, and

¹ Sun-tanned skins of wild animals stitched together by the natives.

On a Rhodesian Farm

herd-boys might easily forget to take their four-legged charges to the water-holes unless bossed up.

Norman started the flocks and herds, and then turned to help his mother and sisters climb into their places in the wagon—it was seventeen feet long by eight feet wide, so there was no overcrowding ; and, flanked by the guests on their own transport, the procession started. Bicycles, buckboards, and Scotch carts, with one or two horses, several mules, and even donkeys, followed each other. There was much shouting and laughter and discussion over the various gifts found in the stockings or in packages placed near them. Some were certainly not English !

As Madge said, "Fancy having thirty pounds of butter, and some hens, and a lot of eggs, and half a sable antelope as Christmas presents ! And pigs, too ! And those were some of mother's presents !"

When the wagon came to the native kraals it stopped. All the black fathers and mothers and sons and daughters and piccanins were waiting for its arrival. The old chief, dressed in his leopard-skin, *saga bonaed* first. Then came his sons. Some of them, who had come back from working on the mines, wore coats and trousers and boots—"better than ours, a jolly sight !" Gilbert said. Others wore bits of limbo only around the lower part of their bodies and thighs. One or two added a big high white collar or an old belt or tie which a white boss had thrown away. The wives and girls stood behind the husbands and boys. They were dressed in gaily-coloured shawls, bought from the Kaffir store, with bits of skin tied around their necks and waists, in which sat the babies, with their legs resting on their mothers' or sisters' hips. All these piccanins wore were beads, hung around their necks, waists, and arms.

It was quite a big *indaba*, and Norman and Gilbert were not sorry when it was over. Loder and Stapleton and some of the other men helped in giving the tins of Swiss milk, jam, and bully beef to the natives, for

Taking a Holiday

they all expected *bonsellas* on Christmas Day, and had come out to meet the wagon on purpose to receive them.

"Now, suppose we get a move on," said Norman when the last tin had been given out. "It's time we bossed up or we shall be starved before we get breakfast."

Then once more the procession moved forward to the ground chosen for the picnic.

The cook-boy grew quite excited when he saw the transport at last. He had gone on before.

"Plenty big lot!" he told the house-boy when all the white folk were eating. Bucksteak, mealie porridge, scones, and tea disappeared quickly, and then Norman and Gilbert, with others of the men who felt inclined, went off to bathe.

"And, mind, keep a sharp look out for crocodiles!" Stapleton called out after them. He and Loder preferred to stay where they could lounge and sit around doing nothing. They had been working extra hard all the week in order to take a few days' good holiday. It was rather a long distance to the river, and some of the men must stay with "plenty missesses."

"You don't think they will really see crocodiles?" Edith asked.

"They lie about in that river: plenty of them. I caught myself watching a log the other day, which suddenly opened and shut its eyes."

"Oh!" said Madge.

"Is it safe for them to bathe there?" Vanda asked.

"It's quite all right as long as they've got old Dawson with them. He knows crocs and their ways, and will keep every one of the party near him. There's no need to worry," Derick Loder declared.

All the same, the girls and mother were very glad when the bathing party returned safe and sound, and quite ready for "scoff," they declared.

Afterwards every one rested until the sound of many voices singing disturbed them, and Norman wondered what was up.

On a Rhodesian Farm

"Natives coming to call." Dawson rose as he spoke. "And it's time for the schoolchildren to be here. Look at the sun!"

Gilbert looked up from the veldt where he was lying at full length, with his face propped up by his hands, his elbows pressing upon some wild flowers which smelt like gardenias.

"*Can* you look at the sun?" he demanded. "It's a decent kind of clock and never gets fast or slow, I know, but I can never look at it to see the time. It's much too glaring."

Presently the natives came into view, the teacher leading, and the piccanins following in single file. He was a mission "boy," and a small school was on the N'Khoosi Khaas's land. Behind the children came the parents—fathers first, their mothers last of all.

Some yards away from the white people the natives halted. Norman signified they could come nearer, and the teacher arranged his scholars in a circle. Then they started the hymn he had been training them to sing—in their own language. Counting and multiplication tables followed, then a smart drill, after which Madge distributed sugar to each of the performers, who held out both hands, into which Madge poured a tinful.

"*Mouchla!*"^{*} said Loder. "Had enough of it, or shall they end up with 'God Save the King'?" he added, turning to mother.

"Oh, do they know that?" the girls asked.

"Jacobus, the teacher, says they do."

"Then, of course they must sing it, and we'll sing it in English as well."

So the white people stood up, and the menfolk pulled off their helmets and caps, and the National Anthem was sung by the little black children and small and big white people together. Then the teacher was summoned by the old chief, and presently the request

^{*} "Very good: excellent,"

Christmas Fare

came that the white bosses and missesses would sing alone.

So out there in the wilderness, ten miles away from the nearest white man's hut, the picnic party sang that old carol—

“Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King”—

and the old chief thanked them, the mission “boy” acting as interpreter. Norman and the white bosses said, “*Longele humba.*”¹ And, with the old chief leading, the visitors trekked in single file back to their own kraals.

Tea was ready soon after, and there was much talking and laughter, until some one suggested taking rifles and going down to the water-hole to look for “buck.”

Edith was a good shot, and so was Vanda. Girls as well as boys are taught the use of firearms for their own protection when living on Rhodesian farms. Butchers' shops aren't near the settlers' homes, and meat must be provided. Buck were getting scarce near the cultivated lands, and when spoor was noticed it was generally followed up. Signs of koodoo and reedbuck had been seen by the bathers.

So the hunting party went off, and those left behind busied themselves with laying the cloth for the Christmas dinner, which was cooking in three-legged Kaffir pots over fires not far away. The big Christmas pudding, with the usual thimble, button, money, and doll, was boiling gaily in a big kerosene-tin on a separate fire all by itself.

Derick Loder had sent over oranges gathered early on Christmas Eve from his own trees; one of the other guests gave strawberries, which the Chinese gardener had carried to the huts himself. There were jugs of lemonade, freshly made from lemons gathered the day before, and big dishes of tomatoes, radishes,

¹ “All right: go.”

On a Rhodesian Farm

and lettuces were placed in position near various kinds of fruit.

Madge's little fingers laid a cracker for every one as the finishing touch to the cloth.

Presently three shots were heard, and a few moments afterwards came a single one. The cook-boy, with a kitchen towel tied around his neck to keep himself clean, had been chasing one of the house-boys, who dared to lick out a saucepan. Now he stopped and grinned. He knew that single shot was fired as a signal that game had been killed ; so there would be "plenty meat" for the staff on the morrow. In about half an hour his war-whoop announced that he, at any rate, had sighted it.

The white bosses came on gaily, for the "boys" were carrying, on a pole stretched across their shoulders, a big buck, whose horns beat the record of others shot by either of these guns as yet.

Every native near ran out to meet the shooting party. Norman gave strict injunctions as to the game, and then he and the other men crawled under the wagon to wash and get ready for dinner.

There was no roast beef or goose or turkey, but a wart-hog, shot two days before, provided the joint, and new potatoes, dug up on Christmas Eve, were also a novelty.

The big plum-pudding had to be divided amongst the "boys," as the cook-boy added paraffin instead of water to the tin in which it was boiling, and the mince-pies were burned to a cinder ; but this mistake had been discovered, and he had spread mince-meat over bread instead. Madge's crackers were vigorously pulled at a given sign, and the "boys" experienced a shock so great that they jumped high enough to take prizes at any ordinary sports.

When dinner was over the oxen were inspanned whilst the wagon was loaded up, and soon afterwards the return trek for the huts began.

The boss "boy" asked permission to go back another

In a Sand-drift

way, and as natives usually know their own district and the short cuts, consent was given. As the result the wagon got stuck in a sand-drift soon after.

Everybody had chosen to accompany the wagon, so there was plenty of white as well as black labour to get it out. Mules and horses were hobbled and bicycles laid flat on the ground, and a "boy" put in charge of this transport. Then the axes were produced—no trek-wagon ever travels without them—trees were chopped down and the trunks laid in front of the wheels; other logs were used for levers, and lifting, pushing, and pulling began.

The noise was just awful. "Boys" yelled at the oxen and white bosses shouted to the "boys" and each other; "plenty misses and the N'Koosi Khaas" sat up in the wagon, making suggestions and laughing, and the oxen strained hard at the yokes and chains. All to no purpose! The sand was up to the hub of the wheels and the wagon fixed and immovable in a narrow road through uncleared bush veldt bounded by kopjes.

After an *indaba*,¹ which white and black held together, it was decided to make the best of it and fix up something for a stay overnight just where they were.

There was plenty of "scoff," plenty of trees to be turned at once into fuel for fires, plenty of people, but very few wraps, blankets, or *karosses*, and the night promised to be very cold.

However, huge fires were lighted, and every one sat around them and talked; the bush hindered the full moonlight from reaching them—in fact, the place without the fire-glow would have been very dark.

Coffee and scones were made and served out to every one, and at last folks turned in—lords under the wagon, ladies upon it, whilst relays of "boys" and a white boss saw that the fires were kept going all night.

In the distance the call of the wild could be heard

¹ Consultation.

On a Rhodesian Farm

and the cry of buck, but the water-hole was too far away for any one to feel in danger. Jackals hovered near and the dew fell very heavily.

Madge, cuddled up in mother's arms, went to sleep quite happily, after declaring, "It's the most exciting Christmas Day anybody could have, I think."

Early next morning the menfolk were up and doing ; but it took nearly three hours before the wagon was got out and they were once more on the road. Fortunately, "scoff" proved sufficient for breakfast ; but it was rather a tired party which sighted the huts once more and turned into them for a wash and brush up on Boxing Day.

They were all very wide awake, however, and quite spruce and smart, when the natives turned up for their sports. After sundown, when the mail came out and letters and presents from home were distributed, Gilbert voiced the sentiments of every one when he declared—

"We've had a splendidly happy Christmas this year, although it is Rhodesia, and just look at that hen and her Christmas chickens ! You don't see that kind of thing at home !"

MR. PENGELLY recalls a painful, but in the end fortunate, episode in the life of a cousin who studied art.

My Artist Cousin

BY

POLYBIUS PENGELLY

I DON'T suppose you have such a thing as an aspiring artist about you in your family. Take my advice: don't, if you can help it. We had one—for a time. Just let me tell you a thing or two about him.

Marmaduke was a spoilt boy. I hate spoilt boys. I wasn't spoiled—oh dear no! Pengellys never are. But Marmaduke was a Penwith, and that's how it came about.

When he was quite a kid he began to show what my aunt called "indications of genius." He was always scrawling about on things, and doing messy tricks with paints instead of playing games like any other chap.

So my aunt said that he was destined to be an artist, and that his natural impulses in that direction were not to be checked.

One result was that Marmy didn't toil or spin very much at school. He was a regular slacker, and, unless somebody kicked him out of his corner, he was always loafing when he ought to have been playing games.

So Marmy left our ranks when quite young, so that his genius might be nicely and tenderly nurtured in some other way.

My Artist Cousin

He was sent up to London to work at an art school. It was a good thing of its kind, and really did turn out painters. But my, how he swaggered when he came home now and then! A lot of things that wouldn't happen in any decent public school seemed to be all right in the little set Marmy had got into, and I sort of gathered that he didn't spend over much time cultivating that genius of his.

Then Marmy went to Paris. He was to come back the complete artist. But I didn't like him any better after his sojourn there. He laughed at me because I hadn't had the elevating experiences he had enjoyed. I didn't want to! Most of the things he bragged about I wouldn't have touched with the end of a long pole. He said I was a fool; I said I had rather be a fool than a beast any day. I don't pretend to be clever, but I'm going to be decent. So Marmy and I didn't hit it off very well. Meanwhile he painted, and slacked, and talked. But he didn't make any money; he only spent it.

Then Uncle Jonas came on to the scene. He was Aunt Penwith's adviser, and he came from the North. There was an interview one day with Marmy. He said that the young man was spending too much and doing nothing; that it was time he earned a living—or tried to; and that his widowed mother's purse wouldn't stand the drain any longer. Aunt Penwith didn't like it, but had to agree that it was so.

Then Marmy up and said that he was capable of earning his living, and "a time would come," and so on.

So Uncle Jonas proposed a test. Marmy was to paint a picture, and Uncle Jonas was to ask a dealer in London whom he knew whether there was what he called "a market" for that sort of thing.

Marmy said he would do a "choice little landscape." He selected a pitch in the wood, and started. Marmy then became a sort of parish entertainment. All the kids went to look on, and occasionally offer bits of



MARMY BECAME A SORT OF PARISH ENTERTAINMENT.

Fourpence a Day

advice. So did our old-age pensioners. Sometimes you could hardly see Marmy, Marmy's thin wisps of legs, and Marmy's noble bunch of back hair, for the admiring crowd around him.

When the picture was at last done—and Marmy didn't hurry—Uncle Jonas took it up to town. I didn't like his look when he came back. There was too much Yorkshire about it to spell amusement for our Marmy.

I was not present when the verdict was declared, but it seems that the dealer didn't see a future in store for our artist. He said he could get as many of these landscapes as he wanted at somewhere about three-and-six apiece, and that you couldn't even starve decently on them. Uncle Jonas said it worked out at about fourpence a day—if you sold 'em all, and painted each as fast as the specimen.

Then there was a scene. But it all ended well. Uncle Jonas carried Marmy away to the breezy North, and put him into his mill office. When I saw him last Marmy had cut his hair and had filled out. He seemed also to be a better chap in lots of ways, and I was glad of it. He still paints a bit to amuse himself, but he earns his own living, and doesn't empty his mother's pocket any more.

Lest I should think that all budding artists are like Marmy, I had a warning last week. We played Over-Saltbury at footer, and their three tries were got by a little chap who, it turned out, worked at the same school in London that Marmy had. But he didn't give himself airs about art or Rugger.

THE account of a singular discovery made by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in their famous journey across the Rockies.

The Headless Indian

BY

DANVERS DAWSON

IN 1862 two noted Englishmen, Lord Milton and Dr. W. B. Cheadle, set out on what was then a most hazardous and perilous journey. They had a definite object in view, besides hunting, but that story is told in another place. Suffice it here to say that seldom have a greater number of adventures, some small, some great, fallen to the lot of a hunting party. Traversing wild and desert land, much of it quite unknown, and trusting to their guns largely for subsistence, it is no wonder that in their long journey of thousands of miles across Northern and Western Canada they should come upon many strange and weird sights.

But perhaps the strangest of all was that which they saw one day when they had got upon the foothills of the Rockies away up in British Columbia.

The party of explorers had had a truly terrible time, being lost for many days in the dense woods, half-starved, wounded and sore with repeated falls on the rock and timber-strewn ground over which they scrambled with their poor horses as best they could. But we will let the intrepid travellers tell the story of this part of the journey in their own words—

Short Rations

"But although it had been hard enough to keep our caravan in order when there was a track to follow, it was ten times more difficult and troublesome now. As long as each horse could see the one in front of him he followed with tolerable fidelity; but whenever any little delay occurred and the leading horses disappeared amongst the trees the rest turned aside in different directions. Then followed a rush and scramble, our efforts to bring them back often only causing them to plunge into a bog or to entangle themselves amongst piles of logs. When thus involved the miserable animals remained stupidly passive, for they had become so spiritless and worn out and so injured about the legs by falling amongst the timber and rocks that they would make no effort to help themselves. These accidents occurring a dozen times a day caused the labour to fall very heavily, for each man was obliged to get out of his difficulty as best he could."

When we remember that added to the difficulties and unknown dangers of the way the travellers were on short rations we do not wonder when Dr. Cheadle writes: "We found our stock of philosophy quite unequal to the occasion." To make their provisions last as long as possible the party reduced their meals to two a day—breakfast and supper. Their stock food was "rubaboo," made by boiling a lump of pemmican and a little flour in a large quantity of water.

It was while they were struggling in this way through the deserted forest (so deserted was it that they hailed the advent of a skunk as a welcome addition to the pot of rubaboo) that they came upon the weird spectacle of the headless Indian.

Early one morning their Indian guide, whom they called "the Assiniboine," set off with his gun to see what he could get in the way of game. The party left behind was not a very lively one; they had had no breakfast that morning and not much food of any kind for a good many days. Dr. Cheadle and the Indian boy also went out in a different direction, but all three

The Headless Indian

returned in the afternoon wearied and empty-handed. The Assiniboine alone produced a marten, which he threw down, saying dryly, "*J'ai trouvé bien qu'il y a cela et un homme—un mort.*"

He offered to show them the body, only a few hundred yards from camp, and they all set off to have a look at the gruesome and ominous spectacle. Dr. Cheadle says—

"We discovered it at the foot of a large pine. The corpse was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed and the arms clasped over the knees, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The ghastly figure was headless, and the cervical vertebræ projected, dry and bare. The skin, brown and shrivelled, stretched like parchment tightly over the bony framework, so that the ribs showed through distinctly prominent. The cavity of the chest and abdomen was filled with the exuviae of chrysalides, and the arms and legs resembled those of a mummy.

"The clothes, consisting of woollen shirt and leggings, with a tattered blanket, still hung round the form. Near the body were a small axe, fire-log, large tin-kettle, and two baskets made of birch-bark. In the bag were flint, steel and tinder, an old knife, and a single charge of shot carefully tied up in a piece of rag. One of the baskets contained a fishing-line of cedar-bark, not yet finished, and two curious hooks made of a piece of stick and a pointed wire; the other a few wild onions, still green and growing.

"A heap of broken bones at the skeleton's side—the fragments of a horse's head—told the sad story of his fate. They were chipped into the smallest pieces, showing that the unfortunate man had died of starvation, and had prolonged existence as far as possible by sucking every particle of nutriment out of the broken fragments.

"He was probably a Rocky Mountain Shushwap, who had been, like ourselves, endeavouring to reach Kamloops. Perhaps he was in quest of a wife. He



The ghastly figure was headless.

An Object Lesson

had evidently intended to subsist by fishing, but before his tackle was completed weakness through want—perhaps illness—overtook him. Then he made a small fire, squatted down before it, and died.

"But where was his head?"

"We searched diligently everywhere, but could find no traces of it. If it had fallen off, we should have found it lying near, for an animal which had dared to abstract that would have returned to attack the body. It could not have been removed by violence, as the undisturbed position of the trunk bore witness.

"We could not solve the problem, and left him as we found him, taking only his little axe for our necessities and the steel, fish-line, and hooks as mementoes of the strange event.

"We walked back to the camp, silent and full of thought. Our spirits, already sufficiently low from physical weakness and the uncertainty of our position, were greatly depressed by this somewhat ominous discovery. The similarity between the attempt of the Indian to penetrate through the pathless forest—his starvation, his killing of his horse for food—and our own condition was striking. His story had been exhibited before our eyes with unmistakable clearness by the spectacle we had just left: increasing weakness, hopeless starvation, the effort to sustain the waning life by sucking the fragments of bones, the death from want at last. We also had arrived at such extremity that we should be compelled to kill a horse. The Indian had started with one advantage over us. He was in his own country; we were wanderers in a strange land. We were in the last act of the play. Would the final scene be the same?"

Happily, we know the result was far different, though this plucky party of adventurers had many a weary mile of rough and dangerous travelling before they were able to show the world a route over the Rockies, thereby forging another link in the mighty chain of the British Empire, a chain that encircles the globe.

A VERY singular development of
a literary competition taught a
useful lesson to one of the winners.

An Unexpected Development

BY

E. HOPE LUCAS

"HAVE you voted yet?" asked Tom, crossing the playground to where his pal stood contemplating a dilapidated-looking football.

"Rather!" came the reply.

"Confess, then, which of the two subjects has had the honour of being selected by your noble self as worthy of——"

"Oh, shut up!" replied Stuart. "Look, here comes the old gentleman, and through the school entrance, too. How odd!"

"Wants to be mistaken for a Bath chap, p'raps," ejaculated Tom, lowering his voice as the Colonel drew near.

"Boys," said Colonel Ashford, approaching Tom and Stuart, "have the votes been counted yet?"

"No; they are being counted now," answered Tom.

"Ah, yes, to be sure. And you little boys are anxiously awaiting the results, I expect. Well, bear up bravely, as young gentlemen should, if you find you have not won."

Tom, who resented the expression "little boys," retaliated by pretending he did not understand Colonel Ashford's remark.

Bath Chaps

"One? Oh, we are sure of one of the two subjects getting more votes than the other, sir," he replied.

"Yes, yes, of course—that is to say, unless they chanced to be equal. But I was speaking of 'w-o-n,' not 'o-n-e.' Surely you can understand me. Suppose the majority of you boys voted for prose, wouldn't you consider you had won?"

"No, sir," answered Tom, "because I am on the side of verse."

"I fear you are on the wrong side of sense and good manners," said the Colonel, moving towards the school-house, but passing the door of the main entrance, he stopped at a door that led to the science laboratories.

"Excuse me, sir," said Stuart, running forward, "that door only leads to the labs.; this is the general entrance, and Dr. Cranfield is in the assembly-hall. Shall I show you the way?"

"Thank you," replied Colonel Ashford with a genial smile.

Stuart returned in a few seconds to find his companion whiling away his time by attempting to kick off either the outer surface of the bricks from the school-house wall or the leather from the toes of his boots.

"Mercy on us if the old chap judges our poetical creations himself!" said Tom, desisting from his pastime.

"Steady there! don't you be so sure it will be a poem; the prosians'll win, I'll be bound," replied Stuart.

Clang, clang, sounded the school bell, and the Bath School-boys, better known as the "Bath chaps," filed into the large assembly-hall. It was called "Bath" on account of the founder's name being Bath, not because it was in any way connected with the town of the same name.

Dr. Andrew Cranfield, the head master, Colonel Ashford, and two prefects were seated on the platform. After a few words of introduction from Dr. Cranfield, Colonel Ashford rose and addressed the audience.

An Unexpected Development

"I am glad to find the majority of boys in the junior school have voted for an essay. Poetry is excellent when handled by an able brain, and to my mind better suited to the abilities of senior students than junior. However, I did not want to restrict the latter to prose, so I gave them their choice, and they have chosen wisely. No doubt it will interest you to hear what kind of a prize the successful boys will be entitled to. In the senior school I am offering three guineas for the first prize and two guineas for the second ; to the juniors a first of two guineas and a second of one guinea. I had also better mention to the seniors that no poem is to be more than five hundred lines, and to the juniors, no essay may exceed two thousand words. The subject, as you already know, is to be the same for both prose and verse. I hope every boy present takes sufficiently keen interest in aeroplanes to make him wish to compete."

After a few words more of encouragement to the competitors, Colonel Ashford resumed his seat. Dr. Cranfield thanked him warmly on behalf of the boys, who were dismissed to enjoy the half-holiday that had been granted to them at the request of the Colonel. Stuart proceeded on his homeward journey at a swinging pace, not remaining in the playground for a game as was his usual wont. He was anxious to begin the essay as soon as possible.

"Mother," he cried, opening the dining-room door with more vigour than ceremony, "the prosians have won. I am thankful, too, for an essay suits me down to the ground. Had it been a poem I know I should not have stood a ghost of a chance. I'm no good at fooling with words—well, rhyming, then," as he caught Mrs. Burnley's gentle look of disapproval. She was engaged in showing Dora, Stuart's nine-year-old sister, how to fill up a ventilation hole that had appeared in the thumb of one of her gloves. Dora attended a school where prizes were not given.

"I wish," she said, "they would give us prizes at

Colonel Ashford's Plan

our school. We never have anything nice. Miss Clayton is always telling us the joy of study ought to be sufficient reward in itself."

"I see. You work hard all the year, and at the end find you really are good for nothing at your school. Save us from such a state of affairs!" said Stuart.

Dora laughed. She was used to her brother's teasing jokes, and admired his clever wit.

"Isn't it a strange idea of Colonel Ashford's, mother," he continued, "to offer prizes at different schools every year on the anniversary of his grandson's birthday? Keith would have been thirteen this year if he had lived. Isn't it an odd coincidence that I am the same age, and his and my birthday are on the same day?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Burnley, preparing to take the books, etc., from the table, ready for laying the dinner cloth. Stuart, on seeing his mother move, immediately divested himself of his satchel, and lent a helping hand. It would have been useless to ring the bell for assistance from the kitchen quarters, for no maid was forthcoming; ever since the sudden death of Dr. Burnley a year ago, when they removed from the large and stately-looking house on the hill to 2, Causton Villas, it had been a case of doing without things. Stuart realized this keenly; he also realized the difficulty his mother had in finding the wherewithal to pay the fees of Bath School. Mrs. Burnley was anxious for her son to continue, if possible, at the same school at which his father had placed him three years previously; but Dr. Burnley's money affairs had been found to be in a sad state when he died; not making any provision for the future, he had lived almost up to the edge of his income, and only a small amount remained after the various debts had been paid off for the maintenance of his widow and children.

"Two guineas, mother," said Stuart, "is the amount of the first prize Colonel Ashford is offering the juniors; wouldn't it be splendid to win it? I am going to try hard."

An hour later Stuart went to his own room, carrying

An Unexpected Development

with him a fountain pen—Dr. Burnley's last gift—as much scribbling-paper as he could find, and a packet of blotting-paper. Removing the books from a small table in front of the window, Stuart settled himself to work.

He had written about half a dozen lines when "whirr-whirr!" sounded overhead, and looking out of the window, he saw an aeroplane not far off. Stuart watched it with keen interest, and seeing it was descending, ran downstairs, seized his cap, and made his way to the common, arriving just as the aeroplane touched ground. A crowd collected in a very short space of time, a policeman amongst the number. Apparently Mr. Durnford, the aviator, had commissioned the officer to be there to take charge of his machine for him while he went to visit a friend.

"Now's my opportunity to study an aeroplane at close quarters," thought Stuart, and he walked round it several times, making rapid observations of the construction. It seemed no time before the aviator returned.

Approaching the spot, he overheard the policeman say to Stuart: "Now, young sir, you just clear off; you've been a-staring at this 'ere machine quite long enough."

Mr. Durnford, with his usual kind-heartedness, turned and asked: "Is this the first time you have seen an aeroplane at such close range, my boy?"

"Yes," replied Stuart, "and I am jolly lucky to have seen it just now. Colonel Ashford is offering prizes in our school for the best essays and poems on an aeroplane."

"Well, if I can help you by giving you any information about this machine I will with pleasure," and Mr. Durnford immediately began to name the various parts, giving Stuart a short explanation of each.

Tom did not hurry home after the school had been dismissed. He was in a most refractory mood, having been certain, in his own mind, that the majority of fellows would vote for a poem. Tom had gained for himself the nickname of "the rhymers" amongst the



"Now's my opportunity to study an aeroplane at close quarters," thought Stuart.

"Do your best"

boys owing to his ability in versification, and now felt disappointed and disgusted at not having an opportunity of displaying his talent. Very bad company he had all the way home, the worst of company that can befall a bad-tempered boy—himself ! As Tom drew near to the house—a spacious edifice standing in its own grounds—Mr. Brookes alighted from his motor-car, a handsome, noiseless Napier.

"Well, my boy, why this air of mental depression?"

"The competition is for an essay, father, after all. I call it a rotten shame. No fellow can beat me in verse, and I hate prose."

"Well, I am none too anxious for my son and heir to become a poet, I assure you, Tom, so perhaps it is as well you should not receive much encouragement in that quarter. Make up your mind to write a good essay, and you'll succeed."

"Burnley is nearly always first in our form for essays," replied Tom.

"But you gained an honourable mention once, didn't you?"

"Yes, once. That was only a fluke, though."

"Buck up and do your best; no one can do more than that," said Mr. Brookes, disappearing down the long oak-panelled hall. Having been a prosperous merchant, he had retired from business four years previously, and since that time had been enjoying the fruit of his labours. Tom had no intention of beginning his essay that afternoon, although they were to be given in in a week's time. Mounting his bicycle after luncheon, he took a short spin to the Manor House, the abode of the "Skyscraper," otherwise Jack Elton, the nickname being associated with Jack's unusual height.

"Come for a spin?" inquired Tom of his friend.

"Yes," he answered. "Robinson and Hill are in the paddock, having a look at my rabbits; shall I ask them too?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "We can go in a party and have a jolly good time. Hurry up and fetch them."

An Unexpected Development

"Right-o," called Jack as he vaulted the low garden fence.

Soon the four boys were well on their way to Cranston, a small village ten miles distant. On the road they came across two more pals, Brown and Dawson, who required but little persuasion to join forces. Suddenly the Skyscraper exclaimed—

"That speck up in the sky is an aeroplane ; I know it is ; my telescopic eye never deceives me."

"Who disputed the fact, pray?" asked Tom. "Of course it's an aeroplane ; any one who isn't stone blind can see that."

"If I could but change places with that lucky chap !" said the Skyscraper, giving a deep sigh as he turned to watch its flight. "I shouldn't wonder if it's Durnford's machine, and if so, he will probably alight on the Common. I vote we go back."

"No," chorused the others, remounting their cycles ; "go by yourself if you want to." But Jack had no relish for returning alone, so the six proceeded to the nearest temperance inn, where they had a good tuck-in of home-made bread and butter, new-laid eggs, honey, bloater-paste, cake, and jam—rather a mixed menu. The Skyscraper began to look decidedly green after heroically swallowing two or three slices of new bread spread with butter, bloater-paste, and a liberal supply of raspberry jam ; but what is decreed by your host must be, and Tom was playing the part with unlimited generosity.

"Can't you manage another?" he asked of the Skyscraper. "It is only an acquired taste, you know, and any nosebag suits my palate ; I appreciate variety."

Leaving the inn, they made their way to the chalk-pits, always a place of interest to the boys, and half an hour later started on the return journey.

"I wish we could have seen that aeroplane at close quarters," said the Skyscraper. "We shall not get another chance before the essays have to be given in,

"Downright Bumptious"

and we might have got some information from the aviator himself."

" 'Give thy thoughts no tongue,' " said Tom, quoting Shakespeare. "We couldn't be in two places at once."

"That fact was probably obvious to us all before you said it," rejoined Robinson, referring to the latter part of Brookes's remark.

The Skyscraper could not refrain from asking the first pedestrian they chanced to meet if an aeroplane had been seen to alight in the neighbourhood.

"Yes," answered the old man, "on the common there; and downright bumptious I call it, too, to go a-spying about in them things up in the heavens. It's no wonder many of 'em are thrown down as quick as Lucifer himself—serve 'em right, I say."

The following morning Stuart related to his school-fellows his good fortune in having had first-hand information from Mr. Durnford, and offered to pass on what he had been told of the various parts of construction.

"It's a horrid fag to have to write two thousand words in a week, with all our other prep., too. I think we ought to have been let off some of our regular lessons," said the Skyscraper. "Shall you aim at quantity or quality?" he asked of Tom.

"Quantity *and* quality, I hope," he answered. The ringing of the school bell prevented any further conversation.

The competitors found the time allowed them pass all too quickly. Some of the essays were brought to an abrupt close for want of more time; whilst others, having used all the odd minutes at their disposal from the beginning of the week, had their papers finished without any rush.

Great excitement prevailed amongst the boys on the morning of the giving in of the poems and essays. After call-over Dr. Cranfield called in the papers, saying—

An Unexpected Development

"It is very gratifying to me to find what a number of you have competed ; I think Colonel Ashford will find some difficulty in criticising all these by to-day week. By the way, he is anxious to know if any boy's birthday chances to be on that date—that is, the same day as his grandson's."

Stuart held up his hand, and also one of the senior boys.

"Right," continued the Doctor ; "I will make a note of it. Here, Brookes, carry these across to Colonel Ashford's house, and lose no time about it."

Tom received the bundle of poems and essays from the master's hand and proceeded on his errand with velocity. When half-way across the field that separated Colonel Ashford's residence from the school, Tom noticed the top essay was Stuart's, and he felt tempted to glance inside it. A few steps farther and the temptation grew stronger. Yielding to it, he placed the bundle on the ground, carefully slipped the essay from under the pink tape with which the master had secured them, and eagerly scanned the first page.

"Why, mine stands no chance against this ; it reads like a book," he said to himself. At that instant another thought flashed through Tom's brain, a sort of second cousin to the first temptation : "Why not change the names of the competitors? It would only mean exchanging the outer sheets of the essays, Stuart's name to my paper, and vice versa." No sooner did the thought come than Tom acted on it. "No one will be wiser," he said, removing the paper-fasteners ; "besides, I *must* be first. Father's promised me a motor bike if I am." He hurriedly picked up the parcel and looked cautiously around to make sure once again no one was near ; but to his surprise he observed the master's crippled son advancing from the opposite direction. "Hateful little sneak !" said Tom, half aloud. "What does he want to be prowling about here at this time of day for?"

"Hallo, Geoffrey !" he called out as they neared

"No light weight

each other. "I've a tricky parcel to carry ; just had to readjust the tape or there would have been an awful spill of all these glorious essays." An action of the above description nearly always requires a few lies to support it. "Are you on holiday?" continued Tom.

"Yes," answered Geoffrey, "father said it would do me more good to be out in the air for a bit this morning. Where are *you* going?"

"To Colonel Ashford's, of course," replied Tom irritably. "I just told you I was taking the essays and poems, and no light weight they are either." Had he but known it the burden was weighing on his conscience rather than in his arms.

"I'll walk with you, if you like," said Geoffrey.

Tom did not like, but he thought he had better not say so, and the two boys went on together. Geoffrey, who had not competed in the essay competition, was keen to know what Tom had written, but receiving a curt reply, delivered with signs of irritation, he desisted from asking any further questions. His companion was no more communicative or companionable on the return journey, and Geoffrey felt afraid he had in some way, unknown to himself, offended him. However, the masters found Tom preoccupied in mind and wanting in application from that day. On the playing-field, too, he was but little better, playing recklessly if he joined in the games, or preferring to saunter about alone, apparently resenting any offer of companionship. As the week wore on, and the day drew near for Colonel Ashford to announce the results of the competition and present the prizes, Tom's agitation increased. On the morning of the eventful day he entered the assembly-hall, and took his place amongst the fourth-form boys, with a look of fear in his eyes and a deathly pallor overspreading his cheeks.

Dr. Cranfield and Colonel Ashford were not long in making their appearance. After call-over, the names of the successful competitors in the senior school were first read out, then followed the juniors: "Stuart

An Unexpected Development

Burnley, first prize ; Tom Brookes, second ; and an extra prize of 10s. has been awarded to Jack Elton."

Tom grasped the rail of the chair in front of him for support ; his brain reeled. Was this what he had done—secured himself a second when he would have been first? He felt in a dream, and staggered forward to receive his guinea, unable to realize anything but the fact that he had altered the names to his own detriment. The ceremony over, Tom followed the boys into the playground in a mechanical way as if it were quite the usual thing to return there after call-over, instead of being marshalled into one or other of the classrooms by the form master. The fact was, Tom's head had been too full of disquieting thoughts to take in the Doctor's remarks—

"An interval of half an hour will be allowed for the boys to regain full possession of their powers of application after such a season of excitement."

The first one to approach Tom was Geoffrey. "Do you feel ill?"

"Bah! No! What next, I wonder? Please to remember I'm not sickly or deformed like yourself."

Stuart, who overheard the remark, wheeled round, and with cheeks burning with indignation at Tom's cruel allusion to Geoffrey's humpback replied—

"'In Nature there's no blemish but the mind :
None can be called deformed but the unkind.'"

You're so fond of quoting Shakespeare you had better swallow that."

The appearance of two prefects who approached at this moment to congratulate Stuart and Tom put an end to any further unpleasantness.

"Whirr-whirr!" sounded an aeroplane overhead. The Skyscraper, who had been the recipient of the extra prize, looked up longingly at the flying machine. "It's going to alight ; it's coming down!" he cried. "If only

A Splendid Offer

we could get permission to go on to the common ! " But as that was impossible, he contented himself by climbing to the highest support the railings possessed in order to get as good a view of the descent as possible. Some minutes later the school bell clanged out its unwelcome and unmusical command to return to the assembly-hall. Half-hours melt in a playground like so many snowflakes in a puddle ; no sooner does one realize that the time is his than it is gone. The boys were surprised to see Mr. Durnford occupying the chair on the platform, and still more surprised were the winners in the essay competition when they heard the master announcing in clear tones—

" Mr. Durnford has kindly offered to take the successful competitors in the poem and essay competition for a short flight in his aeroplane, two at a time. Dennis and Hayward, forward."

Mr. Durnford shook hands with each of the senior boys and congratulated them upon their success.

" How are we to manage about the juniors ? " asked the Doctor, turning to the aviator ; " there are three successful ones in this division."

Stuart, whose countenance had lost a shade of its former pleasure, considered it time to speak up.

" I am sorry, sir, but I am unable to go in the aeroplane. I once made a promise to—to—my father."

" Right, my boy. A promise must never be broken," replied the Doctor. " Then that settles it. Brookes and Elton, forward."

The Skyscraper could have danced for joy at this unexpected stroke of good fortune. To have the wish of his heart fulfilled in this sudden way made him blush like a girl. He fairly hopped out of his place and ran up to the platform, forgetting in his excitement that it was against the rules to run in the assembly-hall. The remaining boys filed into their respective classrooms, wishing they could change places with the four accompanying Mr. Durnford. Only a small portion of time for work remained. The boys were soon released, and

An Unexpected Development

when they came out felt surprised not to see anything of Dennis, Hayward, Brookes, or Elton.

"I should have thought they would have been here to tell us all about it. Hullo, Geoffrey," said Robinson, observing the boy standing just inside the door leading to the labs.; "seen anything of the flying angels?"

"Oh, don't!" answered Geoffrey, with a shudder. "There's been an accident; the seniors had their fly all right, but when the aeroplane was alighting with Brookes and Elton it went wrong, and Brookes is awfully hurt. Mr. Durnford and Elton both got some bruises, too, but they are not badly hurt. I think the machine is damaged."

All the boys left the playground very quietly. Stuart entered his home in such a subdued manner that Mrs. Burnley felt convinced the result of the essay competition had been anything but good as far as Stuart was concerned, and she was surprised when he placed two guineas in her hand, saying: "A present for you, mother. I came out first, Brookes second, and Elton has an extra prize of ten shillings."

Stuart then gave an account of the events of the morning and the accident as far as he knew about it. Mrs. Burnley said the man from the grocery store had mentioned there having been a slight accident to an aeroplane, but she understood him to say no one was hurt.

"You had better call at 'The Cedars,' Stuart, and inquire on your way to school this afternoon. This money," continued his mother, "must be put in the post-office bank for you; it will be a nice addition to what is already there."

Mr. Brookes was walking down the drive as Stuart opened the gate, and he learnt upon inquiry that Tom had received a severe shock, but his injuries were not of so serious a nature as had been feared at first.

"A fractured ankle is the extent of the damage, Dr. Newton tells us," said Mr. Brookes. "I daresay Tom

Another Shock

will be able to see you to-morrow, but Dr. Newton thought he had better have no visitors to-day."

Stuart continued to call each day for news of his chum, and when after the lapse of a week Mrs. Brookes informed him that Tom was well enough to see him, Stuart accepted the invitation with eagerness, and followed the good lady to his room. However, when his friend saw him, he buried his head in his hands and burst into tears.

"Go away!" he sobbed. "I don't want to see any one."

Mrs. Brookes hurried Stuart from the room with many apologies. "It's the shock," she explained; "the poor boy's nerves are quite unstrung; next time he will feel better."

But Tom obstinately refused to see any one, and his behaviour was so strange that Mr. Brookes consulted Dr. Newton, with the result that Tom was moved to the seaside by motor ambulance as soon as he was well enough to travel. The effect of the sea air and change of scene was not so beneficial as the doctor had hoped, however, and Tom returned in six weeks in no better spirits than he had gone away. His ankle was practically well, though still weak. His work was once more resumed, but not with the old vigour or vitality; in fact, it was so difficult to instil anything into his brain that Mr. Henderson, the form master, remarked—

"It's like trying to coax a jibbing horse to teach you lately, Brookes."

Things went on much in the same way until speech day arrived. Two days previously Dr. Cranfield told the boys Colonel Ashford intended reading the prize poems and essays to the audience. Hearing this, Tom received another shock, and said to himself—

"Surely it is punishment enough to know the first prize was really mine without being dogged like this over the wretched business. I have had to accept second place in silence; is there never to be an end of it?"

An Unexpected Development

He planned and he planned, to see how best to avoid suspicion falling upon him.

"I suppose," he thought, "I shall have to sing small to that hateful fellow Stuart, and get him not to split on me. If I tell him he's got the prize that wasn't his due, I should think that would be enough to keep his mouth shut." But on second thoughts Tom decided to leave it all to chance, hoping he could make Stuart believe Colonel Ashford had muddled up the names.

When speech day at last arrived Brookes was more irritable than ever. He hung about the assembly-hall hoping for an opportunity to replace the outside sheets of the papers with their rightful essays if possible ; but Colonel Ashford evidently intended bringing them with him, as he did not send them beforehand.

"Why, oh, why," thought Tom to himself, "did it happen to fall to my lot to carry those wretched essays to the Colonel's? If only some one else had been asked, I could not have changed the hateful papers ; or if Stuart's had not been the top one I don't suppose I should have done it."

Tom might have remembered, as he was so fond of quoting Shakespeare, "'Tis one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall." He sat nervously twisting his fingers while the school report was being read, and several other items on the programme were gone through. Tom longed to get Colonel Ashford's reading of the poems and essays over.

When the moment arrived the tension was almost too great for him to endure. Stuart Burnley's and Tom's essays read, he glanced at Stuart, having managed to sit close to him in order to explain away the mistake. Stuart was gazing at Colonel Ashford in evident astonishment, as if he could scarcely believe his own ears. Then of course his essay was read as Tom's."

"Isn't Ashford a duffer !" remarked Tom to Stuart in as casual a manner as he could assume. "He's read my essay to your name."

"A Little Mistake"

"I know," replied Stuart. "Had I better tell Dr. Cranfield at once?"

"No, you little idiot," answered Tom hotly. "Hold your tongue, can't you? It would only throw blame on the old Colonel and make him look a fool."

An interval followed, and the boys chatted together in groups, Tom keeping as near to Stuart as it was possible in order to see nothing was said about the mistake in the names.

"I say," suddenly came a voice from behind, "your essay was ripping, Burnley," and the Skyscraper's heavy hand came down with a sounding whack on Stuart's back.

"That was Tom's," replied the honest lad at once; "the other one was mine."

"Colonel Ashford made a little mistake in reading out the names, that was all," spoke up Brookes hurriedly.

"Burnley, you are wanted. Dr. Cranfield desires a word with you."

The prefect walked away as soon as he saw Stuart move off in the direction indicated. Stuart found Colonel Ashford and the Doctor in deep conversation when he drew near, and he had to wait for some seconds before his presence was observed.

"Ah! here is my little friend of the playground," said Colonel Ashford, turning round. "I always intended—that is, if I ever chanced to find a boy whose age and birth date were the same as dear Keith's—to do something for that boy in memory of my grandson," said the Colonel, coming to the point at once. "I have been talking the matter over with Dr. Cranfield, and taking into account the good character you have earned for yourself during the years you have been a pupil of this school and the excellence of your essay—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Stuart, "the one you read just now as mine was Brookes's; perhaps you made some mistake in the names."

"I think not," replied the Colonel testily. "Yours is

An Unexpected Development

the one showing all the improvements that have been introduced since the first aeroplane was——"

"No," ejaculated Stuart, not giving the Colonel time to finish his sentence in his eagerness not to accept the praise for himself that was due to another.

"That can easily be proved," said the master. "Fetch me the essays from the table, Burnley."

Meanwhile Tom had been anxiously watching Stuart's movements, and when he saw him ascend the platform and get the essays, he felt his fate was sealed. A few minutes later Dr. Cranfield advanced towards Brookes with the papers in his hands. He had not had occasion to mistrust either Tom or Stuart heretofore, their conduct having been always above board, but the Colonel having assured him it was quite impossible for the papers to have become mixed while in his possession, the Doctor asked—

"Can you account in any way for this mistake, Brookes?"

"Yes," answered Tom huskily, evading the master's piercing eyes.

"I'll see you afterwards. The programme must be continued now," replied Dr. Cranfield.

The interview later between master and pupil was almost as painful to one as the other, and the words that rang in Tom's ears for many a long day afterwards were—

"Things ill got had ever bad success."

The "something" that Colonel Ashford intended doing for the boy whose age and birth date were the same as his much-loved grandson's, and his character good, proved to be a substantial help to Mrs. Burnley. Colonel Ashford not only paid the fees for the remainder of Stuart's school-days, but afterwards sent him to Cambridge.

A PICTURESQUE account
of the killer whale, and its
co-operation with the whaler.

The "Killer"

BY

LOUIS BECKE

NOT many sea-going people—outside of professional whalers or sealers—know much about the "killer" and his habits, and still less of his appearance. Yet this curious whale (for the killer is one of the minor, toothed whales) is known all over the world, though nowhere is it more plentiful than along the eastern and southern coasts of the Australian continent. In the colder seas of the northern part of the globe it is not uncommon, and it sometimes plays havoc with the fishermen's nets off the north-eastern coast of Ireland.

On the eastern seaboard of Australia, however, the killers can be watched at work, even from the shore, particularly from any bluff or headland from which a clear view may be obtained of the sea beneath; and should there be a westerly wind blowing, their slightest movements may be observed, particularly when they are "cruising"—*i.e.*, watching for the approach of a "pod" of either humpback or finback whales.

During the prevalence of westerly winds the sea water becomes very clear—so clear that every rock and stone may be discerned at a depth of six or eight fathoms; and the killers, when waiting for their prey,

The "Killer"

will frequently come in directly beneath the cliffs and sometimes remain there for half an hour at a time, rolling over and over, or sunning themselves.

First of all let me describe the killer's appearance. Killers range in length from ten to twenty feet, have a corresponding girth, and show the greatest diversity of colouring and markings. Their anatomy is very much that of the sperm whale—the one member of the cetacean family which they do not attempt to attack on account of his enormous strength and formidable teeth—and they "breach," spout, and "sound" like other whales. The jaws are set with teeth of from one or two inches in length, deeply imbedded in the jawbone, and when two of these creatures succeed in fastening themselves to the lips of a humpback even fifty feet long, they can always prevent him from "sounding" and escaping into deep water, for they cling to the unfortunate monster with bull-dog tenacity, leaving others of their party to rip the blubber from his sides and pendulous belly.

On the coast of New South Wales—particularly at Twofold Bay, where there is a shore whaling station, there are two "pods" or communities of killers which have never left the vicinity within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and, indeed, they were first noticed and written about in the year 1790. At other places on the Australian coast there are permanent pods of ten, fifteen, or twenty; but those at Twofold Bay are quite famous, and every individual member of them is well known, not only to the local whalers, but to many of the other residents of Twofold Bay as well. It would go hard with the man who attempted either to kill or injure any of the members of the two pods. For the whalers would be hardly able to carry on their business were it not for the assistance rendered to them by their friends the killers, whose scientific name, by the way, is *Orca gladiator*—and a more fitting appellation could never have been applied.

Now as to the colouring and markings—which are

The Whalemen's Ally

not only diverse, but exceedingly curious. Some are of a uniform black, brown, dark grey, or dirty cream ; others are black with either streaks or irregular patches of yellow, white, or grey ; others, again, are covered with patches of black, white, or yellow, ranging in size from half a dozen inches in diameter to nearly a couple of feet. One which the present writer found lying dead on the reef of Nukulaelae Island in the Ellice Group was almost a jet black with the exception of some poorly defined white markings on the dorsal fin and belly ; another which he saw accidentally killed by a bomb fired at a huge whale off the Bampton Shoals was of a reddish-brown, with here and there almost true circular blotches of pure white. This poor fellow was twelve feet in length, and his death was caused by his frantic greediness to get at the whale and take his toll of blubber.

The whale was struck late in the day, and the sea was so rough that the officer in charge, after having twice tried to get up and use his lance, determined to end the matter with a bomb before darkness came on.

At this time there was a "pod" of seven killers running side by side with the whale and endeavouring to fasten to his lips whenever he came to the surface ; and, just as the officer had succeeded in getting within firing distance and discharging the bomb, poor Gladiator came in the way, and was killed by the shot, much to the regret of the boat's crew.

For, as I have said, the whalemen—and particularly the shore whalemen—*i.e.*, those who do their whaling from a station on shore—regard, and with good reason, the killers as invaluable allies. Especially is this so in the case of the Twofold Bay shore whalers ; for out of every ten whales killed during the season, whether humpbacks, "right" whales, or finbacks, three or four are captured through the pack of killers seizing and literally holding them till the boats come up and end the mighty creatures' miseries.

The "Killer"

Towards the end of July an enormous number of whales appear on the Australian coast, coming from the cold Antarctic seas, and travelling northward along the land towards the breeding-grounds—the Bampton and Bellona Shoals and the Chesterfield Groups, situated between New Caledonia and the Australian mainland between 17° and 20° S. The majority of these whales strike the land about Cape Howe and Gabo Island at the boundary-line between New South Wales and Victoria—sixty miles south of Twofold Bay. Most of them are finbacks, though these are always accompanied by a number of humpbacks and a few "right" whales, the most valuable of all the southern cetacea except the spermaceti or cachalot.

The latter, though it will travel in company with the flying finback and the timid humpback and "right" whale, has no fear of the killers. He is too enormously strong, and could crush even a full-grown killer to a pulp between his mighty jaws were he molested. Consequently the killers give the cachalot a wide berth as a dangerous customer. The finback, however, swift and lengthy as he is, seldom manages to escape once he is "bailed up," and having no weapon of defence except his flukes (for he is one of the baleen or toothless whales), he has but one chance of his life, and that is to dive to such a depth that his assailants have to let go their hold of him in order to ascend to the surface to breathe.

The finback, I must mention, although the most plentiful of all the whale family, and sometimes attaining the length of ninety feet, is never attacked by whaleboats when he is "loose"—*i.e.*, free—and is only captured when his struggles with the ferocious killers have so exhausted him that a boat can approach and dart an iron into, or lance him.

The reason for this immunity of primary attack by boats is that the finback is in the first place of little value when compared with either the humpback or "right" whale, for the coating of the blubber is thin,

In Partnership

and the plates of baleen (or whalebone) he possesses are very short. In the second place he is, although so timid a creature, too dangerous to be struck with a harpoon, as he would take the entire whale-line out of three or four boats, and then get away with it after all. For he is the swiftest of all the cetacean family, and all whalers say that no one but a stark lunatic would dream of putting an iron into a loose "finner," such as ranges the Southern Ocean.

I was told, however, of one well-authenticated case at the Azores, where a reckless Portuguese shore whaler struck a bull finback, which, after taking the lines from four boats (220 fathoms in each), towed them for three hours and then got away, the line having to be cut owing to the creature sounding to such an enormous depth that no more line was available.

The shore whaling parties at Twofold Bay, however, run no risks of this sort. They let their friends the Gladiators do most of the work, and find that "fin-backing" under these circumstances is fairly profitable, inasmuch as they can tow the carcass ashore, and "try out" the blubber at their leisure, which could not be done at sea.

But in a case where one of these finbacks is held by killers, it can be approached, as I have said, by shore boats, and killed, as is the practice of the Twofold Bay whalers.

Let the writer now quote, with the Editor's permission, from an article he wrote some years ago describing the way the killers "work in" with their human friends. In this particular instance, however, it was a hump-back whale; but as *Orca Gladiator* treats the hump-back and "right" whale as he does the lengthy "finner," the extract from the article is quite applicable.

"Ranging swiftly alongside of him, from his great head down to the 'small' of his back; the fierce killers seize his body in their savage jaws and tear great strips of blubber from off his writhing sides in huge mouth-

The "Killer"

fuls, and then, jerking the masses aside, take another and another bite. In vain he sweeps his flukes with fearful strokes from side to side—the bull-dogs of the sea come not within their range ; in vain he tries to 'sound'—there is a devil on each side of his jaws, their cruel teeth fixed firmly into his huge lips ; perhaps two or three are underneath him, tearing and riving at the great tough corrugations of his grey-ribbed belly ; whilst others, with a few swift vertical strokes of their flukes, draw back for fifty feet or so, charge him amidships, and strike him fearful blows on the ribs with their bony heads. Round and round, in ever-narrowing circle, as his strength fails, the tortured humpback swims, sometimes turning on his back or side, but failing, failing fast.

"The whale is harpooned.

"And now comes the curious and yet absolutely truly described final part that the killers play in this ocean tragedy. They, the moment the whale is dead, close around him, and, fastening their teeth into his body, by main strength bear it to the bottom. Here—if they have not already accomplished it—they tear out the tongue, and eat about one-third of the blubber. In from thirty-six to forty hours the carcass will again rise to the surface, and as, before he was taken down, the whalers have attached a line and buoy to the body, its whereabouts are easily discerned from the look-out on the headland ; the boats again put off and tow it ashore to the trying-out works. The killers, though they have had their fill of blubber, accompany the boats to the head of the bay and keep off the sharks, which would otherwise strip off all the remaining blubber from the carcass before it had reached the shore. But once the boats are in the shallow water, the killers stop, and then with a final 'puff ! puff !' of farewell to their human friends, turn and head seaward to resume their ceaseless watch and patrol of the ocean."

One of the most experienced whaling masters of

"First come, first served"

New Bedford, with whom the writer once cruised from the Gilbert Islands to Yap in the Western Carolines, told him that on one occasion when he was coming from the shore to his ship, which was lying to off the Chatham Islands, the boat was followed by a pack of five killers. They swam within touch of the oars, much to the amusement of the crew, and presently several of what are called "right whale" porpoises made their appearance, racing along ahead of the boat, whereupon Captain Allen went for'ard and picked up a harpoon, for the flesh of this rare variety of porpoise is highly prized. The moment he struck the fish it set off at a great rate, but not quick enough to escape the killers, for though the porpoise was much the swifter fish (were it loose) the weight of the boat and fifty fathoms of line was a heavy handicap. As quickly as possible the men began hauling up to the stricken fish so that Allen might give it the lance, when to their astonishment the killers seized it, and literally tore it to pieces in a few minutes.

"If ever I felt mad enough to put an iron into a killer it was then," he said, "but I couldn't do it. And very glad of it I was afterwards, for a week later I had two boats stove-in by a whale, and, of course, had I hurt one of those beggars of killers, the whole crew would have said it was only a just retribution."

A LITTLE reminiscence of peculiar
interest to all boys who fish.

Bubb's Big Fish.

BY

POLYBIUS PENGELLY

ALLOW me to draw your attention to Bubb's sketch illustrating what he calls "the delights of camping out." Bubb thinks a lot of his drawing. I leave it to you to say what you think of it. I will merely remark that Bubb has some notion of making portraits.

On the right, as you look at the picture, you will observe, as the showmen say, Bubb. He has in this picture revealed another of his little weaknesses. He thinks he can fish! And of this more anon

Observe the details of this portrait. Mark the feeble chin. I once pointed out to Bubb that character was indicated by chins, and that his showed a nasty habit of trying to get down his neck

Bubb was pretty sick at that. He said that the Bubbs didn't go in much for chins, and that, in his opinion, the real clue to strength of character was the nose. "Give me plenty of nose," said Bubb.

"Nose be blowed!" said I. "You've got quite as much nose as is good for you, unless you want to develop into a sort of human tapir."

But I stray from my subject. To resume, as the great authors say.



Bubb's idea about camping.

Bubb's Proposal

Bubb has depicted himself as holding up a big fish just drawn from his basket, and caught by himself with his own rod and line. A hefty fish that! You don't wonder that the person of marked intelligence holding the frying-pan (that's me, though I don't think he has been quite fair in one or two details) is showing signs of delirious joy. Anybody who could catch fish that size in our river would be something like a hero. Why—— But I must not anticipate.

Looking out of the tent is Tozer—an estimable person who is disposed to admire the virtues of Bubb. He calls him an Admirable Crichton, and once tried to make out that Bubb was a sort of Apollo. I had to take him apart, and, when we got Bubb sideways, I said, "What about chins, old man? And noses?"

But the old Pengelly habit of straying from the point is at me again. "Polybius," said my Great-aunt Penwith to me the other day, "stick to the point!" And here am I talking about noses and chins. But enough.

It was Bubb who said that we three ought to camp out.

Tozer backed him up. Tozer sometimes makes me think of the chorus in the Greek play we did last term. You should hear him talk about persons and things, looking ahead a bit sometimes and seeing all sorts of dismal affairs coming along, and sort of condoling with you at other times. Tozer isn't original; so he backs up Bubb.

I like to strike out a line for myself.

However, Bubb got me to agree, so last August we camped out.

Bubb got the tent and Tozer borrowed his uncle's boat, so that we could pull down the river five miles to the spot agreed on. Bubb arranged with an estimable farmer to let us camp in his meadow. I found the grub, Tozer supplying kettle, teapot, frying-pan, etc.

Bubb indicated that he would contribute a daily

Bubb's Big Fish

supply of fish to the larder, and so spare our consumption of bacon.

It wasn't bad—I mean the experience, not the fish or the bacon. But why I am writing this is to point out that it differed in some important ways from Bubb's sketch.

Now about that fish. Will you believe it, *Bubb caught nothing!*

Yes, he did, though! I am forgetting. Let me be truthful at any cost. The Pengelly motto, carved above the door of—. But there I go again!

Yes, one day Bubb yelled out that he was fast in a big fish.

I was clearing up the tent, and Tozer was trying to sew up a hole in the seat of his bags, where he had got caught in some barbed wire when the bull in the meadow went for him.

We went down to the bank like anything.

Yes, Bubb's line was all taut, and he was winding away at something.

"Seems a bit sluggish," said I, after watching him.

"Sulking!" said Bubb. "He was dashing about something frightful just now."

"Must be a whacking big fish," said Tozer. "We'll fry him for supper," and his mouth began to water.

"Steady does it," said I encouragingly, because if Bubb had caught a sort of a whale it wasn't like a Pengelly not to praise him up for it.

So Bubb went on winding.

"I see him!" yelled Tozer presently.

"What is it?" asked Bubb, sort of restraining his excitement and speaking in a nice, quiet, gentlemanly way, as though a big fish was the usual thing with him.

"Can't quite make out yet. He's sort of coiled up with weeds."

"Ah!" said Bubb; "I thought he had twisted my line up in them. It must have been his frantic struggles at first. But I'm getting him near the top now. Look out when I haul him out!"

What can you expect?

"Right!" said Tozer. "But don't put too much strain on the line! It would never do to lose a fish like that."

Bubb shook his head sagaciously. Then he stopped winding, and in a very determined way hauled out his fish.

It wasn't a fish, though. It was an old boot!

"Well!" exclaimed Bubb.

"Just so!" said I, preserving my calm.

"Horrid sell!" said Tozer in his chorus manner.

"Perhaps the fish got away?"

"Yes," said I, "in those early struggles, you know, when he was dashing about something frightful and tying up your line with the weeds!"

Bubb laid down the rod, and looked at me with a nasty, stony sort of stare. Then he spoke—

"Who thought the jackass braying outside our tent the other morning was a man being murdered by tramps?"

I disdained to reply. I merely recall this incident of the boot to show you that as an artist Bubb isn't much of a prophet. I would have offered to fry the boot for supper only he brought up the donkey incident in that nasty way. But what can you expect of a chin like that?

ABOUT the "King-boss" of a settlement in the Far West, and an unexpected turn given to his life-history.

A Wild Man of the West

BY

S. S. GORDON

"I'M the King-boss of this here settlement, I am! There ain't a man from Winnipeg to the Rockies I'm scared of—that I give two cents for! I'm only a hired man, fellows, but I'll lick the first man of you that says I ain't a perfect gentleman!"

With which Chal Naylor stared insolently about the bar-room of the Revere Hotel and took a reckless gulp at his glass—his sixth—of raw, fiery spirit.

"Pah!" he said contemptuously. "Not one of you take me on?" None offered any comment on his challenge. Chal smiled triumphantly. "Here, you"—to the bar-tender—"fill her up again! Why don't you sling decent grog, old man, fit for a white man to drink? This stuff might suit this trash, but it ain't good enough for me! I want the best; the others can have what's left!"

The bar-tender shrugged his shoulders and glanced underneath his counter to make sure that his knuckle-duster was within easy reach of his hand. He silently complied, refilling the already overworked tumbler; but he kept a wary eye on his outspoken customer, on the watch for more serious developments. So long

“Out for Trouble”

as Chal confined himself to speech he would not interfere. But the bully had oftentimes been known to do more than talk when deeply in his cups. He had not built up a reputation as a “terror” with mere empty words. And so the bar-tender made sure of his knuckleduster, without which he would be unable to eject his troublesome patron.

It might seem strange to some that one man should be allowed to terrorize a district in this manner ; that he should be suffered to throw insults and boastings broadcast and meet with no remonstrance. But, nevertheless, it is often the case that a braggart receives an audience, and, though the West is no resort for cowards, his words will leave a deep impression on his hearers.

The bar-room was fairly well filled with farmers from the outlying district, who had driven in on business or for the sake of social intercourse. All were hardy men of the pioneer type, all would face hardship, grim discouragement, and failure with a brave heart. Each would be ready to defend his property with the valour of a real hero, yet one bold, half-drunken labourer, whose sole ambition was to earn money enough for a debauch, and then spend it as he had intended, who never attempted to lift himself out of the rut into which he had fallen years before, who now, had he minded himself, might have been a prosperous farmer, held a terror over the heads of them all, while no one raised so much as a murmur of protest.

Chal tossed another glass of whisky down his greedy throat, then looked smilingly about him. That he was out for trouble was only too apparent. He fixed each of several men with his eye, favouring them all with his contemptuous grin. Some of them, thinking no doubt of the hard spell of work that seeding was going to bring them and not wishing to lose valuable time in bed recovering from the effects of the terror's attentions, stole outside as unobtrusively as they could,

A Wild Man of the West

"You've had enough to drink, Chal," said the bar-tender sternly. "You'd better get back home before you do any damage."

He fixed the bully with his piercing eye as he spoke, and Chal wilted. It might be stated that a Western bar-tender will never keep his position long if he is in the habit of being browbeaten by any refractory customer; and the Revere Hotel man had been in office three years, which speaks well for his courage, seeing that Chal Naylor was a fixture in the district. In fact, despite his boasting, the bar-tender was the one man Chal was not so sure about being able to conquer in a fistic and kicking bout. Perhaps it was the brass knuckleduster that Chal respected; he knew it to be there, for once it had landed on his own eyebrow, and the scar was there yet to testify to the bar-tender's hitting power.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that," replied Chal with dignity. "You can't put me off my feet with your liquor, Hank." This was true, as the bar-man himself knew. "Give me another glass!"

Hank complied with a shrug, and hoped no great trouble would come of Chal's imbibings. But, after all, his work was to attend to his customers—not worry about their moral weifare.

"Which reminds me," Chal went on, "I want a job. Any one of you here want to hire a good man, one that'll do more work before breakfast than most men'll do in a day? I'm open for hire. Do you want me, Jim?"

The farmer addressed shook his head decisively.

"Got the man I want," he said briefly.

"Well," said Chal, with a grin, "that's tough! Hullo! Say, do you want to hire me, Tenderfoot?"

This was addressed to a man whom he had seen pass the bar-room door on his way to the dining-room of the hotel. He was a comparative stranger in the settlement, having arrived from Ontario but a month before to take up land in Saskatchewan. Those who

Hired

knew him, Chal included—for Chal kept an eye on all likely employers—had dubbed him "the Tenderfoot." His name was Wall, to be precise. Evidently Chal's character was not too well known to him, for he paused to reflect.

"I do want help, sure enough," he admitted. "What pay do you want? I'll give you twenty-five a month and board. Will that do?"

There was some haggling. Chal, though a bully, though a blackguard, knew his business. He was a capital worker, with the muscle to accomplish a marvellous amount of toil each day. Also, he had been offered fairly good pay as wages went.

"We'll have a drink on it," he said finally. "I'll be out to your place to-night. Say"—suddenly—"got any brats about your house? I ain't great on squawking kids, I'll tell you, and I might as well find out now, so's to save myself the trouble of coming back if you have any."

Wall flushed angrily at the man's tones, but before he could answer a woman, accompanied by a sweet-faced child of some ten years, came downstairs from an upper room, where they had apparently been preparing for dinner. Chal so far forgot his manners as to glance insolently at the woman, while his brows contracted in a frown as he stared down at the little girl. He had always averred that children were his pet abomination. "Nasty, howling little brats that keep a man awake at night!" was his summing-up when discussing them.

But there was something about this child that made Chal change his expression of ferocity, in spite of himself. She, far from being frightened by the scarred, black-bearded face that glowered down upon her, smiled up at him in a bewitching manner, and the bully's mouth dropped half-open in his amazement. She possessed a pair of eyes that would have melted the coldest iceberg that was ever calved from the farthest northern glacier. They were eyes that were fated to

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cause more than a few heartbeats in future years. Even now, at ten summers, she seemed to be aware of her powers of attraction, for there was a coyness about her that sat prettily upon her.

"Go in to dinner," Wall told her. "Follow your mother, Allie. I'm talking to this man. I'll be with you in a minute."

But Miss Allie showed no inclination to obey. She continued with her captivation of Chal; she could see that he had suddenly grown interested in her.

"I believe I know what you are," she said at length; and Chal began to experience an uneasy sensation in the region of his knees. He knew well enough what he was, but the idea of having his character summed up by this sweet little mite had most unaccountably filled him with dismay. "You're one of the Wild Men of the West," she continued, clapping her hands with delight. "I used to read all about them in books before I came away from Ontario. I never thought I should really meet one of you, though. I'm glad now, because"—and here she assumed a confidential air, placing a small finger to her lip—"because I never did believe they were as bad as the story-writers make them out to be. You look like a villain," she said naively, surveying him up and down, "but I like you!"

Chal gasped, and stared blankly down upon her.

"Are you looking for work?" she asked. "If you are, papa wants to hire a man; but he must be a sober man. Papa hates drink. I hope you don't drink? I'm sure papa will hire you if you don't want too much pay. I should like you to work for us, too."

Again that smile, which Chal found did what he had boasted no man in the West could do; it conquered him.

It was strange, but, nevertheless, Chal became all at once fully aware of his worthlessness. For thirty years and more he had lived as his will and passions

Conquered

had prompted him. He had been a human derelict, drifting over the face of the wide Dominion since early boyhood. Now he had surrendered horse, guns, and foot to a delicate little piece of humanity whose chief feature was a pair of blue eyes such as, had Allie Wall been a grown woman, would have urged most men to be heroes.

"Boss," he said awkwardly to Wall, who was standing by in silence, "I'll take that back—what I said about the kids. I'll come out to your place and work, just whenever you want me."

Then, stooping and clumsily, he passed his rough hand over Allie's curls, stared at her for a moment, and turned on his heel. The men who had witnessed the incident—those he had been bullying not fifteen minutes before—raised their eyebrows in wonder.

"Come in and have another drink?" suggested one, who had always made it a point to keep on Chal's smooth side.

"No, thanks," was the reply; "I've had enough."

"First time I ever heard Chal Naylor acknowledge that," muttered he who would have stood treat. "Surely he ain't got converted! But it won't last; he'll break out again as soon's he's dry."

Though it often came to the ears of the Wall family what a blackguard's character Chal possessed, they were bound to confess that nothing to substantiate these statements occurred while Allie's Wild Man resided under their roof. It would have been hard to find a more perfect hired man on the wide Saskatchewan prairies than he rapidly proved himself to be. Certainly it had never been said of him that he did not earn the pay he drew, but Wall was the first man who had ever engaged him who had not had the trouble of his returning at all hours of the morning to resume his labours, often without having had a wink of sleep, with a bad taste in his mouth, and, in consequence, a vile, dangerous temper.

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Somewhat to Allie's disappointment the unkempt black beard was shaved off, leaving him bare as to face. Then it was discovered that he was not a bad-looking fellow, in spite of his scar, as had formerly been believed.

The most surprised of all at the change was Chal himself. He had allowed himself to be drawn into the meshes of Allie's alluring net without a protest, and marvelled at the control he was able to keep on himself; at the ease with which he was able to fight down the temptation to let himself fall into the depths of degradation again. As days passed by his self-respect grew accordingly, until he felt himself a man again. Sometimes, though, when alone he would laugh.

"What are you doing it for?" he would soliloquize. "I'm jolly well sure I don't know," he was fain to admit. "'Cept that she seems to look at me so trustful-like that I can't find it in me to be anything but decent. Seems to me she must have put another soul into me, or something like that. Queer!" he would scratch his head at this stage. "She says she don't like drinkin' men—and she says in the same breath that she likes me. Guess that must be the reason why I've turned over. But I wonder if I'd keep straight if she was to go away?"

He felt very doubtful on that point.

And so he continued, while the spring gave way to glorious summer, and summer faded away into golden autumn, and the vast wheat-fields spread themselves out for countless miles, a wide, uniform yellow that glimmered in the sun as the breezes gently waved the grain to and fro. When harvest commenced Chal proved himself to be valuable to his employer; this was the Ontario farmer's first fall in the West, and his ideas of work did not tally with the general idea as to what was necessary to manage the splendid crop it was his right to garner. But, under Chal's guidance, by the help of his great experience and

Out of Work

untiring energy, the granaries were filled to bursting-point with wheat of the finest grade and of the deepest red.

Then, to Wall's grief, to Allie's inconsolable anguish, and to Chal's almost dreadful disappointment, the farmer was compelled to let his treasure of a hired man go. He could not afford to keep him on the farm during the long, profitless winter ; Chal had only been engaged for the summer months.

It was when the reformed man found himself once more in town, idle, waiting for the chance of securing a berth in some lumber camp, that the great fellow realized to the full what the bliss of the past seven months had been. He missed Allie's childish though always serious talk, her glee at his sometimes far-fetched stories, her presence as, seated on the seeder, gang-plough, or binder, while he plodded along on foot, she chatted away, he content to listen to her and adore her. Now there was none of that for him. She was not now the first to greet him in the morning, nor was she there to bid him good-night as she went upstairs to bed.

For a week he stayed about the settlement, just for the sake of the chance of seeing the child as she drove into town with her father. In that time he found the strength of the late summer gradually giving way. At first he resolutely turned his face away from temptation, but each time he struggled with himself he knew himself to be left weaker. There were constantly men at his elbow who could visit the saloon without coming to any harm. They were moderate ; they knew exactly when they had drunk enough. Chal knew that one drink for him would mean his downfall again. The others did not think of that when they offered their hospitality.

At the end of a week he felt that he must go under. There was only one thing could save him ; a word with Allie and he would gain strength to fight for another little while. At length, he decided to hire

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a buggy and drive over to the ~~Walls~~ on some pretext.

His resolve was no sooner formed than acted upon. Soon he was bowling along southwards.

He drove for some miles, his mind in a whirl. It was ridiculous that a great fellow such as he should rely on the strength of a little child to keep him strong. He called himself a sentimental fool for attempting to achieve the impossible, for denying the enjoyment his soul craved for. But he consoled himself with the knowledge that all his strivings were in a good cause. Then he remembered that he had many years of life in front of him—all years of struggle, too. Soon he would not have the strength of Allie's influence to rely upon. She would grow out of childhood into womanhood, would marry—and the man who won her would receive one of Heaven's choicest gifts.

He was awakened from his reverie by the sound of wagon wheels rattling over the hard-beaten trail. He raised his head. Approaching him, amidst a cloud of dust—for the snows had not yet come—was a heavy farm wagon, drawn by a team of horses that, to judge by the rapid hoof-beats as they thudded on the ground, were travelling at a speed far above their usual gait.

He watched and waited, drawing his horse to a standstill, while they rapidly came nearer.

Soon he was able to distinguish the horses. They were a team owned by Wall, his little sweetheart's father, and he saw, with a heart-bound, they were running at their own will—they were running away!

He could see nothing of the farmer; but, clinging to the high seat, he could see Allie herself, and by and by he could see the flying reins.

He pulled to one side, close to the barb-wire fence, while the runaways drew nearer and ever nearer. He leaped out of his buggy, standing ready for action, for now he could almost see the terror on his idol's face, he could hear the terrified intake of the horses' breath.

"Save me!"

His brain was clear and quick to work. He formed a plan almost unconsciously, though he groaned at the peril of Allie. He began to run alongside the trail in the same direction as the oncoming runaway. The maddened horses overtook him ere he had gone twenty paces!

But his hand shot out; it caught the side of the wagon-box. He was jerked from his feet in an instant. He gripped hard, the muscles of his wrist cracking, while he was drawn along, the great hind wheel rubbing against his leg every instant.

He heard Allie scream wildly, gave himself a twist, and seized the edge of the box with his other hand. Next, with a heave, he drew upwards; the breath was shaken out of him, but he managed to roll over on to the floor of the wagon.

"All right, lassie!" he shouted into the child's ear. And she ceased crying in an instant, even in her terror recognizing his voice.

"Oh, save me, Wild Man!" she pleaded.

He set his teeth grimly in answer. He would save her or die in the attempt. She had saved him!

The reins were flying in the air, under the horses' feet, everywhere. He could not reach them. There was only one thing to be done. Wall, being a humane man, never used bearing reins to his horses, so this was another point against Chal Naylor.

He climbed over the dashboard to the pole that kept the charging brutes apart. Steadying himself for an instant, with his hands upon their rapidly rising and falling backs, he next darted forward on his perilous foothold, until one strong hand was grasping the hames of the offside beast's collar. He leaned forward to seize the bit. The wagon lurched owing to the added fright of the animal at seeing a human being so close and in such an unaccustomed place.

He was plunged forward; he could not save himself. But he had the bridle in his hand, and this kept him from falling to the ground. He hung on grimly,

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desperately, though he was now dangling off the front end of the pole, one leg wrapped firmly round it, the other hanging amongst the flying feet of the horses.

He felt an agonizing pang shoot through the limb ; he knew the hoofs had caught it and broken it ; yet, sick with pain, he tugged at the bridle he held. It was a savage jerk, and it served to twist the offside beast's head right round. Its body followed, as did the nearside horse. In a second horses, man, and wagon were entangled in a ghastly mess amongst the barb-wire of a broken fence !

The runaways were checked ; Allie was saved !

But Chal Naylor, her saviour, was lying where he had fallen, blood flowing from a terrible cut in the neck, and one leg bent under him, while the child, quite unharmed though shaken, picked herself from where she had been thrown and gazed in horror at her Wild Man.

But when Wall came galloping up on horseback fifteen minutes later it was to find his child smoothing the face of a dead man, calling him all the endearing names she knew, pleading to him to speak to her. All her entreaties were in vain, for Chal Naylor's earthly struggles were over at last.

MOUNTAIN climbing for pleasure involves great risk and much discomfort, and has produced many tragedies. Some typical feats are here recalled.

Mountains and Climbers

BY

STANLEY NORTON

THE modern fashion of mountaineering seems to have been really started by a young Swiss philosopher named de Saussure in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

From his home, near Geneva, de Saussure had a splendid view of Mont Blanc, towering amongst its scarcely lesser brethren—the White Mountain can be seen from points three hundred miles apart—but not even an inhabitant of Chamonix, the village at its foot, had ever been inspired to scale its snow-crowned summit. People sometimes went from Geneva to Chamonix to visit the glaciers, however, and among these visitors on one occasion were Mr. Windham, an Englishman, and some of his fellow-countrymen. The account these published of the great ice-fields aroused widespread interest in them, and to visit Chamonix for the sake of seeing the glaciers became a fashion.

Among those who went was de Saussure, the young professor of philosophy at Geneva. He had a passionate love for mountains, and the towering mass of Mont Blanc aroused in him an ardent desire to stand some day on its summit. So keen was he that he offered a reward to any one who could find a practical route

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—nay, more, he offered to pay for time spent in making attempts even if these proved unsuccessful.

A few feeble endeavours, which came to nothing, were made at long intervals to earn the promised reward, but it was not till twenty-five years after de Saussure had made the offer that he himself set foot on the mountain. His presence aroused fresh interest, and two parties of explorers set out to attain the summit by different routes. A young man named Balmat had joined one of these parties in the hope of sharing the reward—greatly to the disgust of the other members, who wanted it for themselves. Neither party was successful, however, and Balmat's companions hurried back without him.

Balmat, thus abandoned, conceived the idea of accomplishing the feat single-handed. Descending on to a snowy plateau, he tried another route up a very steep ridge, digging out footholds with the point of his staff until high enough to see all the rest of the way clear to the top.

"It wasn't easy or amusing, I can tell you, to be hung up, so to speak, on one leg, with an abyss underneath, and obliged to fashion this sort of staircase," he wrote afterwards. He did not go to the top, for night was coming on, and nobody would believe he had been there if he made such a claim ; but he had found the way, and his knowledge should prove valuable. He said nothing of his achievement, therefore, until he heard that Dr. Paccard, the village doctor of Chamonix, was meditating an attempt, when he offered to act as the latter's guide.

Having made arrangements for people in the village to look out for them on the summit of the mountain, they started, and Balmat gives a lively account of the ascent. They spent a night at the highest point they had been able to reach, and resumed their journey the next morning, when the doctor said—

"Do you think, Balmat, that we shall get to the top to-day?"

On the Summit

"I promised nothing. For two hours more we continued to ascend in the same way. After the Grand Plateau the wind rose, and grew higher and higher. At last, on arriving where the rocks which we call the Petits Mulets peep out, a violent gust carried away the doctor's hat. I saw it scuttling away, while he looked after it with outstretched arms. 'Oh! doctor, I said; 'you will have to go into mourning; you'll see it no more! It's off to Piedmont. Good-bye!'

"I had hardly shut my mouth when there came such a squall as made us lie flat on our stomachs, and for ten minutes we couldn't get up again. The doctor was discouraged. As for me, just then, I was thinking only about the shopkeeper who ought to be looking out for us, and I stood up at the first opportunity, but the doctor would only follow on all-fours. In this fashion we came to a place where the village could be seen. I got out my glass, and 12,000 feet below in the valley made out the shopkeeper and a crowd of others looking at us through telescopes. Considerations of self-respect influenced the doctor to get on his legs, and the moment he was up they recognized us—he in his big frock-coat and I in my regular dress. Down below they waved their hats, and I replied with mine."

Upward they went, half-benumbed with cold, and the doctor's desire to get to the top was swallowed up in his desire to get shelter from the icy wind. Finally, he sat down with his back to it and refused to move another step, so Balmat went on alone.

"From this time the way did not present any particular difficulty, but, as I got higher, the air became less and less fit to breathe. Every ten steps I was obliged to stop. It seemed as if I had an empty chest and no lungs, and the cold laid hold of me more and more. I went on, with face lowered, but presently, not knowing where I was, raised my head and saw that I was at last on the summit of Mont Blanc. 'Looking around, trembling lest I was mistaken, and should see

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some fresh aiguille or new point which I should not have strength to scale, the joints of my legs only seemed to hold together by the help of my trousers. But no ! no ! I was at the end of my journey. I was where no one had ever been before. Then I turned towards Chamonix, waving my hat at the end of my staff, and saw through my glass that they answered me."

Then, remembering that the doctor had also come for the purpose of standing on the summit of Mont Blanc, Balmat went back to him and, disregarding his assurances that all he cared about was a place where he could lie down and go to sleep, got him by friendly force to the top.

At nearly every step of the way down Paccard wished to stop, declaring that he could go no farther. Balmat compelled him to keep on, however, until night overtook them. Noticing that the doctor made no use of his hands, and had lost all sensation in them, Balmat drew off Paccard's gloves and found that his hands were white, as if dead. One of Balmat's own hands was in a similar state.

"I told him that there were three frost-bitten hands between the two of us, but he only wanted to lie down and go to sleep, though he told me to rub my hand with snow. The remedy was not far off. I commenced on him and finished on myself. Presently the blood came back, and with it warmth, but with the most exquisite pain."

Next morning the doctor was snow-blind, and was led down, holding on to a strap of his guide's knapsack ; and Balmat said that he himself was unrecognizable. "I had red eyes, a black face, and blue ears."

After this de Saussure himself made the ascent, in August, 1787. His object was to make scientific observations, but on his return to Chamonix a Colonel Beaufoy, touring in the neighbourhood, went up for the sport of the thing, and practically was the first

The Matterhorn

who did so. But the fashion did not at first spread rapidly ; visitors who went up naturally knew nothing of mountaineering, and were dependent on local guides, who proved expensive. Even the latter made no use of the rope and the ice-axe, things that few modern climbers would dream of doing without.

What made Alpine climbing the rage was undoubtedly the panoramic lectures of Albert Smith, who went to Chamonix in 1838, when quite a young man, and in 1851 ascended Mont Blanc. In his lectures he treated Alpine climbing as a huge joke ; thousands went to hear his humorous descriptions, and many visited the Alps for themselves. Peak after peak, hitherto unscaled, was attacked, and in the next dozen years the conquest of the Alps was virtually completed. Hundreds of tourists now ascend them yearly.

Of all the huge peaks the summits of which were trodden for the first time by human foot during the early sixties of the last century, the Matterhorn was perhaps the most formidable. Attempt after attempt was made, only to be foiled by bad weather, breakdown of guides through illness, real or feigned, or other circumstances beyond the climbers' control. In 1862 Mr. Edward Whymper, undeterred by previous failures, made yet another attempt, this time quite alone. His tent was already pitched at a height of nearly 12,000 feet on the mountain ; he wished to place it still higher.

"It is a matter of opinion as to the prudence of mountaineering alone," he says ; "some condemn it *in toto*, although others practise it in safety. For myself, while I never venture alone on snow-covered mountains or the upper part of glaciers, where there may be concealed crevasses, on rock mountains I think a good mountaineer may go properly by himself, although I do not recommend the habit.

"No one could have expected accident less than myself, as I mounted steadily upward over the now familiar ground. Soon I reached the welcome tent.

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The route skirts the foot of a precipice and crosses a very steeply inclined gully. Early in the season this gully is completely filled with snow, and may be crossed with ease ; but at this date the snow had been melted in the day and frozen again at night so often that it was a glassy incline of ice, or, as it is technically called, a couloir. I cut a path across it with my axe, making the steps of that good coal-scuttle shape which is so desirable for safety. The heat was 'tremendous, for the sun lay right on the corner ; this, and the occasional volleys of stones which playfully careered down the slope, made me lose no time in getting out of this not very eligible neighbourhood. . . . Soon the sunlight vanished and I went to bed ; it froze hard, of course, in the night, but one does not mind that inside two blankets and fur boots.

" In the morning I started at four o'clock, and by seven had found a place which a few hours' work would render habitable. I mounted higher and got that day much farther than I had been before, and higher than any one else. At one I turned back, and left the tent again at five, disencumbering myself of everything with which I could dispense, leaving my axe and cord behind, imagining that the steps cut the day before would be sufficient for this day also. Ten minutes' rapid descent brought me to the *col*—a narrow ridge dividing the great mass of the Matterhorn from its secondary peak.

" Round the ledges I went, practice enabling me to pass the several awkward places without difficulty until I arrived at the couloir, and in a moment I perceived that I was in something of a fix, for my coal-scuttle steps had dwindled down to the size of teacups. Two courses were open to me : to return for my axe and bivouac a second night alone, or to make the best steps possible with my bâton's point. An empty stomach decided the question, and I commenced digging the steps anew, holding with my right hand to a cranny in the rock. To the present moment I cannot tell how

A Wonderful Escape

it happened, but just as I was stepping from one to the other I slipped.

"To understand the position properly, let the reader imagine an ordinary funnel cut in half downwards through the centre. Let him place it with the convex sides downwards and the point below, so that the cut edges are at an angle of more than 45° . It was just so: the couloir narrowed at the bottom so rapidly that it became a mere neck through the rock, and anything falling through that took one gigantic leap of 800 or 1,000 feet on to the glacier below.

"I was on one of the edges when I slipped; in a second the knapsack brought my head down first, and I fell into some rocks peeping through the ice about twenty feet below. My bâton was dashed from my hand; I again flew outwards down the slope, literally head over heels, bound after bound; now over ice, now into rocks; four or five times my head was struck, each time with increased force, and in a few seconds I found myself flung violently against the broken rocks on the other side and sliding down the ice. My head then came right way up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a stop on the verge of the precipice. Bâton, hat, and veil skimmed by and vanished from my sight, and the crash of the rocks on the glacier below told me how fortunate had been my escape.

"In a moment I was nearly blinded with the blood from the cuts in the head—a handkerchief tied over them was useless; but with snow I plastered my head completely over. By this it was partially stopped, and, clambering immediately up the rock to which I was holding, I found a place large enough to sit down, and fainted directly. It was not for long—a minute or two—and then I perceived the horrid nature of the fall and my wonderful escape. The distance I measured a week afterwards, and found it 195 feet; down this I had come in five or six bounds, flying in the last from one side of the couloir to the other in one great leap of fully sixty feet."

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Strange to say, his injuries were found to be merely superficial, and four days' rest sufficed to restore him to his normal health.

It was not until 1865 that the Matterhorn was finally scaled, and then the joy of achievement was clouded by one of the most notable of the long list of Alpine tragedies. On the 14th. of July in that year Lord Francis Douglas, Messrs. Hadow, Hudson, and Edward Whymper, with three guides, Michael Croz and the two Taugwalders, father and son, made the successful ascent. This was accomplished with less difficulty than had been anticipated, a new route being tried, and all the party, with the exception of Mr. Hadow, being experienced mountaineers.

"We remained on the summit for one hour," says Mr. Whymper, "and during the time Hudson and I consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. . . .

"A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed. . . . I was, as I have explained, detached from the others, and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there was a slip Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's life.

"As far as I know, at the moment of the accident no one was actually moving. Poor Croz had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act

One False Step

of turning round to go down a step or two himself ; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards ; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him.

" All this was the work of a moment ; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit ; the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both as one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavouring to save themselves ; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment that the rope broke it was impossible to help them."

The survivors, as might have been expected, were utterly unnerved. For half an hour they dared not move a step, and the dangers of the descent were increased tenfold by their nervousness. The bodies, with the exception of that of Lord F. Douglas, were recovered and brought down a few days later.

" Such is the end of this sad story. A single slip or a single false step has been the sole cause of this frightful calamity, and has brought about misery never to be forgotten. I have only one observation to offer upon it. If the rope had not broken, you would not have received this letter, for we could not possibly have held the four men, falling as they did—all at the same time and with a severe jerk. But, at the same time, it is my belief no accident would have happened had the rope between those who fell been as tight, or nearly as tight, as it was between Taugwalder and myself.

" The rope, when used properly, is a great safeguard ;

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but whether on rocks or whether on snow or glacier if two men approach each other so that the rope falls in a loop the whole party is involved in danger ; for should one slip or fall he may acquire, before he is stopped, a momentum that may drag down one man after another and bring destruction on all ; but if the rope is tight this is all but impossible."

In mountaineering, as in other pursuits, the pioneers had everything to learn, and later comers have profited by their predecessors' costly mistakes. Those who first tried to ascend the Alpine peaks thought they would be able to reach the top and return the same day. It is now recognized that the ascent of a great mountain is a serious business, demanding adequate preparation and time. When, in 1890, Professor Russell and a companion, with seven porters, set out to explore Mount St. Elias, one of the great peaks of the northern Rockies, they took, owing to their circuitous route, eight weeks to reach their highest point, which was only about 14,500 feet ! None of the party were experienced mountaineers, and they underwent great hardships. Snowstorms came on, the fuel was exhausted, and the professor's companion descended to get some more. He was unable to return, however, and Mr. Russell was alone for several days.

" I pitched," he said, " my tent in the excavation previously made, using my alpenstock for one tent-pole and piling up snow saturated with water for the other ; the snow froze in a few minutes and held the tent securely. The ends of the ridge-rope were then stamped into the snow and water was poured over them ; the edges of the tent were treated in a similar manner, and my shelter was ready for occupation. Cooking some supper over my oil-stove, I rolled myself in a blanket and slept the sleep of the weary. On awakening in the morning I found the snow drifting into my tent, and, on looking out, discovered that I was again caught in a blinding storm of mist and snow.

A Snow Tunnel

"The storm raged all day and all night; and continued without interruption till the evening of the second day. The coal-oil becoming exhausted, I filled a can with bacon grease, in which a cotton rag was placed as a wick. . . . The snow, falling steadily, soon buried my tent, already surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow higher than my head, and it was only by constant exertion that I kept it from crushing in. With a pint basin for a shovel I cleared the tent as best I could, and several times during the day re-excavated the hole leading to the pond. . . . I also began the excavation of a tunnel in the snow, with the expectation that the tent would soon become uninhabitable. The night following I found it impossible to keep the tent clear, in spite of almost constant efforts, and early in the morning it was crushed in by a great weight of snow, leaving me no alternative but to finish the snow-house and move in. I excavated the tunnel into the snow some four or five feet, and made a chamber at right angles to this, about six feet long by four feet wide and three feet high. In this I placed my blankets and other belongings, and, hanging a rubber coat, supported by an alpenstock, at the entrance, found myself well sheltered from the tempest. There I passed the day and the night following. In the morning I was awakened by the croaking of a raven on the snow immediately over my head."

Professor Russell made another attempt in 1891, and by great exertion, it is said, reached the height of 14,400 feet, with two companions, but the mountain was too much for them, and they gave it up.

The first to stand on the summit of this majestic peak was the Duke of the Abruzzi, nephew of the King of Italy. His expedition was made in 1897. Five experienced Alpine guides were included in the party, and nothing was left to chance in the way of preparation. The actual ascent of the mountain occupied thirty-seven days—five days longer than the journey from London to its foot. In all twenty-two

Mountains and Climbers

camps were made on the route, a supply of provisions for use on the way down being left in each.

"Enveloped in blinding mist, we toiled laboriously through the powdery snow, in which we often sank to our waists, patiently seeking our route over insecure snow-bridges, amid the deafening roar of the avalanches. Out of thirteen days only three were fine. Often we woke in the morning to find our camp half-buried in snow."

Earlier in the same year the great peak of Aconcagua, in the southern Andes, had been scaled for the first time by some members of a party captained by a young American, Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald. Like the Duke of the Abruzzi, he was careful to take with him experienced Alpine guides. The height of the mountain is about 19,000 feet ; there is a railway-station within twenty miles of the summit, and it is possible to ride on vehicles to within twenty miles of it ; nevertheless, such are the difficulties of mountain climbing at such altitudes that it was not for another week that the top was reached, and then only at the sixth attempt and by only two men.

Even the Alpine guides suffered terribly from mountain sickness and faintness, brought on by the rarefaction of the air. All energy seemed exhausted ; the smallest exertion seemed well-nigh beyond their powers ; when night came each crawled into his sleeping-bag as and where he was, too done up even to try to make a level place to sleep on. The cold was not more intense than many of them had experienced without inconvenience at lower levels, yet men actually sat down and cried like children because of it. Mr. Fitzgerald himself had to give up the attempt, and was taken back to a lower level in a state of collapse.

It seems certain that the main difficulty of climbing at such levels is not the altitude itself or the intense cold, but the diminution of the atmospheric pressure. At the sea-level this is sufficient to support a column of mercury about thirty inches high ; on the summit

Unconquered Peaks

of Aconcagua the mercury stood at less than thirteen inches. Few human beings could endure such a difference at all, and none could do so without grave inconvenience. Intense headaches, severe pains in the limbs and loss of control over them, hæmorrhage, and violent nausea—all the symptoms included under the term mountain sickness—afflict all climbers in a greater or less degree, and a prolonged stay in such regions would almost certainly wreck the strongest constitution.

Mountain climbing, like polar exploration, tests to the utmost powers of body and mind. It calls for boundless courage, patience, determination, coolness in the face of danger, bodily strength, and endurance ; yet it exercises a tremendous fascination on those who have come under its influence.

The conquest of the Alps, as has been seen, did but stimulate attempts on the even more formidable peaks in other countries. The summits of many, notably those of the great Himalayan range, will probably never be reached ; in any case success is possible to very few, and only at the cost of much suffering. Nevertheless, if human energies can solve the problem, it seems certain that efforts will not be wanting.

IN South Africa there are still some who speak of the strange and tragic events recorded in this article.

Umlangeni: A False Prophet

BY

C. N. BARHAM

THE time was the year 1856. The scene South Africa. The paramount leader of the Kaffirs was then the chief Sandili—a capable and determined man, who entertained the idea of driving the palefaces into the sea. The doubtful issue of several unimportant conflicts had led him to undervalue British prowess; and he was persuaded that, if the Kaffir races could but be united, the lands of their fathers would pass under his sway.

Sandili was wise enough to perceive that the British were gradually consolidating their power over South Africa, and that what he would do should be done quickly. He resolved, therefore, in the year 1856, to strike a decisive blow for supremacy, and hoped to ensure the desired success by working upon the superstitious fears of his countrymen.

For this purpose he availed himself of a traditionary belief that a kind of millennium would some day dawn upon the Kaffir race. Similar beliefs are strangely widespread, and prevail among Tartars and Red Indians as well as among the Kaffirs of South Africa. They appeal to the cupidity and self-love of impostors, and furnish a prolific breeding-ground for false prophets.

A Wild Prediction

At this time a notorious impostor flourished among the Kaffirs. This was the false prophet Umlangeni, whose influence over his countrymen was almost unbounded. Sandili addressed himself to this man, and a complete confidence was established between the two. Under the protection of the chief the false prophet went forth among the tribes, intent upon the furtherance of his leader's designs.

Umlangeni began by asserting that upon a stated day in August, when the sun rose in the morning, the luminary would wander for a time in the heavens, and would then set in the east. This story was occasionally varied, so that two suns were to appear in the sky at the same hour. Whichever occurred, this event was to be immediately followed by a hurricane, which should sweep all who had not believed in him and obeyed his mandate, whether Kaffirs or Europeans, from the face of the earth. Thereupon the ancestors of the Kaffirs were to arise from the dead, with countless herds of cattle of improved breeds, which they would distribute among the followers of the prophet. These were further to be restored to youth and endowed with immortal beauty, with the enjoyment of eternal felicity in a native paradise.

The fulfilment of these promises was contingent. The necessary conditions were that first the people should destroy all their corn and cattle, and second, they were to refrain from cultivating the ground, so as to leave themselves without the means of subsistence.

This extraordinary delusion spread far and wide among a people to whom the art of writing was unknown. Thus the singular spectacle was presented of a race exerting themselves energetically to destroy all their property, and so to reduce themselves and those dependent upon them to beggary.

For a time before and up to the very morning of the day on which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, the people carried on the work of destruction and slaughter. Only three things had been exempted from

Umlangeni : A False Prophet

the edict. These were horses, arms, and ammunition, which were to be increased by purchase, theft, or any means available.

The object of Sandili is plain. It was to create so much and widespread distress that his followers, rendered desperate and frantic by disappointment and despair, would engage the British in war, when he trusted to be able to sweep the white men out of the land.

The astute leader did not rely solely upon Umlangeni. A plan, the secret of which had been religiously kept, was organized for the invasion of the eastern frontier at several points simultaneously along a line one hundred miles in extent.

In anticipation of the hurricane, the natives re-thatched their kraals in the very best approved and strongest manner, the better to resist its ravages. On the night preceding the day of visitation all shut themselves within their respective kraals, waiting, with mingled hope and terror, the unfolding of events.

The morning dawned and the sun rose as usual. The sky was cloudless ; nothing of an unusual character occurred !

The Kaffirs waited anxiously until noon had passed, then, when the sun began to descend the western sky, it dawned upon them that they had been deceived.

The situation had become terrible in the extreme. Tens of thousands of victims of this imposture emerged from their dwellings downcast, hopeless, ruined, and destitute. Their cattle had been slaughtered, their corn destroyed, and their fields remained untilled. Famine and death stared them and theirs in the face.

Only about one-third of the Kaffirs had refused to acknowledge the pretensions of Umlangeni. These had kept their corn and cattle, and had cultivated the soil. For many weeks the country had been divided between believers and unbelievers. Fierce dissensions had raged, and the scoffers had endured many a bad quarter of an hour at the hands of their countrymen.



THE SAVAGE BETHIVERS STOLE DOWN UPON THE KRAALS.

A Tragic Failure

The time had come when they were to endure still greater evils. The destitute and savage believers, forming themselves into bands of robbers, stole down upon the kraals, pillaging and slaying their neighbours.

Kaffir-land presented a lamentable spectacle. Women and children were scattered far and wide, digging for roots, which were the only means of subsistence they could find. Hundreds of these died in squabbles and fights for such food, or from wild beasts, while thousands succumbed to famine and disease.

In the district of Kaffraria proper, where the imposture had begun, several chiefs committed suicide from despair, because of the destitution to which their families had been reduced through their own blindness and folly. One of the principal chiefs in the country, who had been exceedingly rich in cattle and wives, became so reduced that he begged to be allowed to work upon the Government roads. Sandili had failed, Umlangeni was discredited, the power of the chiefs was broken.

In an official report for the year 1857 it is stated that of the Kaffirs proper thirty thousand had become hired servants. Thousands fled beyond the borders, only to die of hunger and disease. Vast numbers were supported by the charitable efforts of those whom they had vainly sought to expel, while 68,034 persons had disappeared from British Kaffraria alone in the first seven months of the year 1856. There were similar disappearances of the population of Kaffraria proper, but to more than double the extent.

The fate of most of these unhappy fugitives it was impossible to learn. That they died like rats is only too certain, their blood resting upon the heads of the deeply dyed Umlangeni and Sandili.

Cape Colony and the remaining British possessions in South Africa sustained no injury from this singular and threatening movement. The storm burst upon its originators, and swept them away in its fury, leaving its intended victims unscathed.

A PAGE from British naval history, retold as by one of those who took part in the gallant exploits recorded.

Two Men and a Boy

BY

T. A. GURNEY

SOPER—good old Soper!—was Captain ; then there was Soper's man, Ben ; and I was the Boy.

I've been a man myself these thirty years or more, but, when I look back upon it even now, I still feel as much elevated over our little affair as I did on that memorable day in the streets of Portsmouth. Yet, as you will soon see, none of the credit of it really belongs to me. It was all Soper—good old Soper !

It was extraordinary good luck for me. The ordinary seaman who fought at Copenhagen or the Nile or Trafalgar isn't in it when you compare his luck with mine. He may have done his heroic best, and probably he did, but Trafalgar and the others could have been won without him. When it's only two men and a boy, even the boy gets his chance !

But there *were* some "heroics" in those days ! Think of Lord Howe's "glorious first of June" ! Breakfast first, if you please, in full sight of the enemy, because (as Troubridge, an English prisoner on board one of their ships, explained to the captain when he thought we were funkng) "the English sailors never like to fight on an empty stomach."

Some British Heroes

Then six hours of such stiff sea-fighting as the world had scarcely ever heard of before ; our " Brunswick " interlocked with their " Vengeur," and holding on to her like a vice till she had so raked her from end to end, through every porthole, that you could not put a two-foot rule anywhere in her without touching two shot holes ; our dying Harvey giving as his last order, " The colours of the ' Brunswick ' shall never be struck," and, at the finish, seven French battleships captured.

Or recall that fight under Nelson before Bastia in the old " Agamemnon " "*sans* everything " save British pluck. " We are really without firing, without wine, beef, pork, flour, and almost without water, not a rope, canvas, twine, or nail in the ship " : " not a man has slept dry for many months." Yet Nelson could add, " We were few, but we were of the right sort," and Bastia fell.

Or take St. Vincent—" glorious St. Valentine," as Nelson called it, fought as it was on February 14th, when fifteen sail of the line stood up against twenty-seven, and Nelson's captain took two Spanish first-rates, and that splendid old Jervis growled out to the man on the look-out, when he told of the heavy odds, " Enough, sir ! If there were fifty I'd go through them ! "

Our little affair, of course, can't compare with great fights like these, yet it had its own little touch of humour. You can find it in the naval records for 1795 still.

" Daphne " was the name of the privateer concerned, with twenty-five Frenchmen on board, and we, as I have said, were Soper, Ben, and your humble servant, the Boy.

Those were days when it was worth while having been born a boy. There was always something to keep you on the breathe. Some one distinguished wrote that in those days you expected your daily victory, just as you looked for your breakfast, and felt " down " if you hadn't got it. Fancy living, as we on that

Two Men and a Boy

Dorset coast did, in a sort of atmosphere of privateers and smugglers, and preventive fights, and blockades, and big sea duels, and always the even chance of the fresh excitement of an invasion !

First there was La Hoche's attempt on Ireland ; then, later, *after* the time of which I am writing, came the fear of Boney with his flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, a second Armada to sweep down on us, if the fleet could be caught napping, and crush us. Not much quarter or mercy likely then, after the hard knocks he'd had from us all the world over, and we knew it. So, at that later date, under Pitt's Defence Act, every man-jack of us who could fight was enrolled, drilled, and knew just what we had to do.

Here before me lies a copy of the instructions to "Superintendants and Captains of Towns and Hundreds," with a great pile of detailed returns, filled in by the captain for the Second Hundred of the Wareham division of Dorset, in which Swanage was included. It contains the names of all persons capable of personal service ; lists of people owning wagons and carts ("including dungpits"), and riding or draught horses ; names of millers or bakers who could be depended upon for supplies ; owners of live and dead stock ; names of persons who could act as drivers or wagon conductors ; pioneers and artificers ; non-combatants, such as women, aliens, bakers, Quakers, who would be able "to remove themselves" in case of invasion, as well as invalids, aged people, and children, who would need to *be* "removed." A list like that makes you feel how near the whole thing came to us then. Everything was to be taken post-haste, on warning of the enemy's landing, in a bee-line northward away from the coast to depots arranged for, where there was plenty of water.

The long waiting of those years told upon people's nerves, and it meant, of course, poverty, for it told on coast trade. How could you get your stone away from the bankers on the shore, load up in Swanage

Risks of War

Bay, and fetch out into the Channel for Southampton, when a privateer might be waiting for you, bear down upon you, chuck your precious stone overboard, fling you into irons, and carry you away to the galleys?

Old Soper was one of those who found the waiting distinctly trying. Ours was a stone boat. Ben was Soper's handy man, and I was the boy of all work, who did the cooking and minded the bunks (such as they were), and scuttled the decks and fo'c'sle, and helped put her about, and sat up in the bows as look-out in thick or dirty weather. Soper was a man of action. Above all things he hated idleness. And he'd been loaded for weeks with good featherstone for Portsmouth, fetching just now nearly double the usual price because of risks of war, and the pleasant prospect of a nice little cargo on the return journey of timber for Poole and foodstuffs and coal—also carried at artificial charges.

So he was in a precious hurry to get away and make sure of his freightage; but, cautious man as he really was in spite of his bully strength and great stentorian voice, he waited, not wishing to try a course of banting in a French prison.

The weather in the late autumn of 1795 was temptingly fine. Day after day Swanage Bay lay bathed in sunshine or glittering under unclouded stars at night, a nice breeze from the south'ard with a touch of west in it, such as he knew would carry him up to the Wight.

Old Soper walked up and down the deck smoking, puffed and fumed and fretted, and abused the French, and abused the war, and abused the Convention, and finally abused me whenever I came in his way as I scuttled the decks. But still his natural caution held him steady on the waiting tack. Now and then he'd go up to the Point and search the seascape, and then, sure enough, he'd find some suspiciously innocent-looking craft flying the English flag a few miles out, which he rightly guessed was a French privateer, often lurk-

Two Men and a Boy

ing like an ugly devil-fish round the corner, almost out of sight.

How long in the ordinary course of things he'd have waited it's impossible to say ; it all ended so suddenly. A Poole collier had run the gauntlet from Southampton, and brought up safe and sound in Swanage Bay for stone after unloading at Poole. The captain, a chum of old Soper's, had chaffed him as they drank together in that convivial home of sailors, the " Purbeck Arms," close against the beach, and Soper, like most big men, was very susceptible to chaff. He shook away unusually early from the jovial company, tapping the landlord's wheel barometer as he strode out, and finding it high and steady.

The night was clear—almost too clear for secrecy—but that works both ways. You can see and avoid your enemy, even if you run the off-chance of his sighting you, and Soper was a man of resource as well as a fearless seaman. The full moon just at the rising hung over the white cliffs of distant Scratchell's Bay, at the entrance to the Solent. Soper climbed up to the highest point of the Downs behind the bay. The Poole man's words seemed true. Sweeping it with his glass, the coast, so far as eye could see in the direction of the Wight, was clear.

Soper decided to take the risk. He hurried on board and shook me in my bunk.

" Get up, boy, an' run ashore after Ben. You'll find 'en up street at the 'New Inn.' Look slippy, an' tell 'en we'm sailing at once with the tide."

No second shaking after that glad news was necessary.

" Right you are, cap'n ! " I shouted, flopping out on deck and manning my yards hastily. Two minutes later I was slipping over the sides into the dinghey, and within a quarter of an hour more Ben and I were shoving off again for the brig.

Before lights were out along the shore we had weighed anchor, and, helped by a light westerly breeze,

A French Privateer

were flinging away into the open, past shore and pier and ledge, and feeling every moment the gathering strength of the flood as it swept us across from Durlstone towards the Needles. The mains'l and jibs once hauled and secured, Soper took his place at the wheel, with Ben beside him, and sent me forrard to keep a keen look-out, warning me especially to watch in the direction of the Island.

At first I was all alertness and eagerness. Then gradually the excitement brought its own reaction. The soft night air, stealing up-Channel from the open deep beyond, the dancing glitter of the sea before, the restful "tap-tap" of the waves on our starboard, the murmured voices of the two men behind me in the stern-sheets, lulled and deadened my senses.

I fought and struggled against it in vain. Sleep was overpowering me at the very moment when, if I had but known, a dim, low-lying object lay couched on the waves under the shadow of the approaching cliffs, where the Island loomed up beyond the Needles.

A sudden exclamation from Ben roused me. The dark form of what looked like a French privateer was making rapid headway towards us, ranged up to the south'ard, mysterious and forbidding like some phantom-ship, her yards and shrouds in black outline against the moonlight, her men now visible hurrying to and fro on board, shifting and straining canvas every moment to make sure of us.

Ben went hastily to the gangway and summoned Soper, who had gone below. He came back on deck and surveyed the scene quietly, leaning on the stick which was his constant companion on board, because of his great weight.

First he yelled to me to stay just where I was and keep my head. Then, to my astonishment, he seemed to bring her round a bit, and actually to make it easier for the Frenchmen to come alongside. I had expected him, caught as we were in a trap between enemy and shore, to beach her off Christ Church Head,

Two Men and a Boy

which he could easily have done by luffing her over to port and using the wind.

With what, to me, not knowing the language, sounded like fiendish yells of delight, the Frenchmen came on, Soper, as they drew near, cleverly avoiding any collision by the way he was handling the brig.

Some of them were a little astonished, so it seemed, and I fancy the more cautious among them suspected a trap. It wasn't like the English of those days to make things easy for their enemies. But most thought of the prize-money, and you could hear them counting us : "Un, deux !" They didn't condescend even to notice my existence. "Le Bon dieu ! What a capture !" I sat still in the bows and felt a thrilling sense of excitement about it all, trusting old Soper as I would have trusted Nelson or Collingwood or Duncan.

Next moment there was a slight crunch as the wooden hulks met and strained when they came alongside, and then I saw cold steel flash in the moonlight as they prepared to board us. I counted them as they came pouring up their gangway. I could at last make out twenty-five in all, every man fully armed with cutlass and pistol, and some behind had grappling-irons.

My blood boiled for the fray, though we had no weapons to speak of on board, for in those days we shared Nelson's opinion that one Englishman was always equal to three Frenchmen on the sea. I looked back at Soper, waiting for instructions. Down below we had a few shovels and picks.

But Soper, to my surprise, had left the wheel, and was standing quietly at the top of our gangway.

Then suddenly, on the clear night air (I can hear it still) rang out, in Soper's stentorian tones, his word of command, uttered at the top of the gangway to an imaginary host below—

"First division of boarders, shoulder arms ! Advance ! Board her ! Remember, no quarter !"

The Frenchmen, arrested by this stentorian roar, hesitated. It sounded so strong and confident and

Bluff!

calm. The more cautious saw a snare and turned, but the eager spirits behind them kept pressing on, and were swarming over our sides, and making for the man at the wheel. He struggled a little, keeping up the play, with a grin on his face as though he were saying, "Wait and see!"

Old Soper never heeded them. A second time, louder than ever over the tumult of voices, came a roar, like a lion whose tail you've twisted—

"Second division of boarders, advance! Support the first division! Come along! We've got them this time."

The Frenchmen came to an abrupt stop. They looked at each other, and on each man's face fear was written.

Whether or not they would have recovered after a moment I can't say, for Soper never waited to give them the chance. Waving that gnarled walking-stick of his over his head triumphantly, and turning now from the gangway to the Frenchmen, he led on his imaginary host against them.

Convinced now that they were caught in a trap by those "perfidious English," they no longer waited to see or even to give a glance round. Soper pursued them, hustling them over the sides, and never giving them time to turn.

The Frenchmen found the decks too chilly after that cry of "No quarter!" and scuttled down below. Soper hastily battened them down, and Ben helped to make matters safe and sound. Then we took her in tow, Soper standing guard above the gangway in case they might attempt to force it. We handed them over to the first warship we met inside the Wight, and they never discovered their mistake till they were landed at Portsmouth.

Somehow our little affair seemed to catch on to the nautical mind of the old naval town. The news spread like wildfire, and the people turned out in their thousands when they were disembarked. The men of the

Two Men and a Boy

"Daphne," as they marched through the streets to the military prison twenty-five strong, had plenty of good-humoured chaff to face. And they bore it rather badly, gnashing with their teeth at the thought that they had been captured by two men and a boy. We were so pleased with ourselves that we felt sorry for them.

There wasn't much room on our side for sorrow. Every other girl threw her arms round me and kissed me, and their mothers and aunts kissed Soper and Ben. Good old Soper went, hot and smiling, through it all. They fêted us, drank our healths, danced with us, took us to the merry-go-rounds and all the fun of the fair, showed us over a captured Spaniard, almost had us up to London town to see the King. Then we came home under escort, covered with coal-dust and glory. But Ben found a sweetheart up-along and stayed.

MR. GENT, one of the cleverest half-backs who ever played for England, points out the characteristics of Rugby Football as played by the great Welsh clubs.

Characteristics of Welsh and Western Rugger

BY

D. R. GENT

*(Ex-Captain of Gloucester and Gloucestershire R.F.C.
and English International)*

YOU may often have seen in the newspapers, when England was about to tackle Wales on the international Rugby field, suggestions that the selectors should choose chiefly men from the West of England clubs to oppose and try to circumvent the wiles of the doughty foemen hailing from Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, Neath, Llanelly, etc., rather than select players from every part of England. And you may have wondered why such proposals were made, and why it should be supposed that men from such clubs as Bristol, Devonport Albion, Gloucester, etc., should be able to accomplish what those from the Harlequins, Blackheath, Northampton, Headingley, and Rockcliffe clubs would probably fail to do.

The reason for such suggestions is this. Welsh Rugby has for several long years been quite of a different type from the average English demonstration of the game, and not many of the teams that are the

Welsh and Western Rugger

cream of the South, Midlands, and North of England are quite *au fait* with Welsh expositions of Rugby. Hence men who come from Northumberland, Yorkshire, and London to meet Welsh players of the type of Dicky Owen and Willie Trew for the first time are often seriously at a loss to cope with the smart devices and somewhat "foreign" methods of those wily antagonists.

But Bristol, Devonport Albion, Gloucester, and a few similar clubs whose headquarters are near Wales meet the Welsh organizations in matches each year, occasionally interchange players with them, are intimately acquainted with their methods and style, and thus stand in a far better position for contesting with them the right of supremacy, whether on club, county, or international fields.

Let me, then, try to point out to you wherein the Welsh and the West of England game differs essentially from that seen in most other parts of the country. Of course the differences now are nothing like so marked as they were when I captained Gloucester and played for England against Wales about six years ago. But even yet they are sufficiently diversified to call for notice and to make them remarkable.

To begin with, Welsh players use their brains far more than do ordinary English players when preparing to meet a rival fifteen, as well as when actually in the struggle. Often for days previous to a match the Welsh team engaged will be talking things over, comparing notes, suggesting new plans of campaign, inventing new "dodges" to bring off a try or to drop a goal, etc. The Welshman is ever "on the go" in these matters; his rival is generally too apathetic, and too much inclined to play the game on the same old lines year after year, let alone match after match.

It has been well said by a clever critic that you never knew what Owen, Jones, Trew, Morgan & Co. were going to do till you saw them doing it in the game; and this is to a great extent perfectly true. The



D. R. Gent.



The Unexpected

Only thing you can rely on Wales doing is something you never bargained for, something you did not expect or imagine, something novel and of the "coup" stamp. It is indeed a dull and dreary afternoon in winter when the fertile mind of Dicky Owen cannot evolve a new scheme for an attack behind the scrum, or when the genius of an Ivor Morgan cannot find some unsuspected reason for his appearing outside the scrum at a spot exactly opposite to that where his enemies are looking for him.

It is this which makes Welsh clubs so terribly difficult to overcome, whether in ordinary club matches or in the greater ones. The other fifteens go on, for the most part, in the same typical old way; they scrum, pass, run, and tackle just as did other fifteens a dozen years ago. Every international team which meets them, every local club opposing another, can guess fairly well precisely how its rivals will act, and can arrange to cope with their designs. But with Welsh clubs, this is an entirely different proposition. You may have played against Cardiff or Swansea regularly for years, and may think you know all their methods. But the probability is that, in the next match against them, you will find some novel dodge tried which you have never witnessed before, some new brainy scheme with which you are quite unprepared to deal. Usually it is only after you have paid for your experience by watching such a club score a try or two that you tumble fully to the new dodge and manage to circumvent it. But by that time the trouble has occurred, the mischief is done, and you will find few opportunities during that game of repairing it.

So much for the brainy play of the Welsh in their matches during the past fifteen years. But that is not all. Welsh clubs took great care that their players were kept together as much as possible when once a really excellent team had been obtained. The constant chopping and changing which one so frequently sees in London and Midland clubs is mostly absent

Welsh and Western Rugger

in those over the Marches. Thus the men get to know each other and each other's play thoroughly. They acquired perfect confidence and trust in one another; they knew every man's abilities, peculiar methods, and little failings. They did not send the ball when in a certain position to a player who was not at all a safe man to trust in such a crisis; they sent it to the exact fellow who had won a reputation for using the opening at that particular critical time.

As an instance, let me point out how often, when a try seemed extremely likely, and thousands of spectators expected to see the Welshmen endeavouring to carry the ball across the line, the mass of folk behind the ropes were suddenly electrified to see the ball, instead of being sent, say, to Trew, who appeared best placed to score the try, sent to Birt, who coolly took his favourite shot at goal! And, ere the rival team quite grasped what what happened, Wales had gone four points up, from the ball sailing sweetly between the uprights and above the crossbar. Similarly when you felt absolutely sure that Owen Jones would pass out to Spiller, who was admirably placed for running in, and you made tracks in a hurry to upset the famous three-quarter in that rôle, you found yourself standing gaping with surprise, for you saw Owen had got the ball somewhere away from the usual three-quarters altogether—though how he got it there goodness knows!—and you beheld him going quite on his own to cross the line at a spot where not a single English player was near to stop him!

Brains and new methods, then, have been the cause of Welsh success so often, and in such distinguished measure during the past dozen years. Just lately there has been a falling-off in these necessities for Welsh triumphs; hence the other nations have not only been better able to cope with Wales on the Rugby field, but they have won well-deserved successes there several times. Still, if England, Scotland, and Ireland mean to cope with Wales in winning football matches, they

Some Western Forwards

must continue to bring brains into the game more and more.

Of course, extra speed in the three-quarters, and a profusion of genius at full-back, have had much to do with making Wales what she is now in the football world. You must not forget that full-backs of the Bancroft stamp are not discovered by a country every day. Indeed, one thing which has contributed not a little to England's recent triumphs in Rugby is the fact that she herself has found such a full-back in my friend Johnson, of Bristol. You see, Johnson comes from the right place for understanding Welsh players and methods, so he is enabled to go on the field and to meet their advances without the hesitation of a man from Durham or Kent who has never met Welshmen before.

As to the success of her other players, here again England is greatly indebted to the West of England clubs, who have provided such forwards as Dibble, Smart, Berry, Johns, Hollands, etc., and such backs as Hudson, Vincent Coates, and Jago—all of them well in touch with the Welshmen and Welsh methods through their own teams at Bristol, Gloucester, Bath, or Devonport. Somebody has well said that half the battle in any strenuous contest is knowing what to expect from your opponent, and certainly the truth of this has been abundantly proved by the success of England since she introduced into her fifteen more men acquainted with the peculiarities of Rugby as exploited in gallant little Wales than she used to have, and since she herself went in for the same brainy style of play.

We in the West have long modelled our games to a great extent on those of our neighbours. In some cases we have even copied a few tricks that would have been better omitted. I refer particularly to dodges in or about the scrum. The Welsh game is essentially one of attack, for which purpose, of course, a side must get possession. And it is in connection

Welsh and Western Rugger

with that phase of the game, getting possession and keeping it, that these infringements have cropped up. Practically speaking, a spectator never sees them, and a referee but rarely. Still, they take place, and no one but a player realizes the huge effect they have on results. Some of these tricks I have seen copied in Western football, and the meeting of two experts at the game has been interesting to an old player, but not edifying, I confess. Mind, I do not want mention of this to detract too much from the merits of Welsh play. Until quite recently they alone have shown the public what an art can be made of Rugby, and I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of the game and its exponents. Nevertheless, the above blot has existed, and I, like many others, have had to endure it very, very often.

I have a sincere admiration for the splendid play of many of my Welsh friends and stern opponents. Time after time have I had to oppose Dicky Owen, Vile, Percy Bush, or Jones at half-back, and I ever found them keen rivals and strong players. I look back to our many great encounters with delight nowadays, when such seem almost to be over for me. No one knows better than I do what magnificent three-quarters Wales has produced since 1900; any man who has so often had to face Teddy Morgan, Willie Llewelyn, Trew, Gwyn Nicholls, Gabe, Birt, Spiller, and several other equally grand backs is not likely to under-rate their prowess and ability! I know how splendid both Bancrofts have been; I have had personal experience of what it requires to circumvent a Hodges, a Morgan, a Boots amongst the Welsh forwards. And it is not an easy job, I can assure you.

But I have no fear for England's further success, for Scotland's coming triumphs, for Ireland's future wins, if the players of those respective countries will adopt the best of the Welsh leads and methods. If only men will more and more use their brains when actually playing, if they will try to avoid the obvious when

“ All out for the Game ”

they run, pass, or tackle, if they will throw Welsh energy and enthusiasm into their play, if they will try to perfect themselves in running, handing-off, kicking, and the many other important items of Rugby, as do the men from over the Marches' border, if they will meet the foe with his own weapons, which they have learned themselves to use well, I believe we shall continue to shine as we have during the past season or two. There is grand stuff available if it is selected rightly.

I am not one of those men who think, because they find themselves falling out of the great games they once took part in (owing to *Anno Domini* or other causes), that therefore such games are becoming decadent, that things are “ not what they used to be,” that sport is deteriorating. Not a bit of it ! I am still as enthusiastic as ever for our grand old Rugby football ; I can shout and cheer a team, as well as play the game, I hope, with the best of those who delight in seeing a keen and clean struggle.

And it is that same enthusiasm you need if you wish to excel in any sport, to make a name worth having as an exponent of this or that game. The indifferent player, the man or boy without a high standard before him, the careless and negligent performer, the lackadaisical spectator, will never be one to do or inspire glorious things. No ; it is the man with enthusiasm, with a burning zeal and desire to do his utmost for his side, with the stern determination to go “ all out for the game ” in a fair and right way, who will materially help forward any good work. The Welshmen often set us all a notable example here, as in other things, during the game. Until you have heard fifty thousand sons of the Principality sing “ Land of my Fathers ” ere the match against a famous foe starts on Cardiff ground, you do not know either what real enthusiasm means or what it can do to inspire a national fifteen. *I've* heard it, and I know the result from experience.

So what I say is, if you want to win games in

Welsh and Western Rugger

manly fashion, if you wish to gain the day by smart strategy and clever play, then enthusiasm and brain-work for the game are absolute necessities. And the sooner every boy grasps this the better it will be for himself and all his comrades in other things besides Rugby football.

A SMALL boy's temptation came
Dick's way, and he yielded.
But what happened thereafter ?

Dick's Temptation

BY

A. FRASER ROBERTSON

NO sound was heard in the hot school-room on the close July day save the "scratch-scratch" of pens over paper. The Second Form of St. Oswald's was having its final exam. A special prize awaited the boy who came out top. The backing was pretty even between Tom Sandeman and Dick Pratt. Tom was all frothing, sparkling, effervescing genius. Dick was stolid and steady. It was a case of "the hare and the tortoise." So one boy, more brilliant than his fellows, recalled the Latin fable. "I put my money on Tarty!" he had wound up.

And now the exam. was working to an end. The buzz and drone of insects hummed through the airless room and mingled with the pen-scraping. Dick lifted a flushed, freckled face to the blackboard on which the questions were displayed.

"Name the different kinds of adverbs, and give examples!"

He read the question. Hitherto his pen had scratched ahead without a pause. Now suddenly, inexplicably, as the chalked words stood out clear before his eye, his mind became a blank! Whether it was

Dick's Temptation

the heat joined to the long strain it would be hard to say, but the simple question fairly stumped him.

He pushed his hair from his brow feverishly, as if to clear his brain. It was no good! An anxious, sidelong glance at his next neighbour, Sandeman, showed him his rival scribbling away for all he was worth, with the air of a man taking the hurdles with ease. At sight of him a sort of desperation seized Dick. As in a flash he seemed to see Tom carrying all before him, his own people's disappointment, the coveted sovereign his father had promised him receding. It was unthinkable! And to be baulked by this easy, almost childish, question!

He bit his pen fiercely. The minutes were flying. In ten more at most the ominous words "Time's up!" would fall on the air. If only he could get a lead!

He turned his eyes once more on Tom. Then abruptly, on the impulse of the moment, he moved nearer. His eye wandered, wavered, lighted on his neighbour's page. "*Manner!*" It was the one word that he caught, but it brought back a flash of light!

What a fool he had been! Why, the answer was as simple as A.B.C.! His heart gave a great thump. Time, Place, Manner! Why, *of course!* What had he been dreaming of? Had he not known the answer to the question as well as he knew his own name, only it had escaped him for the moment? A lead, of course, was all he had needed.

No more stoppings now! He bent his head. His pen flew over the paper giving examples. He flowed on easily to the end. But neither did Sandeman seem to suffer from obstacles. Dick knew somehow that he too sailed on without let or hindrance.

"Time's up!" There was the sound of throwing down of pens, of a muffled thumping of blotting-paper on the written pages. Presently the boys clattered to their feet and streamed out.

"Beastly swot in this weather!" remarked Sandeman as he found himself in line with Dick.

“Only a Lead”

“Beastly!” agreed Dick, and mopped his brow. Yes, now that the strain was over, surely in all his life he had never felt so appallingly, so grillingly hot!

“I say,” proposed Sandeman, “what do you say to a swim? Let’s do something to get the beastly taste out of our mouths!”

Dick nodded, but in his secret heart he was astonished to find how reluctant he was to do as his companion suggested. Later he cut short the time in the water.

“I believe I’ll scoot,” he said. “So long!” and took himself off, leaving the others behind.

No sooner did he find himself alone on the cool, tree-shaded road that led homewards than his thoughts, like his own bow when it had been too long bent, sprang back to the exam.

“What a bally idiot I was not to twig the meaning of that easy question!” he reflected. “Of course I didn’t really *read* ‘Sandy’s’ answer. One word was all I saw. It was really only a lead I wanted!”

Involuntarily he quickened his steps as home came in sight. The house door was open. His mother came down the gravel path to meet him.

“Well,” she asked him, smiling, “how did it go off? How do you think you did?”

“Oh, all right,” he answered. “I think so, anyway. But a chap can never tell.”

She linked a hand lovingly within his arm. At touch of her fingers he was suddenly seized with a mighty longing to speak out, to tell her of that awful moment of blank ignorance, of how (so he put it to himself) he had got a lead from Sandeman. And then somehow something stopped him. The words stuck in his throat.

“How long will it be before the results are known?” his mother asked him, and he replied—

“A week or so.”

At something in his tone she searched his face with suddenly attentive eyes.

“I shall be glad when school is over and we get off to the seaside. The strain of these exams. in this

Dick's Temptation

weather, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade——”

She did not finish. He shifted uneasily beneath her eye. Against his will he turned his head away.

“I’m as spry as a two-year-old, mater!” he reassured her lightly. “Don’t you worry!”

After that there was his father to interview.

“Coming out top, eh?” Mr. Pratt rallied him playfully. “I fancy,” with pretended ruefulness, “I’ve got to fork out before long!”

Dick smiled in response, but only himself knew the effort it cost him. “A chap can never tell just how he has done!” he said.

“Doesn’t want to seem too cocksure!” Mr. Pratt observed to his wife later. “At least the boy has the grace of modesty. But you can see with half an eye he’s fairly certain inside.”

As the days passed Dick began to feel a strange uneasiness, a discomfort that grew and increased. At first he tried to stifle it. It was all tommy-rot! Only a silly ass would be so chock-full of scruples! Cheat! Ridiculous word to apply to the momentary glance he had thrown over Sandeman’s shoulder—really just to get the hang of the question. Once on the right tack, the rest had been easy.

And yet—and yet—— Try as he would somehow he couldn’t feel happy in his mind. He couldn’t get the beastly thing out of his head.

“Got it settled already—what the sov.’s to be squandered on?” his father chaffed him one day. “Golf clubs, or is it to be a bat and wickets?”

Dick gave a sickly smile in reply. And then of a sudden he knew there was something that turned the subject stale—worse than stale! What was it? What was it that made him shun Sandeman at school, though the two had always, up till then, been chums?

At night he couldn’t sleep for thinking of the horrid thing. Cheat! The word in its five letters stood out before his mind as glaring as a catherine-wheel on a

“ Off his Feed ”

pitchy night. *That* was what he was, call it by whatever name he might ! Of course there were lots of chaps who wouldn't call it by that name. Still, still—there it was !

His thoughts sped on. What if he should come out top ? His heart sickened and sank. He broke into a cold perspiration. His fancy piled on the agony. What if just the marks from that one question should make all the difference—turn the scale ? It was in the night-time when things looked black and hideous that these thoughts tortured him. He had always slept like a top up till now. When he did sleep now as often as not he waked with nightmare.

“ The boy isn't looking himself,” Dick's mother, with anxious, troubled eyes, remarked to Dick's father. “ I'm certain the exam.'s at the bottom of it. I hate this cramming system of the day ! ”

“ Pooh ! Dick is hardly that sort ! ” demurred Mr. Pratt. “ More likely it's the heat, the strain of running or playing cricket.”

But as the days passed the boy's misery increased till it amounted to real suffering.

“ You're eating nothing, dear ! ” his mother would remark at breakfast. And Dick would redden to the roots of his hair, and mutter “ he was off his feed ! The heat was enough to make any fellow go off his feed ! ”

Once again he was sorely tempted to tell his mother. One night she came to bid him good-night after he was in bed, as was her custom. It wasn't dark outside, but the blinds were down and the room kindly shaded. He was tossing and turning, and she laid a cool hand on his lying outside the coverlet.

“ Not asleep yet, dear ? ” she asked.

Should he tell her ? Great Scot ! What unspeakable relief just to be a kid again and blab it all out on her breast ! Then some one from downstairs called her at the moment, and the words that had almost shaped themselves on his lips died there.

Dick's Temptation

"It's so beastly hot!" he muttered, and turned his face to the wall.

They were to be out to-morrow—the results of the exam. What if he came out top! This was the awful thought that haunted him. First, say, by the skin of his teeth—the "skin of his teeth" being that narrow margin of that one question he had filched from 'Sandy!' He was a thief, as surely as if he had snatched "Sandy's" money from his pocket. Could he bear it? There was no way out. He would *have* to bear it. To take again what was not really his, to let every one believe he was victor. If he didn't then he'd have to face the master and the boys, and make a clean breast of it. His heart sank to his boots. He couldn't do it—*couldn't—couldn't!*

"Richard," Mrs. Pratt observed in anxious tones to her husband, "the boy is *not* well. I'll get Dr. Denton to see him. He went off practically without breakfast to-day. Whatever you say, I know it's the exam. that's preying on him. The results are to be out to-day."

"Then things will be better, one way or the other," Mr. Pratt reassured her.

His mother was watching at the gate and caught sight of the boy as he turned the corner. He was alone. He came on, running—radiant. It was all right, then. He had won! Her heart leaped. A lump rose in her throat—a mist swam before her eyes. As he came up to her he threw an arm round her waist.

"You've come out top, dear?" she queried, a fond eye on the flushed face, and she bent to kiss him.

"Nothing of the sort, mate!" he rejoined with a laugh, and the sound was oddly, ridiculously gleeful. "Sandy's come out top. Five better than me! Shows, as I've always said, a chap never knows just how he's done!"

For a moment the mother fell back dismayed. Anon she thrilled. Was it not the conduct of a hero—this brave front Dick was showing, now that the blow had actually fallen?

“ I’m Glad ! ”

“ I’m so sorry, dear ! ” she sympathized. Impulsively he turned to her. Suddenly the round, freckled face worked and quivered, the nether lip trembled. She saw and knew there was something amiss. “ What is it, darling ? ” she queried softly.

Then he told her.

“ If—if I’d come out first—first, say, by the marks of that one question, I’d have felt a mean skunk—a contemptible sneak ! I should have had to own up, and—mater—I don’t believe I *could* have faced up to it. I’m *glad* I’ve come out second ! ”

She smiled tremulously.

“ I feel better,” Dick spoke again after a pause, and laughed, “ now that, like Topsy, I’ve ‘fessed ! ”

Suddenly the mother’s voice was unsteady, her eyes misty.

“ Dear ! ” she said, and her fingers pressed Dick’s arm. “ It is more to me to know that my boy’s conscience is *still* tender, that he is sorry for and hates the sin he has been guilty of—more to me than if he had won a dozen prizes ! ”

AN account of one of the
greatest and busiest cities of
the Empire—Liverpool.

An Empire Gateway

BY

FISHER TOWNSHEND

SUCH a very large proportion of the boys and girls of the Empire have passed through Liverpool on their way out to the wider world over-seas, that I feel sure they will like to know something of the great city and its greater docks.

Now Liverpool should have interest for the Empire-builders in the colonies, not only because they took their departure from its wonderful floating quay, but also from the fact that the city, like the great cities of Canada and Australia, has grown up altogether within comparatively recent years. It is a new city, without a past and without antiquities.

Of course in a sense every place has a past ; its natural features will remain what they were before building began, and generally every city of consequence has had a nucleus around which the modern streets have grown. Well, Liverpool had the usual small beginning, but it remained small and unimportant until after the reign of Charles II., and even then its growth was not rapid, and it did not start stretching itself until the days of the slave trade. It was to supply the colonies with the cheap labour of slaves that the

Very Early Days

merchants of Liverpool took to building ships on a large scale and sending them out to the African coast to kidnap unsuspecting blacks, and take them across the Atlantic. But I shall have more to say about that presently.

There is something that is curious in the slight ancient history of Liverpool, one or two things that, rising out of the mists of antiquity, still retain their mistiness. According to the old monkish historian, Richard de Cirencester, the site of Liverpool formed part of the kingdom of the Brigantes, which in the time of the Romans consisted of four clans. During the Heptarchy the north bank of the Mersey was included in Northumberland, or formed part of the kingdom of Deira. In the eighth century the Danes made settlements on both banks of the Mersey, but they left behind them nothing but a few names of villages and townships. Then William the Conqueror granted the district lying between the Ribble and the Mersey to Roger of Poitiers, who divided it amongst his followers in return for military service.

But there was no Liverpool as yet, not even the name. Nor does Domesday Book ever mention it, which is probably rightly attributed to the fact that it was at that time but a hamlet attached to Walton and called Smedune. In Henry II.'s first charter, Smedune, or Esmedune, is mentioned before Allerton, or Speke, and immediately after Woolton. Smedune may, therefore, be considered as a hamlet or manor approached by Smetham Lane, and the original Liverpool. In a second charter of Henry II. (in 1173) the "town" is described as a "place which the Lyrpul men call Litherpul." This is the earliest known record of "Liverpool." King John, who had not yet been bearded by the barons (indeed was not yet king), executed a deed or charter about 1190 confirming the grant of Smedune, with other manors, to Henry Fitzwarine. In this document the name of *Liverpul* appears.

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Here are a few of the old ways of spelling Liverpool : Lyrpul, Litherpul, Ly'rpole, Lyverpool, Livrepol, Lyverpol, Liverpole, Lerpoole, Leerpool, Leverpole, and Leverpool.

As in other places, there has been a lot of speculation as to the origin of the name of Liverpool. One ingenious hypothesis is drawn from the seal of the city. This shows a bird, which some etymologists have likened to a dove, with an olive-branch in its beak, which olive-branch has been corrupted into seaweed ! By others this fabulous fowl is supposed to be a falcon, the spoonbill, the pelican, and one authority even goes so far as to call it the "bird of Jupiter, with lightning in its beak." Well, it certainly looks as much like an eagle as it does a dove, and *vice versa*.

For my part I think I shall remain satisfied with the supposition that the word is derived from the Welsh Llyvrpool, "the expanse of the pool," which pool was on the original site and became the Old Dock, and finally was built upon.

And then, for those who object to a Welsh derivation, here is yet another, and just as plausible. There are still families in the neighbourhood of Liverpool who bear upon their coats-of-arms this weird bird, the symbol of the city. Some of these call the creature "the lever" or leveret, and say that Liverpool is simply the "pool of the lever." But others represent the creature as the blue-duck or blue-shoveller, a bird once common enough in the marshy pools and inlets along the shores of the Mersey. Finally, if my reader is not clear as to the etymology of the word "Liverpool," I beg he will write to the College of Heralds and ask them, and—believe what they tell him ! And there have been, and still are, families in Liverpool bearing the name of Lever. One of them became famous by inventing the "lever watch," while another endeavours to wash the world.

Well, Liverpool has at last got a name, but it is not much of a town as yet. Indeed, excepting in books, it

Royal Charters

has no antiquities. There is not a vestige of any very ancient buildings. In Water Lane there once stood the old Tower of Liverpool, supposed to have been built by King John's commands, or permission, when he erected lodging-houses (called *burgages*) for the merchants whom he hoped to attract to the place. This town was demolished soon after the Restoration, though a small portion remains as the entrance to Tower Gardens. Besides this there are the remains of an Abbey, founded by Henry II., at Birkenhead, and an old well at Wavertree bearing the date 1414.

Henry II. gave Liverpool its first charter, but it was King John who, by repurchasing the Manor from Henry Fitzwarine, and building a castle, made it into a town, confirming its rights in a charter. John also built 168 "burgage-houses," or tenements, as stated above, so that as a seaport Liverpool may claim to be of royal foundation. But King John's solicitude was not for Liverpool—at least, not primarily. Strongbow had partially conquered Ireland, and John wanted a port nearer than Bristol from which to dispatch arms and men to his aid. But apart from this the King certainly was fond of his ports, and encouraged trade and shipping all he could, granting them special privileges and offering inducements to the merchants to settle and develop the shipping and allied industries. Thus he charged but small rents for his burgage-houses, because he wanted merchants, sailors, and fishermen.

Then King John, who had signed so many small charters, had to sign one of tremendous magnitude and importance. This, of course, was *Magna Charta*. A rising followed when the shifty King tried to wriggle out of his bond, and the French were invited by the Barons to help them against the King. One consequence was that John put a garrison into Liverpool, in 1215. The next date of importance is 1229, when Henry III. granted Liverpool a charter of incorporation. It was not until 1880 that the borough was made into a city by royal charter.

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Then ensued for the little town a long period of struggle. The Black Death swept over it in the fourteenth century, and in 1360 carried off a large part of its population. Its trade increased very slowly. At the end of the fourteenth century the Crown revenues derived from the town were but £38, and they declined from that modest figure.

In the next century, owing to the Wars of the Roses, the depression in trade was very severe, and the revenues declined until the time of Charles I., when they stood at £14 6s. 8d.

Yet though trade was bad, Liverpool was not asleep. A traveller, who visited the town at the beginning of the sixteenth century, writes, with an enviable freedom in spelling—

"Lyrpole, alias Lyverpool, a pavèd town, hath but a chapel. Walton a IIII miles off, not far from the se, is the parochie chirch ; the king hath a castelet there, and the earl of Derby hath a stone-house there. Irish merchants come much thither, as to a good haven ; after that Mersey water cumming towards Runcorn in Cheshire, liseth among the commone people the name, and is called Lyrpole.

"At Lyrpole a small custume paid, that causeth merchants to resorte ; good merchandise at Lyrpole, and much Yrish yarn, that Manchester men do by ther."

The statement that Liverpool was a paved town shows clearly enough that the inhabitants were not despairing of better things, even though in 1571 they had to petition Queen Elizabeth, praying that "her Majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpool" might be let off the Armada subsidy. It was the trade with Ireland that showed the greatest falling off, for about this time Manchester manufacturers had discovered the way to mix wool and silk, the latter material being then introduced from Italy, Spain, and Flanders. As the new material caught on the manufacture of linen declined, and with it the trade in Irish flax. The small impor-

Taken by Assault

tance of the port of Liverpool is shown by an official list of its shipping at this time :—

SHIPPING OF LIVERPOOL IN 1540.

Vessel.	Tons.	Men.	Vessels.	Tons.	Men
I	40	12	I	16	6
I	36	10	3	15	16
I	30	8	2	12	10
I	20	7	2	6	6

In the Armada year, when it grumbled so much at having to pay £15 ship money, the town sent as Member to Parliament the "wisest, wittiest, and meanest of men," Sir Francis Bacon. The town had then 1,000 inhabitants, and they were beginning to be dissatisfied with the way they were governed, so they elected a Common Council, consisting of Mayor and Aldermen.

During the altercation between Charles I. and Parliament Liverpool defended itself against the royalist forces. The inhabitants were assisted by a large influx of Irish who had escaped the massacre of 1641. It was three times besieged. The second siege was begun by Prince Rupert on the 2nd of June, 1644. The inhabitants fought with fury and determination, but were eventually beaten, Prince Rupert entering the place on June 26th, having found a weak place on the north side, which he stormed at 3 o'clock in the morning. From the wall to the High Cross there then ensued an indiscriminate massacre, until the Castle was surrendered by Colonel More of the Parliamentary Army to save further carnage. But the Royalists soon had to give way in their turn, and Liverpool was reoccupied by Cromwell's men, Colonel Birch being appointed governor.

Not long after these events the merchants of Liverpool began to issue trade tokens to facilitate transactions between buyer and seller. The two earliest known are those of George Bennet and of the Apothecaries' Company, both bearing the same date.

Charles I. proved to be a good friend to Liverpool,

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although he knew it not. When he was short of money in 1628 he sold about a thousand of the royal estates and manors for £367,000. The Londoners who bought them got them off their hands as opportunity offered, and among them was Liverpool, the Crown rights of which—barring a rent—they sold in 1632 to Lord Maryborough for £450, just that and nothing more. A few years afterwards his lordship redeemed the rent of £14 6s. 8d. which had been reserved, and thus became the owner in fee simple. In 1672 these rights were leased by the Corporation for a thousand years for £30 a year, and rather more than a century afterwards the Corporation bought the reversion for £2,250. In 1857, when the Dock Board was formed, these dues were taken over by the new trust in exchange for a million and a half compensation, and they now return about £270,000 a year. Truly communities benefit by impecunious kings.

Liverpool was now growing apace. In 1730 its population was 12,000, three times what it had been thirty years earlier. In this year it had 166 ships of the total tonnage of 9,766, manned by 1,710 sailors. Forty years later, in 1770, the people numbered 35,000, and sent abroad 309 ships. And hereby hangs a tale.

The shipowners of England had discovered that the plantations of the West Indies required workers. During the troublous times prisoners of war and certain delinquents had been transported to the American colonies into what was veritable slavery. But the supply was not equal to the demand, and adventurers sought the coasts of Africa for black labour.

It was an inhuman traffic, and brutally conducted. It is hard to realize now that devout and sincerely religious people could sanction such a foul trade, yet ministers of religion were almost unanimous in their advocacy of slavery, and could quote Scripture in support of their opinions. So entirely did the slave trade and privateering engross the attention of all classes

A Horrible Traffic

that there was, says a contemporary, "not a person in all the town of any respectability who was not in some way connected either with one or the other." And those words were not uttered in condemnation !

From a truly horrible list, dated 1752, I have drawn a few items. It is a list of vessels trading from Liverpool to the coast of Africa. It is a carefully compiled list, and gives the names of commanders and owners of the vessels, the cruising ground, and the number of slaves each ship could carry—

	Slaves.
Antigua merchant, Robert Thomas, Angola—J. Gildort & Co. ...	206
Barbados merchant, John Wilson, Angola—G. Campbell & Co....	500
Brooke, Thos., Kewley, Old Callabar—Roger Brooks & Co.	400
Foster, Edward Cropper, Benin—Foster, Cunliffe, & Co.	200

The whole list of slavers contains 80 vessels with a capacity together of 26,210 slaves.

When we consider that this fearful list comprised the slavers of one town only, and that many other ports were sending out vessels to engage in this profitable trading, we are able to realize to some extent the horrible enormity of the trade. For Liverpool the effect was marvellous. Its population doubled in thirty years, so that in 1801 it stood at 78,000. But in 1807 the slave trade was abolished. It was high time, for Liverpool ships alone carried 43,755 slaves in the year. Of course, every boy knows that the abolition of this awful traffic was largely the work of two noble-minded men, Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce, who formed the Anti-slavery Society, and worked in Parliament until the vile thing was abolished.

Another demoralizing trade that at this time engaged the attention of Liverpool merchants was privateering. There was much excuse for them, for French and afterwards American privateers had done much damage to their vessels, especially in 1756, when the French, with swift, well-armed privateers, overran the seas round Great Britain. At one time as many as 120 privateers

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were fitted out in Liverpool. The results were exciting, but demoralizing.

It was not until the close of the seventeenth century that Liverpool was freed from ecclesiastical dependence on Walton. Then an Act was passed, in the tenth year of William III.'s reign, empowering the corporation to build a new church, St. Peter's. It is mentioned as a market town for the first time in 1557, when the market was held at High Cross, near the top of Chapel Street. Another interesting record was the construction of St. James's Mount. This was a work for the relief of the poor, during the severe frost of 1776, at the expense of the then Mayor, Johnson.

In appearance Liverpool is a smaller London, its streets, shops, and houses being planned on the same general style. But there is one considerable difference, however. This is the strange mingling of the ragged and shabby with the crowd of well-to-do. This prominence of the very poor is due to the town's occupying a somewhat narrow strip along the river front, so that its docks and dockside loafers skirt its whole length on the west, and its poorer quarters on the north and east are within easy reach of its centre. But the town is getting tired of showing its worst side to the arriving visitors, and is making splendid efforts to combat the "poverty problem." It is a difficult question, for the port necessarily receives, not only the crowds of sailors and foreigners that add so largely to its death-rate, but the needy from Ireland and elsewhere, too poor to move farther inland, and satisfied to pick up a scanty living in carrying passengers' luggage and doing other odd jobs. As a corollary the workhouse and industrial schools are amongst the largest of Liverpool's public buildings.

Liverpool is a very progressive city. Its Corporation is one of the richest in the country, owning large landed estates, and deriving an enormous revenue from its rates, its water system, its tramways, etc. Its water system is the envy of many other places, for the Cor-

The Bay of Biscay

poration, with an eye to the future, in 1881 obtained possession of the valley of the Vyrnwy in Montgomeryshire, and there constructed the largest artificial lake in the world, it being twelve miles in circumference.

The water collected in this lake is brought to Liverpool by an aqueduct seventy-seven miles long, which dives right under the Mersey and the Ship Canal.

Liverpool also spends a great deal of money and thought on matters connected with the health of the people. It has a fine system of public parks, and annually spends over £20,000 on their maintenance. Then it would be difficult to name a finer group of buildings than that around St. George's Hall. The space around which these noble buildings stand has been likened by Liverpool people, from its breeziness, to the Bay of Biscay. The museum, the free library, and the art gallery are all worthy neighbours of the magnificent St. George's Hall, and each of them is in the front rank as regards their contents and the work they do.

Liverpool has few manufactures. Its prosperity depends on its shipping; and its docks, which occupy the whole of its river-side, are its principal feature. There are no private wharves in Liverpool, no walks by the river except along the dock jetties, and the whole business of local river communication is concentrated on the great landing-stage, which cost a quarter of a million of money to build. This vast floating platform, 2,063 feet long, and 80 feet wide, is connected with the shore by eight bridges, which follow the stage as it rises and falls with the tide, a rise and fall that is never less than 13 feet and sometimes exceeds 27. The tide is the most important in the island, for the Ordnance datum level for Great Britain—that is, the zero or starting-point from which all the heights of our hills and valleys are measured—is the level of the Liverpool mean tide as ascertained by the Royal Engineers in 1844, which is about 8 inches below the general height of the sea round our coast.

An Empire Gateway

Liverpool's first dock was formed in 1709, on the site where the Customs House now stands. It was a necessity owing to the estuary being too stormy for the shipping of the period, the original harbour being the creek that entered the Mersey at right angles—the "pool," in short, from which the town took its name. In the old maps this pool is shown, and its position can still be traced by the lay of the land and the streets leading down, one of which, South Castle Street, was, until a few years back, Pool Lane.

The Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, formed in 1857, principally to deprive the Corporation of the town dues, and thus check the thriving of the town at the expense of Manchester, has now under its charge 1,611 acres, and a quay space of thirty-five miles, including the 500 acres of docks at Birkenhead, which run back about a couple of miles, among them being the West Float of 52 acres, and the East Float of 60 acres, which are the biggest on the Mersey. It has expended over twenty-two millions of money, and has an income of over a million a year, the number of vessels entering the docks being 23,640, giving a tonnage of 11,473,421. The number of ships, however, is not so true a test as the tonnage. Bigger ships are built every year, and Liverpool has more big ships on her register than any other port, owing, mainly, to her trade with America.

Sheds and warehouses occupy a prominent place in Liverpool scenery. The present writer has read of the crowds of shipping and forests of masts that others notice in the port; he has known Liverpool for three-and-twenty years, and been on the river and across the river every time he has been there, and has never been fortunate enough to see those forests. Really, the striking thing is not the shipping, but the way the shipping disappears behind the sheds and warehouse walls, and is lost against the background of houses. There are over a hundred docks, including the branches and graving-docks, stretching from

A Matter of Minutes

Hornby in the north to Herculaneum in the south. Round most of these docks and all along the river side of them are the warehouses, so that there are over six miles of walls, with only an occasional break where a road may run down or a gate give admission. The ships are consequently hidden behind these walls, and all that can be seen of them from the river is a spar here and there or the top of a funnel. The best view of the shipping is obtainable, not from the river but from the overhead electric railway, which runs along the whole of the river-side, taking in the entire range of docks in its course. This is the only overhead railway in England, and is carried along on iron pillars 16 feet above the roadway.

He who would know Liverpool must go into the docks themselves and take its shipping in detachments. He can easily spend a week there of very tiring days, for he will have to be continually amid the bustle of loading and unloading and hauling in and out, and among the trucks drawn and driven with many a jolt and clatter by the dwarf engines, which seem to be engaged in outmanœuvring the wagons and drays. These rumble along behind files of excellent horses which wear cloths all the time, owing to their having to stand about in the chilly gusts that seem to come from a different direction round every corner.

The celerity with which the liners are loaded and unloaded, and the many ways in which the cargo is attacked by the cranes and whips and falls and slopes and slides that are simultaneously brought to bear on it are really surprising. But the most noticeable thing is the punctuality with which the work is done. The ships, of course, must enter the dock within two hours before and an hour after high-water, but their handling is not a matter of hours ; it is a matter of minutes. The last forlorn group of steerage passengers saunters aboard at the stroke of the hour, and before the clock has ceased striking the big ship leaves the quayside. And when in the afternoon she comes to

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the landing-stage to take up her first-class passengers direct from the river-side station, she arrives to the minute. At two minutes to her time her hooter begins. As the clock is on the strike it stops, and the hawsers begin to be cast off ; as it finishes striking the ship is clear and under way. And ten minutes afterwards she is out of sight on her way to Queenstown as if she had been an express train.

And thus we can leave Liverpool, sitting beside the sea, with her ships searching out every ocean and port on the globe, and in especial those sister ports now growing strong in distant parts of the British Empire. Liverpool may be jealous of London, Glasgow, Dublin, or Cardiff, but for the Overseas Empire ports she can have only a kindly interest and concern.

A LITTLE reminder that to let jealousy get hold of one in boyhood may help to endanger one's manhood.

Rivals

BY

W. HARVEY-JELLIE

GREYSTONES boasted of being one of the largest and finest of the foundation schools of England. It contained well over five hundred boys, and there were few schools it could not meet either in games or in work. Its two most popular boys were Alfred Newcome and Ralph Pearson.

These two were quite unlike each other. Newcome, the elder of the two, was quiet, reserved, calculating ; and under his determined, plodding work there lay a boundless ambition always to be first. Pearson, on the other hand, was lively, quick at his work, and impulsive in his actions, but with an ambition as strong as ever a lad possessed. Newcome and Pearson became not only fast friends but keen rivals.

Never did they play up in better style than in the annual match with St. Augustine's. The teams were fairly level and the ground crowded. Cheer after cheer had rung out, first for one side, then for the other, as brilliant runs were made ; but half-time came with two goals to each. The second half was now being played with a determination and skill that sent the onlookers wild with excitement. But neither side

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had gained a point. Three minutes only remained in which to prevent a draw, when at last the chance came to Greystones.

Newcome had secured the ball, and Pearson was backing up in splendid style. Swerving cleverly through the St. Augustine's team, he drew near the goal-line.

"Go it, Newcome!" yelled admiring spectators. But at that moment Newcome fell, collared low by the St. Augustine's back. Yet, even as he fell, he passed in fine style, and Pearson ran in between the posts.

"Hard lines, old man," said Pearson, as he walked off the ground with Newcome, while his name echoed all around; "it was really your goal."

"Not a bit," said Newcome. But there was a note of resentment in his voice which Pearson had never heard before. "But I should have liked to have got in."

Of course people praised both of them; but all the same Newcome's resentment rankled deep in his heart. He began to see in Pearson not only a friendly rival, but a younger competitor who might surpass him and win the honours which he had set his heart upon. He never gave one outward sign that his friendship was waning; but little by little bitter feelings of envy and unkindness began to possess him. He half feared that Pearson might carry off the scholarship—and he had set his heart on going to the University.

Some three weeks later, he was called to the Doctor's study, and then found his opportunity of putting his ill-will into practice.

"Newcome," said Dr. Mears, "I want to talk to you about the conduct of the Upper Sixth. You are Senior Prefect; and there has been some little disorder lately——"

A sharp rap at the door interrupted the Doctor, and he hastened from his study to give an urgent order to the second master. He was not absent two minutes; but those two minutes proved to be a critical time in Newcome's early life.

“I don't care”

Stepping hastily forward, fired with curiosity to discover what the Doctor had been writing, he bent over the desk, and there before him lay the examination paper in political economy—his weak subject, and the one in which he most feared Pearson.

Before the Doctor returned, Newcome had read the paper from top to bottom, and when, ten minutes later, he left the study, he felt certain of the scholarship.

“I know I'm a beast and a cad,” he said to himself as he hurried along the corridor; “but I don't care; I don't intend Pearson to shove me out.”

The fellows were so keen about the result of the competition between Newcome and Pearson that they forgot almost everything else in their excitement. Speech Day proved a great success. The prizes had all been distributed, and at length the Doctor rose to report on the scholarship exam. His speech was rather long, and everybody waited impatiently for the closing words: “And so it was the political economy that settled the matter, and the scholarship is awarded to Alfred Newcome.”

“Beastly luck for me,” said Pearson when he met Newcome, “and it was my strong subject too. How did you manage it? Congratulations, all the same, old chap. I always knew you were the better man.”

“Sorry, Pearson, you know,” replied Newcome, “but we couldn't both have it; and you'll get on yet.”

But as Newcome left at the end of the term he felt and knew that he was a cad.

The magnificent offices of Sir William Neil stood in one of the finest streets of a busy seaport. And Sir William was well known as one of the strongest and wealthiest contractors in the land. He knew a capable man, and paid him well. Prosperity was to be won in his service.

This was what Alfred Newcome was thinking about as he sat one bright summer afternoon looking out from his office window towards the sea.

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"Hard lines again!" he muttered to himself. "That fellow always seems to be dogging my steps. . . . Wish I knew what to do."

Newcome had been in the firm for some four years since leaving the University, and already he had won Sir William's expressed approval. But he had been intensely annoyed to find that his old rival, Ralph Pearson, had entered the same firm immediately after leaving Greystones, and that, by steady, plodding work, he had rapidly risen to a position in which almost any advancement seemed possible.

The two young men were continually meeting one another, and everything seemed pleasant between them. Pearson was hearty and genial, and the incident of the scholarship seemed to have been absolutely forgotten by him. But events were hastening on to a revival of all those bitter feelings which lingered deep in Newcome's heart towards his bright school friend.

A few evenings later Newcome was one of a small party yachting in a boat belonging to Sir William. He was sitting in the stern gaily chatting with Sir William's pretty daughter, Eileen. He had had no time even to observe the other members of the party, and he was quite content to amuse himself in the company of the merry girl, with her laughter and chatter. Indeed, Newcome already had made up his mind to do his best to win her and thus find his way into the coveted partnership with Sir William.

But before the evening was gone he saw signs that it was to Pearson that Eileen gave her kindest glances.

When Newcome walked home alone after sunset his heart was filled with bitter hatred to his old friend.

"No," he muttered, "I'll not stand it—to see Pearson get that girl away from me and perhaps also the place I want in the partnership. Not I! . . . I must get him out of the way somehow—I must watch my chance."

And the chance came sooner than he had expected—the chance for an action as mean and low as ever man had committed.

“For the best”

Three weeks had passed, and the office of Sir William was the scene of unusual excitement. All day long he had been closeted with important visitors and officials—his own managing clerks, his bankers, and finally, the heads of the police.

Meantime Alfred Newcome was awaiting in dogged silence his own call to the office of his chief—and his brow was darker and gloomier than ever. He had discovered, only a few days previously, some sheets of paper in a blotting-pad in the office upon which the signature of Sir William had been imitated time after time. And its connection with the recently discovered clumsy forgery had flashed into his mind. Acting upon the thought that his chance had at last come, he had carefully examined the writing. There was no doubt that it had a close resemblance to Pearson's, and Newcome remembered that his old rival had always had a special weakness for copying handwriting. It had been an easy matter to take the slips of paper from the discarded blotting-pad and to insert them in the drawer of Pearson's desk. And now he was waiting ready to deliver a blow that would for ever remove his rival.

“Sir William,” he said, as he sat with the old man an hour later, “I deeply regret that those forged signatures should have been found in my friend's desk. But as you have had the office searched we must abide by the results.”

“Well, Newcome, it looks bad for Pearson. I honestly like the fellow, and I was prepared to make his way easy to success. But I confess things look all against him. And you have known him from school-days. I think it will lie with you to clear him, if any man can do so.”

“You may rely upon me, sir, to act for the best,” said Newcome, as he left the office ; but he saw his chance.

It was a bad case for poor Pearson ; and when he stood in the dock charged with practising fraud upon his employer to the extent of nearly £10,000, it seemed

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as though everything were against him. Perhaps never before did so many little circumstances combine to secure the condemnation of an innocent man, and yet the proofs of guilt were incidental rather than definite. Keen lawyers exercised their brains and brilliant barristers used all their powers on both sides. And even though no other man had been suspected, at one moment it seemed as though Pearson would be acquitted. All depended upon the evidence of his old school-fellow. But Newcome had determined to get rid of his rival at last. Instead of testifying to his good character, he withheld all that he might have said in Pearson's favour and related with a deadly literalness everything that told against him.

In the end, Pearson was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude—and Newcome *could have cleared* him.

That night Pearson sat in his prison cell, an innocent man with a blighted life, knowing that his friend had betrayed him, and meantime Newcome reclined in his easy chair, feeling sure of winning Eileen and a partnership with Sir William—though it meant a life-time with a guilty conscience.

Years had passed since the famous forgery case, and the public had forgotten the very name of Ralph Pearson. The real criminal lay in the quiet cemetery, unsuspected by all men.

Pearson, with bitterness in his heart and with a ruined life, was wearily dragging out his round of hard toil amongst the convicts of Dartmoor—wondering whether justice would ever arise to right the awful wrong under which he was groaning.

Yet Alfred Newcome had not been able to forget the past, and, try as he might, he could not banish memories of the cheery school-friend whom he had ruined out of sheer jealousy. Newcome was a successful man, respected and envied by all who knew him. He had become one of the most trusted of the younger men working with Sir William, and then his son-in-



THERE STOOD RALPH PEARSON.

“My Friend !”

law and partner. Eileen made him a charming wife. But he was not happy. By day and by night the vision of Ralph Pearson haunted him, and his friends were puzzled at his terrible depression and his half-wild looks.

Late one winter's night he sat alone in his study, dreaming over the past, while all the house was at rest. He pictured again all the incidents of life at Grey-stones—the sports, the studies, and even the minutes in the Doctor's study. He reviewed in thought his business career and the forgery trial. And bitter regret filled his mind. He had won Eileen and a partnership, but . . . well ! he would have given everything to undo the past. And yet—with home and honour and everything at stake—he was too much of a coward to speak out.

And so the hours wore on. And Alfred Newcome fell asleep in his study chair.

How long he had slept he knew not. But suddenly he awoke with a start and a sense that some one was in the room. The fire, which alone had lighted the room before he fell asleep, had gone out, and all was dark. But evidently the door was open and the person in the room was feeling for the electric light.

Newcome was afraid ! A cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and visions of all his past life seemed to flash before him as the voice of conscience haunted him with threats of coming punishment.

Suddenly the electric light flashed fully upon him, and there, a few feet from his chair, stood—Ralph Pearson !

He was dressed in the rough clothes of a workman, and his cap was pulled close down over his eyes. For a moment he stood motionless—then, with threatening gestures, he made a rapid step forward to where Newcome sat, cringing in terror before the sudden apparition of his wronged school-fellow and friend.

“Ah !” exclaimed Ralph Pearson in amazement. “Surely—yes—it is Alfred Newcome—my friend—who

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became my enemy—and who ruined all my life and hopes—you——”

“How came you here?” gasped Newcome.

“Listen, and I’ll tell you. No ! you needn’t fear though—I shall not harm you. I needn’t waste time to tell you what a mean coward you have been—you know it well enough. It is all through you that I have been in prison for years as a convict, with my life ruined and all my hopes shattered. But my time is up, I am free, and I mean to expose you, if I can. And I am not friendless.”

“Stop, Pearson, stop, for God’s sake !” cried Newcome, raising h’s head, which he had buried in his hands ; “stop ! Yes, all you say is true. But I have suffered too—suffered horribly—I am haunted by bitter remorse, and it’s killing me, killing me ! But, Pearson, I say—old man, can you forgive ? I know it’s too much to ask, but I’ll try and make amends—I’d—yes, I’d give myself up in your place if I could. I’d have done it long ago, only I couldn’t bring it on the children—and on Eileen.”

“Eileen ?” gasped Pearson. “Then she has married you ?”

“Yes !” said Newcome, and the two men were silent.

For a couple of minutes they stood face to face, both plunged deep in thought—seeing visions of the past that had been and of the future that might yet be.

“Pearson,” said Newcome at last, “can you forgive ? I know who committed that forgery. I cannot reveal the facts—you may not understand it—nobody could—but I cannot reveal them. Yet I have made up my mind. I shall deliver myself up for having caused this miscarriage of justice, and you shall be cleared ; and, Pearson, I will honestly do my best to make amends.”

“Newcome, old fellow, you’re a brick !” answered Pearson ; “you’ve ruined my life, but, no, you shall not ruin Eileen’s as well. She must never know !”

When morning dawned the two men were still talk-

Buried Memories

ing. And they had come to a decision. Pearson remained absolutely firm in his refusal to allow his early friend to denounce himself. And so they had formed a compromise. The processes of justice were tedious and intricate. But Newcome was able now to produce facts which would prove Pearson's innocence, and so clear him with Sir William ; he had also given a large part of his fortune to his old friend and secured his admission to partnership in the firm.

It was done. In one of the colonies the great contractor found a place for his injured employee, in which Pearson rose to honour and wealth.

Never could the wrongs of the past be wiped out. But Newcome had repented bitterly of the results of his mean jealousies, and through all the years to come he stuck by his old friend. And Alfred Newcome and Ralph Pearson buried the ugly memories of those unhappy years and became once more firm, true friends, as they had been in the early years at Greystones.

IT was a stirring gallop, but it
nearly ended in a tragedy.

A Kangaroo Hunt and its Sequel

BY

ONE WHO WAS THERE

IT was a glorious morning, and the tops of the tall gum-trees in the paddock were already glittering in the golden rays of the rising sun. Hundreds of white cockatoos screamed a welcome to us, as, laden with saddle and bridle, we wended our way to the stock-yard, the laughing jackass adding his discordant notes to the general hubbub. We found the superintendent and stockman already at their posts, and in less than ten minutes we were all in the saddle and clear of the rails which surrounded the head station.

The line of country through which our road lay was as tame and uninteresting as usual—endless stretches of burnt-up pasturage, dotted with scraggy blue gum and iron-bark trees, which scarce threw a shadow on the burning ground, so scant and poor was their foliage; at one moment skirting a dense scrub, impassable save to kangaroo and wallaby, and the next, perhaps, wending our way by the side of some deep, gloomy water-hole, fit habitation for those bogies so dreaded by the Australian aborigines.

Good Advice

As we rode along Benjamin beguiled the time by giving me what he, no doubt, considered to be necessary instructions for the guidance of a "new chum"—how I was to ride, how to bridle, saddle, hobble, feed, water, and physic my horse, and myself too, I verily believe.

One piece of advice which he gave me was this: "If ever you should happen to lose your way," said he, "halt at once; it will be easier for us to find you than for you to find us." Unfortunately, I paid but little attention to his well-meant advice, for I likewise was particularly self-sufficient, and how I had reason to repent my perversity the sequel will best show.

After about three hours' gentle riding we arrived at the out-station in the vicinity of which Benjamin had decided to hunt for kangaroo. It was not much of an establishment—little better than a hovel—but clean, the shepherd and his wife being both Germans. The horses were hobbled and turned out to graze. Frau Brandt set to work to get breakfast ready. Benjamin, like worthy John Gilpin, having an eye to business as well as pleasure, started off with his superintendent to count the sheep, whilst I, spreading my blanket on the floor of the hut, quietly composed myself to sleep.

On Benjamin's return we breakfasted, and then yarned until three in the afternoon, when our leader gave the signal for starting, telling the old lady to be ready to receive us and have supper ready by sundown.

The afternoon had turned out cloudy, which was all in our favour, as the kangaroo would the sooner leave the dense scrub where they had taken shelter from the noonday heat and again commence feeding in the open. We had five dogs—three belonging to the station, and my couple—all well bred and up to their work, combining the fleetness of the greyhound with the tenacity and endurance of the sleuth-hound.

We had ridden a couple of miles or more and were

A Kangaroo Hunt

skirting a dense scrub, to the right of which lay a long stretch of open country, when we suddenly heard the heavy thud, thud of kangaroo tails, and in another minute we came in view of the whole mob making tracks at full speed across the plain.

The dogs caught sight of the game, and were off at once, and Benjamin, with a loud coo-ey, ripping the spurs into his chestnut, galloped away in full pursuit—a lead which we were none of us long in following. And now for the first time I could feel the mare under me, and I was not disappointed in her, her long, easy stride being perfection itself. The kangaroo had a good start, and for the first half-mile the dogs did not appear to gain much on the mob. Benjamin and myself rode together for some time, the ugly chestnut going in a style which I had little expected from her appearance. But the pace was killing, and the plain over which the "old man" was leading us more than a mile across.

Another half-mile, and a great change had taken place in our relative positions. Benjamin's weight beginning to tell on the mare, she gradually dropped astern, and the superintendent on his grey, coming up with a rush, was soon in his place, evidently bent on being first in at the death if a light weight and good riding could accomplish it. The dogs, all well together, were now close on to the mob, which consisted of the old man and three others. Another minute and the unfortunate lady who brought up the rear would in all probability have been turned over, when the whole lot suddenly broke, one going away to the right and two to the left, the old man alone keeping steadily along with all the dogs after him.

Although I pitied the poor old fellow, I could not help laughing at the extraordinary figure he cut, as with tremendous bounds and an occasional sly peep over his shoulder to see how things were progressing behind he made one last desperate effort to gain a clump of trees which were now but a short quarter of

Another Mob

a mile in front of him, calculating, no doubt, that they would prove a haven of safety. Less and less grew the distance between the dogs and himself, but he did succeed in gaining the timber, and I then thought it time to call upon the mare—a call to which she responded in gallant style, shooting away from the grey like a rocket.

In an instant I was close alongside the dogs, and not more than a dozen yards from the old gentleman himself, of whose tail I had already begun to concoct imaginary soup, when thud, thud, thud, away burst another mob of kangaroo right in front of us, and after these my dogs and one of Benjamin's immediately broke off, leaving the other two to settle with the old man at their leisure. I could not, of course, let my dogs hunt by themselves, so, blessing my bad luck, I pulled the mare's head round and kept away after the interlopers.

I soon found that I was in a very different sort of country from that which I had just left. The timber lay rather too close to be pleasant, and it required some steering to keep clear of trunk and branch. Fallen trees there were in abundance, some of them ugly enough for a new chum to ride over, but evidently old friends of the mare's, for she took them in her stride without effort.

Seeing that she was well up to her work, I determined to let her have her head, and soon found it was a move in the right direction, for we shortly afterwards came up with the dogs, which I had lost sight of for some minutes.

The country became more and more broken as we advanced, and a couple of dried-up watercourses, which the mare took upon her own responsibility, I should most positively have declined crossing had my blood been cooler. The pace was nothing like so severe as at starting, the dogs beginning at length to feel the broken ground and the effects of a double run. However, they kept along gamely, I shouting and yelling

A Kangaroo Hunt

at them until the mare put a stop to my music by getting her foot in a hole and coming down with a force that sent me flying out of the saddle. Luckily she was uninjured, and I only a little shaken, but it was a couple of minutes before I could "pick myself up" and manage to get into the saddle again.

The delay had thrown me a long distance in the rear, so I gave her ladyship a smart touch with the spurs, just to waken her up a little. But never in my life had I greater reason to regret such a proceeding, for she no sooner felt the rowels than with a snort of rage she gave one spring which nearly sent me flying, and with the bit between her teeth, started full tear after the dogs, I endeavouring in vain to hold her.

To the day of my death shall I ever forget that ride? The mare was perfectly frantic, and all I could do was to stick to the pigskin and wish fervently that she might break down or come to grief somehow or another, for I had lost all fear of Benjamin's displeasure, and heartily wished the brute elsewhere. My wishes, as usual, did not "come off." The mare had the endurance of an Arab, the wind of a deerhound, and the temper of a fiend. Her pace seemed to increase rather than slacken, and from sheer devilment she picked out the very ugliest places over a country by no means easy to ride over at the best of times. Now she would be topping a fallen gum-tree, now clearing by a few inches some yawning hole or gully, the very look of which was enough to take one's breath and make one close one's eyes involuntarily.

How long this pleasant state of things continued I am perfectly unable to say. To me it appeared hours, days, weeks, months, years—a whole lifetime—condensed in a few minutes. But as the longest night must have a morning, so at length the mare bethought herself that she had had nearly enough, and again settled down into a quiet canter.

It was some minutes before I could regain sufficient

Tige's Fate

composure to look about me, and when I did so I was as ignorant of my whereabouts as new chums generally are. It was an open piece of ground not far from a water-hole, and I at once saw that the mare must have covered a considerable distance during her run, for we were again close to the dogs, which, now thoroughly beaten, were only just able to crawl along after a booming old man kangaroo, who, in not much better plight, was heading direct for the water-hole.

This was indeed a most unexpected piece of luck, and for a moment my spirits were raised higher than ever, only to fall the next hopelessly below zero. As the kangaroo reached the pool he stopped, and turning his back to the water, resolutely faced his pursuers. My best dog, Tige, was the first up, and finding that he could not get at the old man's tail, he at once sprang at his throat. But he paid dearly for his temerity, for before I could dismount he lay bleeding on the ground, his body ripped open by the sharp claw of his desperate enemy. The whole thing took place in less time than I have taken to describe it.

Throwing myself from the mare, I, with one blow of my loaded riding-whip, stretched the old rascal on the turf, and my vengeance being satisfied, I next proceeded to examine poor old Tige. He was in a sad state, being ripped from the throat downwards ; but the cut was not so deep as I had at first feared, and the vitals were uninjured. I am sure I felt almost as bad as he did, poor fellow ! when, looking piteously into my face, he seemed to beg of me to do something for his relief, although what that something was to be I knew not. However, I did what I could, and after making the sufferer a bough-hut close to the water, I again turned my eyes in the direction of the spot where the dogs were licking the blood from the body of the dead kangaroo. He was a splendid fellow, and had a tail of tremendous calibre. To cut off this appendage was my next move ; having possessed myself of which trophy, I put some slices of

A Kangaroo Hunt

the flesh before Tige, and remounting the mare, endeavoured to make back-tracks.

I soon found out, however, that in Australia back-tracks were not so easily made as I had imagined. I rode and rode and rode, and the more I advanced the more perplexed and uncertain I became as to the direction of the hut. The evening wore rapidly away, and when the sun went down I was no nearer to my destination than when I started.

There was no alternative but to camp ; so, having hobbled the mare and given the dogs some kangaroo meat, I placed my saddle against a tree and endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. Sleep, indeed ! I might as well have tried to sleep on the rack. I was in the vicinity of a water-hole, and entire brigades of mosquitoes kept charging at me with a vindictiveness truly diabolical.

I had not the means of lighting a fire, and the handkerchiefs with which I might in measure have screened myself from their attacks were encasing the carcass of poor Tige. In sheer despair I took off my coat and wrapped it round my head, and after enduring half an hour's semi-suffocation, I was obliged to throw it off again and keep my enemies at bay by waving the branch of a tree, punkah fashion, in front of me.

For a couple of hours or more I kept on at this lively work, anathematizing the colony and everything belonging to it in the most bitter spirit, until through sheer exhaustion I dropped my fan and fell asleep.

My slumbers were not peaceful by any means, and every few minutes I would awake with a start. At one moment I would dream that some huge snake was dragging his slimy length across my body, and the perspiration would start from every pore, and my heart cease to beat, for I had in those days a mortal dread of all such reptiles, and my head was filled with the most horrible snake stories. Recovered in some degree from my fright, I would dream the next moment that

Hopelessly Lost!

the mare had strayed, and that I was alone in the bush without the means of extricating myself.

And so the night wore away, and the grey light of morning found me hungry, unrefreshed, dispirited, in total ignorance of my locality, and of the course I ought to steer to regain the station.

After bathing my temples in the tepid waters of the pool, I had a search for the mare ; but no mare was to be found. So, calling the dogs, I started off in the direction in which I had last seen her the previous night. And in that blessed direction I wandered and wandered and wandered, until the great red sun was high in the heavens and the heat became so intense that I was fain to lay me down at intervals and gasp for breath on the burning ground.

But why recapitulate the events of that miserable day—how I endeavoured to retrace my steps to the spot where I had left my saddle, and signally failed, only getting more hopelessly lost than ever in the attempt ; how, in my great thigh boots, I toiled along hour after hour over the arid, burnt-up plain, until the very dogs could go no farther, and yet I dragged my weary, blistered feet along, goaded onwards by the energy of despair ; how at length, utterly exhausted, I sank at the foot of a gum-tree and gave myself up for lost, the laughing jackass shrieking my requiem amongst the branches overhead ; how, as the sun went down, I fell into a feverish sleep?

From this I was aroused by the bleating of sheep. Help was come ! How I succeeded in finding the shepherd in whose hut I passed the night ; and how I was conducted the next morning with sadly dragged plumes to the station—is not the whole story too painful to be told at length?

AN accident had a most unexpected development, and led to some much-desired results.

The Old Quarry's Treasure

BY

M. B. MANWELL

"WELL alive, Muster 'Ugh ! Who'd a thought o' seeing of you !"

Old Pete Risbridger, the most venerable of the quarryfolk round Heronage, took out his pipe and slapped his leg forcibly. "'Tain't holiday time, be it now? "

"It's holiday time for me with a vengeance, Pete ! " was the moody answer to the quarryman's greeting, and young Hugh Randall, pushing his hands deeper into his pockets, turned a pair of hurt, blue eyes seawards.

Though the sun was shining gaily on the bay, and a brisk wind was chasing the white horses inshore, this world at the moment was a dark, sorrowful place for the schoolboy.

"Ain't been up to any mischief like, hey? " inquired Pete sympathetically, and his keen eyes glinted at Hugh from under his shaggy brows.

"Oh, no ! 'Tisn't me ! I haven't been up to anything," said the boy heavily. Then, with a sudden spurt as if to shift the burden off himself, he burst out desperately : "Mother can't afford to keep me at

A Lost Fortune

school any longer. That's the long and the short of it, Pete. Her bit of money's come to an end somehow, and so I've got to work, it seems, and poor little Cathie's to be packed off to our relations and—and—even mother's got to work, too." The last words came chokingly.

Then there was a silence. A gull squawked overhead, and the white horses rode inshore still more noisily.

Pete Risbridger puffed at his pipe and stared at the tumbling water ruminatively. The Randall family, an old Heronage stock, and the history thereof, were as well known to Pete as that of his own kin.

"I d' believe I do know they better," the old man muttered half aloud. "There was old Muster Randall of the High Coombe, your grandfather, Muster 'Ugh, cheery and free-handed by nature, but sore redooiced in station. His feyther 'twas the Squire who got wind that t'old bank was a-tottering, an' he took his brass out o' it prompt, thereby bringing the bank's ruin to a finish. But he gained naught arter all, for his brain it giv' way, and arter he hid away his money no man knows where, he took a shock an' died sudden, carrying the secret wi' him. An' to this day all that money be buriet somewhere about Heronage, that be sartain. An' now, you'd say the poor lady she've got to step. 'Tis tarrible grievous." Pete swept his rough hand across his eyes. "God's way be main difficult for we to understand," he went on. "Takes all us is worth jes' to trust that He will work it out bym-bye. But you've got to trust, Muster 'Ugh."

Hugh was not even listening. He was sore and vexed, through and through.

The most appalling thing that could happen to a little boy—or a big one either—had come to Hugh Randall.

His school life, which was his world, had come abruptly to an end. Worse still, so had his home. In a few short weeks there would be no more home. High Coombe would be in strangers' hands.

The Old Quarry's Treasure

The Randalls were absolutely penniless to-day, for the last shred of their dwindling fortune had been suddenly swallowed up in a business collapse.

"Do you say for certain, Pete, that my great-grandfather's money is buried in the land somewhere about Heronage?" the boy asked gloomily, after a silence.

"Sartain, Muster 'Ugh! Sure's there's a sun in the sky, old Squire Randall carried his money, and buried it safe underground, somewheers."

"Did anybody see him?" Hugh demanded eagerly.

"There was some saw he coming home-along from the downs the night afore he died. And the last words he ever spoke told how he'd buried it safe, but not where. That's so."

"I'd give anything, or do anything, to get that money, Pete. Just you think: if I could find it mother could keep on the home—and little Cathie too. And I could go back to school!" Hugh groaned.

"Now, don't 'ee take on, Muster 'Ugh!" Then, half-sheepishly, Pete added: "Jes' you keep on telling of yourself how the Lord He will provide."

"Oh, I don't know," blurted out Hugh miserably. It was all black and hopeless, and how was it possible to be cheerful?

"You come along o' me, Muster 'Ugh," said Pete compassionately. "I be going up the downs to take a look at the new pit. They may call them quarries hereabouts, but they're naught but what we calls dene-holes in my part. It started this week."

"It'll maybe take his mind off the grief," thought the old quarryman to 'himself.

"Why aren't you up at work, then?" asked Hugh, stepping into the trap.

"'Cos I've give my back a rick, and had to take a day's rest, muster."

A little later Pete and his young companion were on the downs, and at the mouth of the new quarry, watching eagerly for the trolly to work its way slowly up from the deeps with its load of stone slabs.

Where is Rags ?

"Keep back, Muster 'Ugh," shouted Pete, as the boy edged dangerously near the crank.

"I'd like jolly well to go down a quarry!" Hugh peered eagerly from his perch of stone wall into the dark well out of which the trolly would uprise. "Do they ever bring up dead bodies, d'you suppose, along with the slabs, Pete?" The boy's eyes opened wide as he pictured the arrival on the surface of some gruesome object.

"No—a," slowly said Pete. "Not so be, in my time. 'Cept once though! A poor mate o' mine, who was stooping as he piled the trolly, was crushed into the soft mud by a huge slab as fell. We brought he up in the trolly. Yes, he wor dead, Muster 'Ugh."

"Pete!" Hugh had been silently brooding. "There must be a good few old quarries?"

"'Bout here? Why—a, Heronage downs bé honey-combed wi' old quarries. Houses is built on top o' they, and in my time one fell in. The filling below had wore away, and in went the house entire. Thanks be 'twor empty, the man and his wife at work, the little children at school!"

"Here it comes!" interrupted Hugh, as the trolly heaped up with slabs appeared, with creaking groans, above the surface. "And—I say, Pete, I don't see Rags anywhere! I'll take a look round for him."

Rags was the four-footed member of the Randall family, an alert, all-alive, clever terrier, the apple of whose eye was young Hugh himself.

"Don't 'ee get into mischief, Muster 'Ugh!" called out Pete, but Hugh was out of hearing already.

The exhilarating air of the downs had made the boy feel more cheerful, though not for a moment did he forget the dark shadow that had fallen across his life-path.

"Just to think," he was muttering half aloud, "under some of these downs great-grandfather's money is lying buried at this very moment! If I only knew, if I only could get down and find it, and carry it home

The Old Quarry's Treasure

to mother!" he repeated over and over again, until his young brain seemed on fire.

Then he started violently. But it was only a wildly alarmed rabbit scudding across his feet.

"Where's Rags?" His thoughts flew off at a tangent, and he whistled loudly.

There came an answering bark, a scurrying through the bushes, and Rags's head was visible. Then a yell of terror, and the dog disappeared in what seemed to be a large, circular clump of bush and brambles.

Hugh's heart stood still. Next to mother and the little sisterling Cathie, the boy loved Rags.

For all animals he had the passionate love that is born in some natures, not in others, but Rags headed the list.

When he realized that the poor dog had fallen headlong into some pit, Hugh flew to the spot.

"It's an old, spent quarry," he gasped when he reached the edge and found the bushes were partly covering over the mouth of a stone pit.

Listening, he could hear faintly but distinctly howls of pain from Rags. The poor brute had fallen to the bottom and was terribly hurt in some way.

Without a scrap of fear, in fact, with but one thought—to reach Rags—he pushed aside the bushes and rank weeds cautiously until he found the steps or foot-holes, now almost moss-grown.

With never a look behind, the boy began the descent. It took time and care, but every forlorn howl of anguish from the hapless Rags fired his owner with the determination to reach him.

At last, when it was almost quite dark, Hugh's foot touched the soft, wet mud of the bottom.

"Where are you, poor old dog, poor old Rags, then?"

A perfect yell of mingled joy and pain guided Hugh on until his hand touched something warm in the total darkness. It was Rags's quivering body.

Gently lifting the dog and feeling him over Hugh

A Padlocked Box

knew that a hind leg was broken by the way it was hanging.

"Poor old doggums then, we shall soon get you put right! Pete's a rare hand at a bit of bone-setting!"

Rags whimpered gratefully as though he actually agreed that Pete was the man who was wanted.

Cuddling the sufferer close, Hugh turned to retrace his steps, but the darkness was so great that he walked some way without finding the foot-holes to ascend.

"This old quarry is jolly large down below. Never knew they were like this. Perhaps——" Hugh was about to suggest to himself that he must have turned into a subterranean passage when something fell at his feet. It was something that his hand had touched and dislodged as he guided himself along.

Stooping, he felt it was a small padlocked box. He could feel the padlock.

A rush of blood ran like fire through his veins, his brain whirled.

"What if——" He suddenly remembered great-grandfather's money. "Oh, Rags, dear, if it should be that!" he gasped out sobbingly. "Let's get to the top! Oh, mother, mother!" Hugh was nearer crying than anything else.

But he pulled himself together and stumbled on with his double burden, the dog and the box.

On, on, on he trudged, but there seemed no ending.

"We must have got into a long, underground passage," he wailed, and, by this time, though Hugh did not know it, his face was wet with tears. "We shall go back, anyhow, Rags! It's quite clear we are walking away from the mouth of the quarry!"

Turning right about face Hugh tramped sturdily back, clutching Rags and the box to his chest.

On on! The way back was as weary—wearied as the way forward.

The boy's short legs began to ache, and silent tears dropped on Rags's head. But if there had been any

The Old Quarry's Treasure

other boy present and he had pointed out that Hugh was actually crying, that other boy would have been face down in the mud on the spot.

"Poor old Rags! Poor dog, then!" Hugh murmured now and again, and Rags each time, though spent with pain, feebly wagged the tail that Hugh's elbow was pressing against his side.

"If only Pete knew—oh, if he knew, he would come down for us!" sobbed Hugh.

Then an inspiration came to him. He would shout at the top of his voice, and perhaps the sound might reach the quarrymen above.

Again and again he shouted. Then, as his voice died away, he told himself in despair that he must have walked miles away from the underground passage, miles away from the hearing of the quarrymen.

For the first time a sense of his peril struck Hugh Randall, and his heart quailed.

Would mother know of his loss yet? he wondered. And would little Cathie be crying her blue eyes out for "Bwuvver Hugh"?

The horror of his fate seemed even blacker than the darkness he was trudging through. He grew dizzy, swaying again and again against what seemed an endless wall of stones. Noises surged in his brain, then voices.

"Takes all us is worth jes' to trust!" Who said that? Must have been old Pete! Yes, Hugh remembered Pete did say so, years ago. But it was not years, as the boy thought, it was only hours.

"I'll have another try, I shall!" Braced by the recollection of Pete's words, Hugh drew in his breath deeply, then he let it out in a yell that shrilled up to the surface and along the downs, reaching a group of searchers peering among the bushes and flint slopes.

"Well alive! That's the b'y's voice!" ejaculated Pete. "He be down the old pit, mates!"

Then, to the almost sickening joy of the boy down in the earth, a chorus of men's shouts fell on his ear.

"It be terrible light !"

Next, in Pete's own voice, came the hoarse direction :
"Bide safe to the side ; we be going to let down the rope for 'ee !"

Scarcely breathing for joy, Hugh waited, wondering meanwhile how the quarrymen had got all the way above ground that he had tramped below.

"Must be miles and miles," he murmured brokenly.

Presently something heavy passed him to the ground. It was a small stone slab, and he could feel the thick, stout rope attached to it.

"Mind you make he taut and safe under your arm-pits and round your ankles before you give we the signal to dra' up top !" Pete's warning shout penetrated down into the earth.

But Hugh was already busy with his preparations below.

"Ahoy there !" Presently his shrill, young voice uprose to the surface distinctly, and the men began to draw up in uneasy silence, for each heart was full of fear lest the boy had not made himself safe.

If not—but they could not speak out their dread !

"It be terrible light !" at last quavered Pete, and the eyes of his mates met his mutely.

Then came a roar of relief. On the surface the rope had landed, not the expected boy, but Rags, neatly bound to the slab, and giving himself, as an animal can, the airs of an interesting invalid.

"Bless the b'y ! Eh, mates, heard 'ee ever the like ? There's good blood for 'ee, it always tells ! 'Love me, love my dog !' as the old sayin' has it." Pete, with blurred eyes, was rapidly unfastening Rags.

"Now then, my brave young hearty, mind what I bid 'ee once again. Here's the rope ! Fix he under your armpits and round your ankles. We'll do the rest !"

When at last the little, round, fair head of the boy, was sighted as it neared the top the rescuers almost lost their breath. But they found it again, to give cheer after cheer, when Hugh was standing safely on

The Old Quarry's Treasure

the downs, the crowd from Heronage joining in lustily.

The news had spread like wildfire that little Hugh Randall had fallen down one of the old quarries, and his mother, hatless and panting, was on her way up the hillside.

When her arms tightened round the little, spare, muddy figure Hugh came slowly out of his dazed shock.

"I've been miles, and miles, and miles, Rags and I! There's an underground passage ever so long! It reaches to the sea, I'm certain, and it's pitch dark and—and—how did I come here, all this way back?" he said excitedly.

The boy stuck to his assertion about the subterranean passage. Not even Pete could convince Hugh that he and Rags had been simply trudging round and round and up and down the sides of the old pit, fancying in the darkness that he was going forward all the time.

"Oh, my darling boy!" sobbed out his mother, kneeling on the turf to hug Hugh the tighter. "Never mind anything but our Father's loving mercy in saving your little life!"

"And Rags's life, too," put in Hugh. "Now then, Pete, Rags's leg has got to be set. Poor old Rags!"

But further wonders were to come.

"Oh, mother, that's the box I found below!" Hugh had well-nigh forgotten the padlocked box which by means of a string he had fastened to his body while the quarrymen were drawing up Rags.

But it was not until evening that mother bethought herself of the box. When it was opened she well-nigh fainted, for, truth being a long way stranger than fiction, and God's ways altogether different from those of man, she found, to her amazed stupor, rolls and rolls of Bank of England notes.

It was, in truth, as proved by other deeds, the buried treasure of the grief-demented Squire Randall that she was fingering.



Hugh came slowly out of his dazed shock.

"I telled 'ee !"

For long years, while the old family stock was sapped by poverty, these riches had lain concealed in the dis-used quarry.

It had been an easy matter for the distraught Squire to descend and ascend the quarry when in working order, and, with the cunning of insanity, to hide away his hoard in some darkest spot from which the stones had since given way. And, as if by a miracle, the little hand of his youthful descendant it was that dislodged the box.

There was wild rejoicing, more, there were prayers of thanksgiving, that night, and many a day after, under the roof of High Coombe.

The old home was saved ; mother and blue-eyed Cathie were safely housed under the dear old roof ; Hugh was to return to his world—the school!

"I telled 'ee, Muster 'Ugh, that the Lord He would provide !" was all Pete had to say, and he never tired of repeating it.

Pete Risbridger and his old "missis" have moved up from the shore to a snug cottage on the High Coombe lands, where Mrs. Randall feels she can never do enough for the old couple.

And Rags?

You should see Rags ! He is a dog of consequence in these days. When the summer folk swarm down upon Heronage in the hot weather to people the little bay and the shore, Rags is pointed out to each and all as the stay of the old Randall family, the prop of the restored home of High Coombe.

And maybe Rags is aware of his own fame, who knows? Anyway, he actually does know when the holidays come round, for he and old Pete are always foremost with their greetings when the steamer that brings "Muster 'Ugh home-along" fusses through the waves and comes alongside Heronage Pier.

SOME memories of one of
the most famous architectural
remains in the world.

Memories of the Coliseum

BY

J. S. HOWSON

THE erection of the Coliscum by the Emperor Vespasian in the centre of Rome synchronized with several events of great magnitude to the world at large. While this huge hippodrome and sports enclosure was being raised stone by stone, Agricola was in Great Britain, completing its colonization and raising defences to keep out the savage Picts and other undesirable aliens. In Judæa Vespasian was finally subduing the Jews, in unconscious preparation for the greatest events that have ever taken place on this earth—the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ and the foundation of the Christian Church.

The builder of the Coliseum was Vespasian. The structure covered nearly six acres of ground. In form it is an oval, 620 feet in length externally, by 513 feet in breadth; and the height is 157 feet. Within this enclosure is the arena—

“While from the central floor the seats ascend,
Round above round, slow widening to the verge;
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome and her attendant realm,

Some Curious Contests

When, drunk with power, she reeled with fierce delight
And opened the gloomy caverns, whence outrushed
Before the innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery maddened tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men more fell."

The impression of magnitude which the traveller now receives as he walks among the huge stone corridors by which the seats were approached, is very striking ; and most interesting it is, as he paces round the exterior, to read the numbers (they ran from I. to LXXVI.) cut in stone upon the arches. The multitude of people which this amphitheatre would contain has been estimated as high as 150,000, but on a more exact calculation of space, and a comparison with the Crystal Palace, it appears that about one-third of that amount is the very highest that can be allowed.

Vespasian did not live to see the full completion of his work ; in fact, it was not absolutely finished till the reign of his younger son, Domitian ; but Titus dedicated it in the year 80 A.D. with prodigious entertainments which lasted one hundred days.

These spectacles afforded the utmost gratification both for curiosity and for cruelty. There were contests, not only of elephants, but of storks, and of the slaughter of 5,000 (some say 9,000) wild beasts, many of them killed by women.

The Coliseum, again, is the monument of an important passage in the history, not only of the City of Rome, but of the Roman Empire. There is always a certain attractiveness in any memorial of the transition from one dynasty to another. The Julian line of emperors had come to a close with Nero's death, and after a time of much confusion and civil war during the short reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, the Flavian line began with the accession of Vespasian.

It was a moment, too, not only of change, but of beneficent change. A reform was accomplished which (with one interruption) lasted a century ; law and

Memories of the Coliseum

order were re-established through the provinces ; the finances were placed on a sound basis ; the political bodies in the city were purified, and the discipline of the army was restored.

Vespasian, too, did good by his example, which, viewed in comparison with the emperors who preceded him, is worthy of admiration. Not only was he respected for his military capacity, but his frugality, temperance, and simplicity of life were a rebuke to the reckless display, the luxury, and the disgusting gluttony of preceding reigns.

He was a man of low origin, with a touch of humour, and was never afraid of reference to his early life ; he showed himself easy of access ; he was not vindictive ; and though penurious in personal expenditure, he could be lavish for the public embellishment of the metropolis. Hence we may look at his amphitheatre with a certain degree of additional interest, when we remember that it was contemporaneous with the general improvement of morals and government of which Vespasian was the author, and which lasted through the period of the Antonines.

For ourselves, too, in Britain, this passage of history has a natural attraction. As we have said, it was while the Coliseum was slowly rising that the Emperor sent Agricola, eminent alike as a general and as a statesman, to complete the conquest of this island, and to bring it within the pale of Roman civilization.

But it is another war and another conquest which possesses the chief interest for us in connection with this reign of Vespasian. The foundation of his amphitheatre exactly coincided with the subjugation of Judæa, the final destruction of the Temple, and the bringing of its sacred vessels, with the long array of Israelite captives, to Rome. Jewish residents had, indeed, long been settled there in considerable numbers, partly in consequence of Pompey's train of captives after an earlier conquest of Jerusalem, about a hundred years before, partly through the influence of

A Splendid Triumph

that spirit of mercantile enterprise which had already begun to characterize this people ; and this community of Jews in Rome we recognize in the Epistle of St. Paul to that place, and in the concluding passages of the Acts of the Apostles.

But the terrible war which filled a large part of Vespasian's reign, and which, indeed, he was already conducting when he was called to the throne, was the real crisis of the Jewish people. Goaded by oppression, driven to fanaticism by false prophets, and torn meanwhile by dissensions among themselves, the Jews fought in vain with the tenacious courage of despair, till at length Divine prophecy received its awful fulfilment, and Jerusalem was taken by Titus and the Temple was entered on September 2, A.D. 70.

The triumph which followed was splendid almost beyond parallel in the long series of pageants of that kind which Rome witnessed in her course of conquest ; and in this case there appears to have been a peculiar deliberation in the progress of the ceremony, as though a pause were intended to call attention to so great a consummation in history.

After a solemn delay outside the city, Vespasian, with his two sons, entered on horseback, not in chariots, and moved onwards with the long procession, conspicuous in which were the golden table, the candlestick, the silver trumpets, and the Book of the Law from the Temple of Herod. So the pageant moved on—past the unfinished amphitheatre, where the workmen had a holiday to see the triumph—thence along the "Sacred Way," and through the Forum to the Capitol—when, with true Roman cruelty, the bravest general of the Jews, Simon the son of Giscas, was exhibited with a halter round his neck, publicly scourged, and then put to death.

The deep ignominy and utter helplessness of the Jews began at this point. Agrippa II. and Bernice, with whom we are so familiar in the biblical narrative, probably lived at Rome in careless and selfish luxury

Memories of the Coliseum

till their death, but the general Jewish population, swelled now by large numbers of the poorest and most disorderly, sank into a position of contempt, and are help up to our utter scorn and dislike by the Latin writers of the succeeding period. From these writers it is a relief to turn to the permanent memorials of the connection of the Hebrews with Rome, to the affecting Jewish inscriptions in the earliest catacombs, and to the well-known sculptures on the Arch of Titus, which was erected on the highest point of the "Sacred Way" between the Forum and the Coliseum.

But primitive Christianity also is associated, in a peculiar and impressive manner, with Vespasian's great building. Before long the Roman Christians were exposed to all the horrors of martyrdom, while of these horrors the Flavian Amphitheatre was often the scene, and is now become the great standing memorial. It was not enough that such sports as chariot-races, full of excitement, or deadly conflicts of trained gladiators, were provided for the public amusement. The Coliseum became the scene of countless martyrdoms.

First (and very early) in the series of Christians who were given to wild beasts in the Roman Amphitheatre is Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. The record which is furnished to us of his route to Rome, whether fully authentic or not, is peculiarly interesting, because he partly travelled in the footsteps of St. Paul—a circumstance which is represented as adding much to the cheerfulness of his prospect of martyrdom.

We accompany him down to the seaport of Seleucia, and thence by sea to Smyrna, and thence by Troas to Neapolis and Philippi. He is said to have crossed the mountains of Macedonia to Epidamnus on the Adriatic, and there to have embarked on shipboard again. When Puteoli was pointed out to him, his disappointment was great that the stormy weather would not allow him to land there, like his Apostolic predecessor.

On his way he had written to the Roman Christians

“Christians to the Lions !”

in a spirit of eagerness for martyrdom, which is not altogether unlike the tone of the Apostle. “I dread lest your love should do me wrong. If you are silent about me, then I shall go to God. If you are too eager for my bodily safety, then I must begin again the race, which now is nearly finished. Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts, that by means of them I may reach God. Nay, rather encourage the beasts on, that they may become my tomb, and leave nothing of my body ; lest, after I have fallen asleep, I be a burden to any for my funeral.”

His wish was almost literally accomplished, and very speedily after his arrival. The games for which he was destined were nearly ended, and he was hurried to the Amphitheatre. “The beasts quickly dispatched him, and so ravenously, that only the harder and more rugged bones were left.” Such scenes were often re-enacted in Rome and various cities of the Empire.

From the time when the Emperor Decius put notices on the walls that magistrates sparing the Christians would be punished, persecution grew more general and systematic, and at intervals raged violently. “The Christians to the lions !” became a common cry in times of panic and excitement. Both sexes and all ages were called to suffer.

Two of the most affecting stories are those of Blandina at Lyons, and Perpetua at Carthage.

The first of these was a female slave, despised indeed by men, but strong enough in faith to communicate her energy and enthusiasm to those who suffered with her, and especially to her brother, a youth of fifteen. The tortures which she suffered were extreme, and when the wild beasts kept aloof from her she was tossed by a bull, and finally her remains were thrown into the Rhone.

The other of these noble women was a young mother with her infant in her arms. Her greatest trial was—not the dread of death, not the insults of the soldiers, but the grief of her father, who was a pagan. “Have

Memories of the Coliseum

compassion," he said, "on my grey hairs ! Look on thy brother—thy mother—thy aunt—look on thy child, who cannot live without thee ! Do not destroy us all ! "

Her answer was that in that moment of trial " whatever God willed would be done " ; that " we are not in our own power, but God's." So she went singing Psalms with the other martyrs to the place of suffering. The men were exposed to leopards and bears, the women were hung up in nets to be gored.

Such are some of the sadder yet glorious memories of this noble ruin.

THE story of three chums, an expedition to forbidden ground, and some consequences.

A Jaunt and Afterwards

BY

SARAH BRINE

THERE was once more life and activity in the school-house. The house itself was comparatively new, having replaced a very ancient building which from its antiquity had become in some parts far too dilapidated to permit of modern improvements. The schoolroom, library, classrooms, and various other nooks and corners had stood for hundreds of years undisturbed, save by the decaying work of time.

The long summer vacation was nearly at an end ; windows and doors were thrown open, and preparations for the commencement of another term's work were prevalent everywhere.

Then arrived the hour when boys and boxes began again to take up their residence. It was a glorious day, and the boys after their arrival lingered in the playground, where the rich autumn foliage of the fine old trees looked like burnished gold in the sun.

A hum of pleasant talk fell upon the ear, as boy after boy arrived and, espied by his special friend, was gripped with such a handshake as only one high-spirited schoolboy can give to another. Then the holidays and their personal experiences were discussed, with,

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again and again, a glance round to detect the arrival of any new boy. Together stood O'Connor and Robinson, two bright boys, great chums, who had now returned for their third school term.

"I say, Robinson," inquired O'Connor, "any new boy this term?"

"I really don't know," answered Robinson. "I had only just arrived when you joined me, and have heard nothing."

Just then O'Connor looked across the court and said—

"See, there is a new kid over there; let us go and speak to him and find out of what stuff he is made."

"Oh, hang it!" retorted Robinson. "Can't you leave him alone? I have heaps I want to say to you."

"Say on," replied O'Connor good-humouredly; "but I always pity the poor beggars who have to put in their first appearance. I know what I felt when I came here."

"Come on, then," said Robinson, stepping forward as he spoke. "I never did meet a fellow like you; you seem to bubble over all in a minute. Now mind, don't go and make a muff of this boy to begin with; it will do him no good. We all need backbone here."

Sauntering across the playground, O'Connor accosted the new boy by a question—

"How long have you been here?"

"I have only just arrived," answered he, looking pleasantly at them.

"Had far to travel?" remarked Robinson carelessly.

"From north of Inverness," responded the newcomer.

"Aha!" exclaimed Robinson, turning to O'Connor. "Here we have English, Irish, and Scotch; now for a Welshman, and we shall embrace the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

"What's your name?" inquired O'Connor.

"Cameron," answered the boy coldly, wondering how many more questions were to follow; still, he

"Not a bad sort"

thought that these fellows meant well, but he intended to be careful.

"Have you seen the matron yet? If not, I will take you to her room."

"Thank you," replied Cameron. "I shall be glad if you will."

After his introduction to the matron he was left in her room until the return of his new friends, who had promised that they would be on the look-out for him, so that when the tea-bell rang they could take him under their protection.

"Now, O'Connor," cried Robinson, "I hope you are satisfied. I don't know how it is, but, somehow, you always have the power to make me do just as you like."

"It is my Irish fire which ignites your inflammable spirit, I suppose," laughingly suggested O'Connor. "May it ever burn for the right!"

"He is not a bad sort after all," said Robinson. "I think we shall like him; but I do hate making new acquaintances."

"Do you?" replied O'Connor. "I rather like it; it is good fun."

The tea-bell rang, Cameron advanced toward them, and the three boys went into the dining-hall together. Here many eyes wandered to the new-comer, but having so far made friends, the worst of his difficulties seemed to be over.

On the first evening of the term the boys were permitted to chat or read until the large trays were brought in laden with bread and butter, cheese, and glasses of milk. After this was consumed, the bell rang, and the boys assembled in the large schoolroom for prayers. Thus ended the first day, and Cameron was not sorry, for said he to O'Connor—

"Work will begin to-morrow, and I shall feel more settled."

The next morning school duties commenced in real earnest. Cameron, of course, had the usual experience of a new-comer. But as time passed on a strong

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friendship grew up between himself and the two boys who had taken him under their wing that first afternoon in September when they had met in the playground.

Although in many respects very unlike each other, yet on the whole they were good examples of straightforward, honourable, public-school boys. O'Connor was the son of an officer in an Irish regiment. He was one of a very large family, brought up in a happy home, enjoying the freedom of a country life, and imbibing much of that sparkling wit and humour which is inherent in the sons of Ireland. He had aspirations after goodness and truth, yet at times would appear quite irresponsible. Tall for his age, and distinguished by his dark hair and bright blue eyes, sparkling with fun, the boys in the fourth form, to which he and his friends belonged, would often say, "Whatever mischief is working, O'Connor is sure to be mixed up in it."

Robinson, who came from the South-West of England, was the son of a doctor. He was rather short, and his face wore a somewhat serious expression, yet he was fond of O'Connor with all his exuberance of spirits.

Cameron was a Scottish youth, who inherited in a great degree the perseverance and courage characteristic of his nation. His father, who died when he was very young, was a minister in a parish in the Highlands not many miles from Inverness. In this same place Cameron's mother had resided ever since. Hence the boy had spent his life amid the enchantments of mountains, lochs, and moorlands. Well he remembered being taken to church where he could see his father in the pulpit, and though he was too young to understand what he heard, yet in his childish mind he knew that his father's words were listened to by the people, by whom he was loved and respected.

Up to the time that Cameron left home he had attended a day school. At home he had been trained by his mother and taught the truth from that Book which had been so dear to his father's heart.

The school term went on for about three weeks

The Annual Fair

without any great event or interruption to the even tenor of its course. Then came a day when the rules of the school were deliberately set at naught by these three boys who had promised eternal friendship.

In the quaint old city, but about a mile from the school, was a large space of ground, on which from time immemorial an annual Michaelmas Fair had been held. Some of the town people considered this a great nuisance, while others, more indulgent, excused it on the ground that the country folk looked upon it as their yearly holiday. Nevertheless, however much the citizens might desire its discontinuance, they were powerless in the matter, for it was a statute fair.

It suddenly took possession of O'Connor's mind that it would be fine fun to go to the fair. Fired with this idea, the next thought was how to manage his chums.

It was Monday afternoon, and when O'Connor met Robinson in the fives court, he confided to him his plans.

Robinson at once exclaimed—

"That won't do, O'Connor. You know perfectly well that part of the town is out of bounds ; of course it would be jolly fun, but it won't do, Pat."

Laying his hand on Robinson's shoulder, O'Connor said in an undertone—

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't be such a duffer. Think of Cameron, just come from that benighted place in the North of Scotland, and do let us show him what a bit of national life really is ! What harm can there be in seeing a few country folk enjoy themselves ? I have seen the Irish fairs, and I can tell you they are something exciting. We need not stay ; we can take just a peep and be back in time for tea."

"Well," said Robinson, "I do not care to tackle the business."

Leaving Robinson, O'Connor sauntered across the court to where Cameron was standing putting a new point to his pencil.

"I say, Cameron," casually observed O'Connor, "have you ever been to a country fair? "

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"Not I," replied Cameron ; "such things do not come our way."

O'Connor then poured forth a most exciting description of the sights to be seen—the menagerie, the cheap-jack, the circus, the roundabouts, and, best of all, the people themselves.

Cameron listened readily enough.

"Oh, it would be jolly fun ! Shall we go? Robinson, of course, will go, won't he? We should not feel complete without him."

"You leave that to me, old chap," responded O'Connor ; "I am going to settle that question now." Rushing off to Robinson, he cried : "Cameron is going, so make up your mind and let us have a good time."

"Very well," responded Robinson ; "we will stand or fall together. I generally go on those lines where you are concerned."

On the Wednesday, as soon as they were released from the dining-hall, they started on their expedition.

When they reached the gate of the fair ground, O'Connor, with his usual quickness of thought, said quietly—

"Off with your caps ! It would not do for the school colours to be seen entering here ; it will not matter when once we are inside ; there is sure not to be any one there who will know to whom we belong."

When once inside the gate, Cameron remarked—

"I'm glad that is over. I do not feel quite comfortable about all this."

"Oh, don't you bother," retorted O'Connor ; "we shall soon get back, and no one will be any the wiser."

"Time will prove that," interrupted Robinson ; "however, we are now in for the fun."

All the stalls were inspected and some money spent. Then began the sight-seeing. Some of the shows were interesting, some were funny, while others appeared to them as coarse and repulsive.

An Awkward Charge

Although the darkness had gathered and the oil lamps with their peculiar smell were flaring away from end to end of the fair, the boys seemed to have forgotten everything but the present attractions until O'Connor suddenly thought about time. He put his hand to his pocket, but, alas ! his watch was gone.

Robinson then looked at his, exclaiming—

"My word ! it is half-past eight. How ever shall we get out of this awful crowd ? We shall never reach school in time for prayers !"

"If the cathedral clock strikes nine before we reach the gate," moaned Cameron, "it will be locked, and old Toby will have to let us in. He will not try to shield us ; most likely the Head will be told before we shall have time to put in our appearance."

"Hang old Toby !" growled O'Connor. "Although, come to think of it, I suppose he would only be doing his duty, which is more than we have done."

Suddenly a rough hand was laid on Robinson's shoulder, and a gruff voice said—

"Look 'ere, yer young genl'men, yer ain't paid yer entrance money."

"Beg pardon," replied Robinson, "we have."

The man protested. Then the boys became determined, O'Connor excitedly denouncing the accusation, Cameron expostulating about the injustice of paying twice over. At last Robinson suggested that they had better pay the man again for the sake of peace. This idea both the other boys repudiated, pointing out that if they did so the man would at once say that they had tried to cheat him out of his money, but found they could not manage it.

At this juncture an inspector of police coming upon the scene looked much surprised to see three boys belonging to the old foundation school which maintained so high a reputation in the city.

The showman poured out his wrath, and told the policeman that he would not forgo his claim ; the officer quietly spoke to the man, then shouldered his

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way through the noisy crowd, the boys following, only too thankful to get out of the place.

When at last they reached the street, the inspector walked on with them, expressing his surprise at finding them where he knew they were on forbidden ground.

"Good gracious," groaned Cameron suddenly, "here comes the Doctor!" And in a minute the latter stood before them.

In a stern voice the boys had never before heard from the Head, he demanded—

"What is the meaning of this?"

The inspector explained how he came to be with the boys.

"Thank you, inspector," answered the Doctor. "Please now to leave the boys with me."

As the three boys walked by the side of the Doctor, they did indeed despise themselves, and felt that they deserved any punishment that he might inflict. Nevertheless the head master possessed a warm, kindly heart, and always blended justice with mercy.

There, in the street of the ancient city, and almost within a stone's throw of the grand old cathedral with its lofty central tower, each boy confessed to the Head his part in this unwarrantable transaction.

The Doctor walked along in silence with a very severe look upon his strongly marked face. When they entered the precincts gate, the Doctor led the way past the schoolhouse, which lay on their left, and continued their walk round the cathedral close to the other side, where was the sanatorium. Ringing the bell of the sanatorium, the Doctor gave the nurse instructions to look well after the three boys, who were tired and very wet, for it had rained heavily on their way home. Then turning to them, he said—

"Good-night; you will hear from me to-morrow, but you will have to remain indoors for a time."

The culprits spent a restless night, for their soaking had done them no good. When the school doctor called to see them, he found them all feverish and suffering

A Note from the Head

from sore throats. He at once sent a note to the head master telling him about their condition, and said he was rather afraid that they might develop scarlet fever, of which there were several cases in some parts of the city.

The doctor's fears were confirmed. When the head master heard of it he became most anxious, knowing how many miles they were from their friends, should any danger arise in their condition.

After a time the turn came ; they were young and generally healthy, so with care and good nursing there soon came a marked improvement in their condition.

However, one morning when the doctor paid his usual call, he found the boys most depressed.

"Come, boys, come," exclaimed the doctor, "you ought not to be looking like this. Just think what a lot you have to be thankful for—returning health and strength, and every comfort you could possibly wish for. Why, what is the matter?"

Then O'Connor told him that they all felt thoroughly ashamed of the prank which had brought them into trouble.

The doctor gave them a sympathetic look, saying—

"At present neither the Head, nor any one else, can possibly come to see you ; there are other boys to be thought of." Then in a kindly tone he said : "Cheer up, the time will soon pass now," and with a good-bye wave of the hand he left the room.

But he straightway wrote a note to the head master telling him all he had heard from the boys, and adding : "If you can send them a line, do ; it will help them to make better progress ; for O'Connor is such a bundle of excitement, that, unless his mind is put to rest, I rather fear the consequences."

The head master at once sat down and wrote to the boys, addressing it to O'Connor. "My dear boys," it ran, "just a few lines to say that you have my full forgiveness. I think that you have all had a heavy punishment, and now that God in His goodness has

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spared you, thank Him with all your heart for all His love. I hope before very long to see you ; we will then have a little chat which I trust may be profitable to us."

"So that's all right," said O'Connor, with a sigh of relief.

It was just a week before the commencement of the Christmas holidays when the school doctor told the head master that the convalescent boys were quite fit to be set free ; "but," continued the doctor, "we know that some people are frightfully nervous, so if you take my advice you will have them packed off to their homes before the school goes down."

The head master sent a message to the sanatorium, asking O'Connor, Robinson, and Cameron to meet him in his study at one o'clock.

Notwithstanding all the Doctor's kindness, the boys rather dreaded the ordeal ; but at the time appointed they were awaiting his arrival.

Then, face to face with their Head, each boy told his sorrow for the past. The Doctor then told them that although he had constantly written to their parents during their illness, yet he had not told them what had brought it about, for, said he, they were passing through trouble enough ; "but now I trust to your honour to go home and tell it all yourselves."

The Doctor then shook hands with O'Connor, saying, "Good-bye. I shall be looking forward to a good time for you next term." O'Connor passed out of the room with his eyes straight before him, not at all sorry to get this first meeting over. Then came Robinson, whose hand the master grasped, and with kindly words bade him farewell ; but he signed for Cameron to remain. Robinson slightly turned his head, as if wondering what that meant, and then passed on.

When the boys had gone the Doctor turned to Cameron with a very tender look in his eyes.

"Cameron, before parting, I wanted a word with you alone. Your father and I were great friends ; in fact, we went to school together and continued to visit and



He signed for Cameron to remain.

The Doctor's Promise

correspond with each other after our school and University days were over. Just before it pleased God to call him from his labours here on earth to his eternal home, I promised him that as soon as I considered you old enough I would have you here, and prepare you for your life work. We have each our part to do, dear boy. If I am true to my trust, and you are true to God and to yourself, all will be well. Remember your widowed mother, how she is looking forward to her only son growing up to be a God-fearing man, and a joy and comfort to her in her declining years. I hope to see more of you next term," continued the Doctor. Then, with a warm clasp of the hand, he bade Cameron good-bye until after the holidays.

These three boys never forgot the lesson they had learned, and in the time to come they became leaders of the right and the true, as prefects in their old foundation school.

A LITTLE picture of the time of Louis XIII, exhibiting an awkward lover, an eventful hunt, and a happy exchange.

St. Julien's Stratagem

BY

RICHARD WARREN

THE rising sun gilded with its beams the old walls of the little château of Laramière. Time, the weather, and the wars had battered the fine old castle and its outer buildings, and it was high time that something was done to prevent it from altogether falling to ruin. It troubled its old sporting and hunting owner, the Chevalier de Laramière, and was spoiling the latter days of the bluff and hearty old man. Fortunately, the surrounding forests supported plenty of game and gave the Chevalier plenty of sport with which to banish the cares of his estate.

On the morning when first we make his acquaintance the court of the château resounded with a deafening tumult ; the trampling of horses, the baying of dogs, and above all the blasts of the hunting-horn were almost enough to overturn the already tottering walls of the old *donjon*.

He who sounded the trumpet was a fine young man, habited as a hunter of the time, that of Louis XIII. He had the frank bearing and joyous look of the real sportsman, while the beautiful white horse which he sat so well looked capable of bearing

A Stranger

its rider into and through anything. Horse and rider stood before the principal entrance of the tower.

Raising the horn which he carried in his hand, the rider now exerted himself in producing the most rousing call that ever was heard since that which issued from the horn of Astolfo of fabulous memory. At last, fairly out of breath, he turned towards a kind of peasant, who was coupling the dogs at the entrance of the kennel, and said to him—

"Master Jerome, I wonder what my uncle the worthy knight of Laramière is thinking about to get up so late on the morning of a boar-hunt. He told me yesterday that he had seen in the woods of La Glandée the old solitary boar which sometimes pays us a visit, and invited me to join him this morning, with my dogs, in order that we might give the venerable traveller a proper reception. How is it, then, that I find everybody asleep? Has the venerable beast gone off without waiting for us to call upon him?"

"I know not, Monsieur St. Julien," answered the peasant. "I can only tell you that Father George is gone to beat the woods with his bloodhounds, so we shall soon have some news."

"So much the better! But either my uncle has got a fit of the gout, or he will lose his reputation as the most intrepid sportsman in the province, if he keeps his head on the pillow like this."

"Ahem! sir," said the man, "with all due respect to the knight, I may tell you that he went to bed rather late, for he sat up talking with the young stranger."

"A stranger at Laramière!" cried the young huntsman. "What are you telling me, stupid? It is some hunter of the neighbourhood, invited to take part in to-day's sport."

"A hunter! He a hunter!" cried the groom with disdain, while he coupled two magnificent bloodhounds. "That gentleman is no hunter!"

St. Julien stood regarding the man and dogs thought-

St. Julien's Stratagem

fully, when a flute-like voice called him. He turned his horse hastily to see upon the threshold of the castle a pretty young girl in a charming morning dress. She beckoned to him, and he eagerly threw himself off his horse and approached her.

"Good-day, Cousin Manette," he said smilingly. "It was not your fair face that I expected to see first this morning. Has my uncle deputed you to run down the boar in his stead? Upon my word, there was never a prettier hunting Diana to follow in the track of an old boar!"

"You are very gay and very gallant, Cousin Julien," replied Manette; then, with a grimace of mock sorrow, "Ah, if you knew!"

"Well, what is it? Nothing can surprise me so much as finding the knight of Laramière asleep when the call is sounded under his windows."

"What matters the chase?" said the young girl. "Ah! St. Julien, I have had a very bad night, and before day I was watching for you at my window. I have to tell you that all our plans have failed. You must not hope to obtain my hand, for my father has promised it to another. Well, is not this enough, and do you not weep as I do?" And, in fact, with these words Manette burst into a torrent of tears.

"I would willingly weep, fair cousin, but you are not married to another yet; and it will go hard but that I find a way to circumvent the scoundrel who has dared to thrust himself in here. Who is he?"

"Monsieur de Chavigny, the son of my father's old friend. He arrived yesterday, and he comes to marry me. Everything is settled. Now, then, sir, are you satisfied? We shall never see each other again—never! They will take me away to Poitiers—to Paris for aught I know. I shall be so miserable, I shall die of grief!"

"Come, my fair cousin," said St. Julien, "we need not despair. The marriage is not concluded, and there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. I will speak to my uncle, and represent to him——"

"Is he a Sportsman?"

"But I tell you," interrupted the girl, "that all is settled. My father's word is given. Chavigny is rich, and he has promised to repair our poor manor-house, and father boasted yesterday that the boar you are going to hunt to-day shall grace my marriage banquet."

"That shall never be!" broke out St. Julien. Then, in a calmer tone: "Tell me what kind of person this Chavigny is. We may be able to circumvent him yet."

"Oh! he is a frightful man, though he is dressed in the Court fashion; he is ugly, proud, a monster, a wretch, a——"

"No doubt he is full of defects, Manette, since you do not love him," said her cousin. "But tell me one thing; is he a sportsman?"

"No, for he has lived all his life in Paris. He is ignorant of country things and holds them in contempt."

"Then all is not lost!" answered St. Julien. "Depend upon it that the Chevalier de Laramière, the old hunter of King Henry IV, will not endure to have for his son-in-law a man who knows nothing about the craft of St. Hubert."

"God grant you may be right! Ah, if you were but rich! But my father says that two poor people must not marry, and that he will make me marry that odious Chavigny."

"Don't fret; there is no hurry about it. I shall provoke him and he'll have to fight: then we'll see!"

"No, no! I forbid you to fight! What if he should kill you, my cousin? I should at once die of grief. Besides, it would offend my father, and he would never see you again."

"However," said St. Julien, "I suppose Monsieur de Chavigny will join us in the chase to-day?"

"Of course," replied his cousin.

"Well, then, he will be sure to commit some blunder which will offend the Chevalier, who sets so high a value upon the ancient traditions of the chase."

St. Julien's Stratagem

"But he is only going as a spectator, not to join in the chase."

"Well, then, we must lead him into some ravine where his horse will break his neck."

"No, no ; that would not be fair ! And do you think a beast like that would be capable of taking the bit in his teeth ?" cried the girl, pointing as she spoke to a great, clumsy animal like a carthorse.

St. Julien shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Well," said he, "the horse and his rider may find themselves, by chance, in the track of the boar, and will speedily be brought to reason. Otherwise I do not see how we are to escape this husband of your father's choosing."

At this moment a loud, cheerful voice was heard within the tower, together with the clank of spurs and the tramp of heavy boots.

The Chevalier de Laramière was a valorous and experienced hunter. He was upwards of sixty, but retained all the vigour and activity of younger years. He wore an old hunting-dress, with faded embroidery, his horn was slung about his neck, his ivory-handled knife was stuck in his belt—indeed, his whole person had an air of boldness and gaiety, while his voice was loud and his laugh boisterous.

His companion, on the contrary, was little and thin, with a dry, haughty, and starched manner. But to make up for his lack of inches and muscle he was dressed with an elegance that, under the circumstances, was ridiculous. He wore a large ruff, funnel-topped boots, a sheaf of ribbons, and a hat surmounted with an enormous plume of feathers. In this costume he proposed to traverse mountains and valleys in pursuit of a wild boar !

With due formality the Chevalier introduced the two young men to each other. They bowed with the exaggerated politeness of those days, but it was evident that there was an air of stiffness and restraint about them.

The Knight's Forecast

"I am enchanted, sir," said the stranger, "to find in this rude country a gentleman of my own age with whom I can associate without derogation."

"As for me, sir," said St. Julien, bowing, "I trust you will believe that I appreciate at its full value the honour which you do me. I shall be happy of finding an opportunity soon of proving my friendship for you."

"Come, come ; a truce to compliments !" interrupted the old knight. "Now that you know each other let us think of our hunt, for here comes George to make his report, and here comes also the excellent Panteleon with my nephew's hounds."

At that moment an old servant, in a hunting-dress torn and wet with dew, entered the court, holding a beautiful bloodhound in a leash, while on the other side appeared a very ugly horse-boy, with the most cunning look imaginable, and leading a score of remarkably fine-looking hounds.

"Well, George," cried the Chevalier, "have you found the thicket empty, and has the old hermit-boar quitted the district?"

"Not that I know, Sir Knight. The rogue has passed the night in the wood of Marette, and we can get on his track as soon as you like. If I do not deceive myself the sulky old brute will give us a good run."

"Victory !" cried the old knight. "If the rascal is disposed to wait for us, we shall have rare sport. In the wood of Marette, do you say? I can pretty well tell what course he will take. After being beaten on the plain of La Vacherie he will take a great round and come out by the hazel-wood, in order to reach the forest of Ver. It is to the wood of Noisetiers that the little pack must be taken. Holloa, Panteleon, you rogue !" he continued, addressing his nephew's page, "you will keep the relays with twelve hounds ; Philip and Lafleur will go with you, and the three will make as villainous an assemblage of rogues as ever danced attendance under the greenwood."

"Am I to keep the relays?" answered Panteleon,

St. Julien's Stratagem

with a discontented air. "It is not a very pleasant office."

"What are you grumbling about, rascal!" said the Chevalier. Then he added, addressing his guest: "It is time for us to mount and set out. I shall not be able to attend to you to-day, as I am in the habit of following closely the hounds, a course which would not suit you, I think. But, in amends, my nephew will do the honour of the chase, and give you every useful explanation of the noble diversion."

"Nay, but, uncle," said St. Julien, "I do not myself like to be an idle spectator in this kind of affair!"

"I do not wish to inconvenience any one," said Chavigny quietly; "I shall follow the chase at a distance, and without fatiguing myself."

"Consult your pleasure," said the Chevalier. "Among us every one acts in his own way without ceremony. Now, gentlemen, to horse!"

The horns sounded, the hounds bayed, the horses neighed and pranced. In the midst of the tumult Mademoiselle de Laramière appeared. She held in one hand an old silver flagon and in the other a goblet of the same metal, and she came, according to custom, to present the stirrup-cup to the hunters.

St. Julien remained a little in the background while Manette presented the cup of honour to her father and the stranger. The young hunter then made a sign to his page to come near, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice. The rascal made a grimace and smiled.

"You understand me?" continued St. Julien, making an almost imperceptible sign towards Chavigny. "If you execute my orders there will be a double pistole for you, and as much for your two companions."

"It is very tempting, too. But are you sure the Chevalier will not be angry?"

"Leave that to me," answered St. Julien. "I will arrange so as to bring you the *sheep*, so that there

“To the Chase !”

shall be no mistake. Besides, my uncle likes a joke and will forgive us.”

“To the chase ! To the chase !” cried the old knight, and the whole company rode forth amid great clamour.

They were about a quarter of a mile's ride from the château when the old man, glancing over the cavalcade, perceived Panteleon and his companions following with the pack of relays.

“Why, how is this, knave ?” he angrily inquired of the page. “You ought to have been at your post in the hazel-wood ere this.”

“We do not care for hazel-nuts, Sir Knight ; but we are going to take the road beside the rivulet, and in a quarter of an hour we shall be at the proper place. And, besides, we shall have nothing to amuse us and to shorten the time.”

“Why, you rascals,” said the knight in a tone of good-humour, “will you not have the amusement of giving the relays to the passers-by, if any fool should present himself ?”

St. Julien and his page exchanged a look.

“Doubtless, Sir Knight, if you will allow it, we shall try and pass the time agreeably.”

“How if I will allow it ? Is it not the ancient privilege of the chase ? Go, you villains, amuse yourselves if you find an opportunity—but see that you attend to your duty !”

The three men, with their hounds, then quitted the main body and entered a by-road.

Almost immediately afterwards the Chevalier and his party struck the track of the old tusker. The old knight's hunting blood was up, and, forgetting his visitor, he followed the baying hounds and sounding horns with enthusiasm.

* In the ancient language of the chase, the giving of the “relays” meant the whipping, till the blood came, of any idlers who molested with impertinent questions the hunters stationed with relays of hounds on the presumed track of the game.

St. Julien's Stratagem

But St. Julien, on the contrary, redoubled his attentions to Chavigny. Either by chance or by the calculation of St. Julien they soon found themselves in a narrow valley, with a copse on either side. The boar, before breaking cover, made head against the hounds in an impenetrable thicket, and the knight, accompanied by his huntsmen and prickers, urged on the hounds both with horn and voice.

The astonished Parisian, never having witnessed anything of the kind before, became confused at all the din and bustle, and also somewhat fearful. St. Julien, who was watching him out of the corner of his eye, noticed this. Suddenly he appeared to examine Chavigny's horse with so much attention that the latter noticed it.

"What is there the matter with my horse?" said he.

"Oh, nothing; nothing, sir! I was only thinking it a pity he had so much red in his coat, and—and the wild boar has a decided hatred to anything red—like the bulls, you know. But, there, in the excitement of the chase he might not notice it, though when the hounds are in full cry after him he is generally pretty mad and will go for anything."

Chavigny could not altogether conceal the anxiety he felt.

"Is a wild boar, then, very terrible?"

"It is a ferocious animal," said St. Julien, "especially when it is an old solitary, such as we are chasing to-day; and his tusks are often mortal to men, hounds, and horses."

Mechanically, Chavigny cast an uneasy glance around him in search of some place where he could take refuge in case of an attack. Meanwhile the noise of the chase approached.

"I think it is time to see if the rogue has resolved upon showing himself," said St. Julien. "Ah! my friend," he continued, "I see you have neither a *couteau de chasse* nor a carbine. At any rate, you have a pair of pistols?"

“Not that way !”

“No,” returned Chavigny, “I have not any weapons. The Chevalier did not tell me it was necessary to bring any.”

“Ah !” cried St. Julien, “you are a brave man, Monsieur, to come to a boar-hunt on a red horse and put yourself just in the way of the beast. I should advise you to return to the château and procure a horse of another colour and some weapons. But as my uncle might take some offence if you are not in his company it would be better, perhaps, if we could find some other means. My page, Panteleon, has a white horse, but he is unfortunately at the back of the copse with the relays.”

“But, sir, could I not go and ask for it? I could also procure some pistols——”

But at that moment he was interrupted by a terrific clamour, and an enormous white boar, with his bristles erect and grinding his tusks, burst from the wood, hounds and hunters following in disorder. Chavigny trembled and turned pale.

“For mercy’s sake, sir, take care !” cried St. Julien. “If he sees your horse he is sure to make for it.”

“Mercy upon us !” cried Chavigny, turning his bridle. “I will not stay here. Why did I adventure myself thus?”

“Stop, stop !” cried St. Julien. “Do not go that way. Do not ask anything of those rogues !”

“Why not?”

“It is an ancient custom ; they will give you the relays, and——”

Without waiting to hear more the timid townsman put spurs to his horse and galloped off in the direction of the relays, while St. Julien looked after him with a malicious air.

“I have forewarned him and he cannot reproach me.” Then he blew a joyous blast on his horn and rejoined his uncle in the chase, which was likely to be a long and arduous one.

St. Julien's Stratagem

Night had already fallen when the huntsmen returned to the château, bearing the carcass of the old boar with them. At the noise of the horns, hounds, and the horses Manette, followed by servants bearing torches, ran out into the courtyard to receive the huntsmen. She seemed in high spirits, and bounded towards her father as he stiffly dismounted from his horse.

"You are late home, father. I began to feel uneasy."

"You had good reason, my child, if you had but known it," said the old knight, kissing her warmly on the cheek, "for I thought I should never see you again."

"What do you mean, father?"

"If it had not been for that brave boy," continued the old man, and pointing to St. Julien, "I should not have had now the happiness of embracing you."

"How was it, father? Julien, do you tell me!"

"My uncle," said the young forester modestly, "sets too high a value on a trifling service."

"I say that but for you, my boy, I should have been killed by the beast—had not a knife, held in a firmer hand than mine, pierced his head. The hand was that of your cousin."

"Uncle, you forget that at the moment when you struck the boar your foot slipped in the blood of the poor hound he had killed."

"You can soothe the wounded vanity of an old man, it seems, my fair nephew; but I know what I know!"

Just then the body of their antagonist was borne into the courtyard. It was a monster beast.

"Look, Manette, this is the brigand who was on the point of making thee an orphan. Well, instead of that the fellow shall figure on the table of your wedding-day."

The mention of the wedding reminded the knight of the betrothed.

A Harmless Jest

"By the by," he added, "what has become of Monsieur de Chavigny? I did not once see him during the chase. St. Julien, I left you in charge of my guest, and therefore you owe me an account of him."

"Excuse me, uncle, but if your love of the chase made you forget your future son-in-law it is hardly to be expected that I should remember one in whom I could not feel interested. I have not seen de Chavigny since the moment of the attack."

"Then he will lose his way in the wood. Some who are least fatigued must mount again and go in search of him."

"Father," said Manette very composedly, "do not disturb any one about Monsieur de Chavigny; he set out some hours ago, and must be a considerable distance from the château by this time."

"What! He is gone?" exclaimed the astonished knight.

The page, Panteleon, now stepped forward.

"Sir Knight, perhaps the gentleman has taken ill a little harmless jest that we put upon him at the hazel copse."

"A jest!" cried the knight. "You have not dared——"

"Do but hear me, Sir Knight. This gentleman came to us talking about a red horse and a white horse, and of I know not what--of all kinds of nonsense, in fact. We thought he was making game of us, and we availed ourselves of our right. We have given him the relays to some purpose!"

"How, you rascal, did you dare?"

But St. Julien hastened to interpose.

"Uncle," said he, "these poor fellows have only obeyed you: do you not remember that you gave them permission this morning to administer the relays to any passer-by, according to the ancient custom? I therefore beg that you will pardon Panteleon and his accomplices."

The knight reflected a moment.

St. Julien's Stratagem

"I can refuse you nothing, nephew, on the day that you have saved my life. But I have lost a match for my daughter, such as I shall not find in the province. Perhaps, however, he will return and require us to punish our people for their insolence."

"I believe him too much of a coward for anything of the kind, uncle. But if he ventures so far I shall claim the honour of receiving him. Panteleon is in my service and I ought to answer for him."

"Besides," interrupted the knight, in a tone of mingled raillery and good-humour—"besides, you may not be quite so innocent in the affair as you pretend to be." He looked steadily at his nephew as he spoke and then at his daughter, then he broke into a great roar of laughter. "Bah! away with ambition, say I. My manor-house may tumble to ruins if it likes, but I will have a true forester for a son-in-law. I have been aware of your affection for my daughter, fair nephew, and, I take it, the jade is not averse to you; make her your wife, you rascal, and after all the boar will, as I said, grace the wedding-feast."

SOME striking reminders of the
loyalty, courage, and endurance
of the Highlanders in other days.

Heroes of the Clans

BY

M. E. M. DONALDSON

HURRAH ! There goes a Highland regiment, brave in its tartan array, swinging gallantly along the street to the skirl of the bagpipes ! As you have stood watching the "kilties" pass, have you ever wondered how they came by their dress?

Look at the picture of the clansman speeding the Fiery Cross, and you will see the costume originally worn in the Scottish Highlands by a *duin' uasal* (gentleman) of the days of Charles I, save only that, running, he has discarded both his coat and blue flat bonnet, in shape like a modern tam-o'-shanter.

The youth is shown wearing the "belted plaid," so called because it consisted of from six to twelve yards of tartan, two yards wide, confined in folds about the body by a leather belt. Considering the care with which the material had to be adjusted (for it was unsewn), it was certainly not a costume for donning hastily, though indeed, once on, it served for wear both by day and night. A gentleman had his *gille* (servant) to fasten his belted plaid about him, but for others the procedure was to pleat half the tartan in regular folds upon a belt laid upon the ground, and

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then to lie down upon the material and adjust it round the waist with the belt, so that the folds came just above the knee. The remaining half of the tartan was caught up and fastened with a brooch upon the left shoulder.

The right arm thus being left free, the shoulder-plaid could be unfastened when it was desired to wrap it about the body as a protection from rain or cold, or for use at night. Then it was the usual practice to dip the plaid in water for greater resistance to the wind, and therefore to the increase of warmth, for even in the depth of winter's snow, the hardy clansmen were accustomed to sleep out of doors.

The *bròg*, which the young man of the illustration wears, was a shoe made of undressed deerhide, fastened with leather thongs, and worn hair side outwards, gaining for its wearers the name of "rough-footed Scots." The *sporan* (purse), made of goat or badger skin, worn in front, obviously cannot be seen in this picture.

The youth is bearing the *Crois Tara*, or Fiery Cross, the preparation of which involved a strange ritual. A goat was killed, and in its blood was quenched the burning ends of the horizontal piece of two strips of wood bound together crosswise. Then to one of the ends was fastened a rag dipped in the blood, the whole process symbolizing the death by fire and sword which would overtake any clansman between the ages of sixteen and sixty failing instantly to obey the summons to betake himself, fully armed, to the gathering-place. This was the emblem sent forth by the chief when he desired to assemble his clansmen, two men, each bearing the Fiery Cross, being dispatched in opposite directions, shouting the *slogan* (war-cry) of the clan, and the place for the meeting, if it differed from the usual place of gathering. The symbol was delivered to the chief man of every hamlet, who was bound, without loss of time, in his turn to dispatch it by a swift messenger on its next stage. In this manner the whole of even an extensive clan territory could be coursed in an incredibly short time.



EACH BEARING THE FIERY CROSS.

The Fiery Cross

An instance is on record of the Fiery Cross circulating over a distance of thirty-two miles in three hours, and some years previously the signal, taking the same round, brought five hundred men to the gathering-place the same evening. If one except an incident in 1845, when a madman sent out the Fiery Cross in Argyllshire, it was probably last used in the winter of 1812-13 by the chief of the Canadian Highlanders, who by it summoned his fellow-countrymen living in Glengarry, Canada, to repel an American raid.

The natural open-air life led by the Highlanders, in a country full of all that is most sublime in Nature, was not without effect upon their characters. They were in consequence a hardy, stalwart race, utterly fearless, passionately attached to their clan and clan country, full of generous enthusiasms, and as ardent in friendship as they were relentless in enmity. It is this last trait that is almost exclusively in evidence throughout the earlier pages of Highland history, which thus practically resolves itself into the record of the feuds of the clans.

But when the call came to sink petty clan animosities in common defence of a common cause the devoted adherent, whose loyal ardour no lost cause could abate, is more in evidence than the relentless foeman. Thus it is to the great Royalist risings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that we go for our clan heroes, when the Fiery Cross went forth, not to raise one clan against the other, but to unite all loyal Highlanders under one chief against the alien Sassenachs (Lowlanders).

And first in point of time, as well as in the forefront of the ranks of chivalry, come two chiefs of the gallant Graeme Clan, the great Marquis of Montrose, who with an amazing genius won Scotland for Charles I, and his equally great kinsman, Viscount Dundee, who fell in the hour of his crowning triumph.

The fame of James Graeme, Marquis of Montrose, rests not only upon his supreme military talent, but

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upon his many noble characteristics. His military feats were of astounding brilliancy. At the battle of Tippermuir, with but 3,000 Highlanders, most of them dependent for weapons upon what stones they could pick up in the field, without cannon and with only three horsemen, Montrose routed 6,000 strong of the enemy and captured all their artillery and baggage. Lesser victories in the North, and the performance of prodigies of valour at Fyvie Castle, were followed by his greatest feats. In the dead of winter, over the trackless mountains, lying deep in snow, he took his men on an almost incredible night march of thirty miles to Inverlocny, where he led the tired and hungry clansmen to victory against the vastly superior forces of the encamped foe.

But Montrose was yet to surpass, in the eyes of military critics, even this exploit ; for later on, in an enforced retreat, he passed scathless between two armies intended to intercept him, marching at the rate of sixty miles a day ! Other successes at Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth afforded further proofs of his masterly generalship.

An instance of his remarkable courage and prompt decision is afforded by the last battle. Faced for the first time by a regiment of cuirassiers, the superstitious Highlanders fought shy of encountering men " cased in iron." But telling his followers that these, the same men they had previously routed, could only be induced again to face them so protected, Montrose bade the clansmen show their contempt for such cowardice by themselves fighting in their shirts !

With this advice, Montrose cast off his own coat and waistcoat, giving an example instantly followed by the Highlanders. The day being very hot, the cuirassiers were doubly handicapped by their armour, which proved an encumbrance rather than a safeguard ; but the clansmen, unhampered by their scant attire, swept all before them.

After a glorious career, Montrose was betrayed at

“The Lion-hearted Warrior”

last by the man to whom he had trusted his person, and when a defenceless prisoner, his enemies were at last able to wreak their hate upon him. Like his Royal master before him, the Marquis went nobly to his execution, and in the face of every possible indignity died, as he had lived, an heroic gentleman. .

But if Montrose was beloved by the clansmen, his kinsman, Viscount Dundee, had even a stronger hold upon the hearts of the Highlanders, by whom he was affectionately called *Ian Dhu nan Cath* (Dark John of the Battle). This was the gallant leader who disdained to ride whilst his men painfully tramped over rough and broken ways ; who would himself carry the arms of any weary soldier, and rouse drooping spirits by recollections of their forbears' heroic deeds ; and who when any better food was reserved for his own use, gave it away to some collapsing clansman. Dundee, too, was the “lion-hearted warrior” who dared sternly to rebuke one of his chieftains for raiding, though it was at the risk of alienating the entire clan, and who, in a cruel age, was ever merciful, not only to his prisoners but to his horses.

When besought by Cameron of Lochiel before Killiecrankie to refrain from engaging personally in the battle, his life being indispensable to the Royal cause, the brave Dundee would do no more than consent to exchange his scarlet coat for a buff tunic. And when he fell at Killiecrankie, in the moment of victory, he asked how the day went. The news, “Well for the King,” gave him the answer he desired ; and, “having confidence in the Divine favour,” he replied simply, “Then I am well,” and breathed his last.

Sir Ewen Dhu Cameron of Lochiel, who fought under Dundee, was the same renowned chief who achieved the honourable distinction of being the only one who never submitted to Cromwell. Sir Ewen was a man of unsullied honour, chivalrous, courageous, and fervently loyal, the most famous chief in any age of

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any clan. His life is one long record of tireless deeds of prowess on behalf of the Royal cause. Such an undaunted fighter was he that on one occasion he pursued till he was chin-deep in the sea the flying enemy seeking refuge in boats.

The son of Sir Ewen's foster-brother furnishes an example of devoted heroism in a humbler rank. At the battle of Killiecrankie this man shadowed his old chief with faithful devotion, but it was early in the fight when Lochiel missed him from his side, only to discover him lying on his back, pierced through with an arrow. With his dying breath the young clansman told his chief that he had seen a renegade Highlander amongst the enemy aiming at Lochiel, but had been able to intercept the shaft with his own person—only too glad thus to save his chief.

What can be said in a few lines of the one who was "King of all Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie," the hero-in-chief of the Royal Stuart clan? Such was his gallantry, his courage, and his charm that to this day in the Western Highlands men and women still speak of him with the utmost devotion as though he had been personally known to them. For them the "lad with the yellow hair" is the matchless hero, and it is their greatest pride to recount the part borne by their own clan in the rising of '45.

Before he landed in Inverness-shire some of the Macdonald chieftains boarded the Prince's vessel to pay their homage, but Charles could not induce them to give him any more active support.

Then, noting the flushed cheeks and flashing eye of a young man in the Kinlochmoidart tartan restlessly pacing the deck, the Prince turned to him and cried, "You, at least, will not forsake me?"

"I will follow you to death, were there no other to draw a sword in your cause," was the fervent reply of the younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, who with his fellow-chieftains was thus fired with many another "to rise and follow Charlie."

The Prince's Double

Finally, there is the story of the brave son of a goldsmith. Roderick Mackenzie in Edinburgh had been one of the Life Guards of the Prince, to whom he bore in every way a striking personal resemblance. After Culloden he, like his master, was in hiding in the Braes of Glenmorrison, and one day was discovered by some soldiery who were searching for the Prince. Mackenzie gallantly defended himself against superior numbers, but at last was mortally wounded.

Anxious to benefit by his death the master he could no longer serve with his life, he cried, "Ah, villains! You have slain your Prince!" Greatly exulting, the soldiers, cutting off his head, sent it as that of Charles to London, where for some time it deceived the authorities, thus well serving the purpose of the devoted Mackenzie.

These few instances of those who answered the summons of the Fiery Cross are but typical of the many which show of what splendid stuff the Highlanders of Scotland were made.

A STORY of domestic loss, with a
strange catastrophe and a re-
markable discovery.

Two at Parbar

BY

MARY E. JOHNSON

IT was their pleasant whim to call the pretty house of their retirement "Parbar."

Parbar, as good old Dr. Leppington enjoyed reminding you, was a Hebrew word, signifying by interpretation "suburbs."

When, six months ago, owing to his increasing and incurable deafness, he and his wife retired from the country practice, it was their long-cherished plan to settle in this delectable outskirts of the fair city on the hill, the cathedral city of Fenchester.

All their lives in the little village they had had occasional glimpses of it, ten or twelve miles away. On clear summer evenings he would take her with him in his doctor's gig, and after his rounds they would let the old mare loiter down the upper heath road whence they could see the great minster in its high and lonely majesty, and tell its towers rising dream-like out of the misty horizon. It stirred their souls; it became a tender association of their joys and sorrows; they saw in it a vision of the Land that is very far off; they longed to end their days under the shadow of so magnificent a witness of their faith.

Three Golden Dishes

And now it seemed as if they had arrived at their spiritual Parbar, where, like the porters of old, they might stand and wait till they should be gathered up into the Church triumphant of the heavenly Zion.

The child they loved—not their own, but who had called out all their parental instincts—had gone before them. They prayed they might be worthy to meet his seraphic purity in that City where may enter none that defileth.

They indeed deserved a space enclosed in peace. Well had they borne in mind their high calling. Rich and poor for miles round had known in "t'owd Doc" a true friend as well as a skilful physician, a helper of bodies, souls, and spirits.

As for her, bless her! she was a mother in Israel, though she had never a child of her own. Her husband's prescriptions were supplemented by home-made jellies, special tonics, cordials, and never-failing sympathy. Her little trim figure could be seen speeding on countless errands of mercy.

Small wonder, then, that the love they inspired found expression in the presentation of three exceedingly handsome gold dessert dishes on the double occasion of their leaving old friends and of their own golden wedding-day.

The trouble was they did not quite know what to do with them. They were too grand to use in a general way, and yet it seemed miserly and ungracious to lay them aside. Finally they were just lodged in one end cupboard of the sideboard, looked at occasionally, and valued more for what they represented than for their intrinsic worth.

Dr. and Mrs. Leppington were sitting at dinner in their new home as they had sat when first married. In the eyes of each other neither had altered much in externals, not at all in the things that matter.

"Nine jars of chutney, dear!" said Mrs. Leppington in her old, distinct voice, her still comely face aglow with pride and pleasure. "Nine jars there on the side-

Two at Parbar

board ready for tying down in the morning. And this little pot for you to taste. It's boiled mutton to-night on purpose to bring out the relish of it. Be careful, for it's extra hot."

The doctor understood, though he did not hear. His fork was duly poised and his white moustache contorted with the concentration of criticism.

"Now?" she demanded, with mock anxiety.

"Excellent! How many ingredients?"

"Twenty-six," she emphasised, with her lips more than her voice. "And not one too evident, I hope."

"No. Any seeds?"

"None whatever." She shook her head. "Instead of chillies and capsicums I pounded an extra quantity of pepper-corns and put in more cayenne."

She never forgot to provide for his false teeth.

"Well, it's a triumph. Hot, very hot, as it should be. Sweet, too, subtly stimulating. As a medical man, I should call it anathema; as an epicure, I say it's highest art."

"Flatterer!" she said, well pleased.

"I haven't done yet. What a swell we are to-night!" He glanced with admiration at the Honiton lace cap and the heliotrope silk dress, upon the bosom of which gleamed the little round miniature of a lovely child. "Ah! of course, I forgot. It's the seventh of June."

Her eyes filled with tears, and they ate their mutton in silence.

Nineteen years ago, in their childlessness, they had taken to their home and hearts a beautiful orphan baby—a child that grew to be so lovely, so adorable, that his foster-mother always made festival when the anniversary came round. For five years they had the deep joy of his abiding with them, and then, through a nursemaid's carelessness or inattention when black-berrying, he fell into a deep brick pit full of water, and was never seen again.

Every search was made, but the body was never

“Charlie’s Birthday

found. The nursemaid confessed that she saw him fall into the water, but beyond this her statements were incoherent from guilt and terror. In a few days her mind gave way, and, never a strong girl, shortly afterwards she died.

It was a heartrending experience altogether, and a lasting sorrow.

Nevertheless Mrs. Leppington continued to “dress up,” as her husband called it, on “Charlie’s birthday,” and always wore his picture. They were thankful to have had his sweetness for even five years; they stored it with other tender joys in their land of memory; and they felt they should one day see him again.

The ritual of the pudding and of the cheese was being solemnized. Every meal together, to these children of grace, was a sacrament, since love went to the preparing of it, and it was eaten in oneness of communion. Five decades of married life had not dimmed the wonder and worship of it, nor the thankful blessedness that hardly knew where the earthly ended and the spiritual began.

Their mind (I use the singular advisedly) was, like the city of their dreams, “four-square” in its proportions, and included smallest of domesticities with grandest of principles. Their sympathies were cosmopolitan. They believed in, and looked for, a universal brotherhood, a civic structure, even on earth, of which holy men and women were the living masonry, and the corner-stone the Son of Man.

In Fenchester, more than in any other locality, they saw some resemblance to this ideal. They heard with joy of its low record of moral and physical depravity, its high standard of hygiene, its enlightened town council, its zealous and saintly bishop.

They did not venture much into the city itself. They had no old friends there, and Dr. Leppington’s deafness kept him from making new ones. But on fine Sundays and on high festivals, to the exquisite “lin-lan-lone” of

Two at Parbar

the bells, they would toil up the steep hill that led to the minster.

Afterwards, coming down the hill bathed in Sabbath peace, their hearts would burn with thankfulness for having their share in the temporal and spiritual privileges of so fair a city, the joy and pride of the whole county.

Echoes of city life came to them on weekdays also, and were received in like faith. One day, as they were sitting in the garden, there passed by three sturdy street urchins, stepping arm-in-arm, and singing with great gusto.

"How spirited!" said Dr. Leppington. "What are they singing?"

"I think I can catch the words," said she—

'We all go the same way home . . . :

In the same direction—in the same direction.'

It seems to be that over and over again—great stress on the last syllable."

"Well, really!" said her husband. "Most striking and wonderful! To think that the very street boys here should voice such unity. Doesn't it show the ultimate divineness of the democratic spirit?"

Dear souls, they had never been inside a music-hall! It never occurred to them that there could be any rabble in Jerusalem.

That evening, after the chutney-testing dinner, he fetched her cloak and they took a stroll in the dusky garden; they loved a breath of warm, perfume-laden air before turning in for the night.

Three hours later—beneath the very shadow of the minster and the hammering of the Angelus, the Mary bell, and the chimes—in the room of a dirty lodging-house, two evil-looking men were planning a course of action. They were sitting by a bare wooden table, smoking shag and drinking raw brandy.

"Give the bloke a swig, Beans," said the elder man.

“Rhubub’s” Instructions

“He wants something to buck him up. Here, Rhubub, come and stow this.”

The youth whom they called “Forced Rhubarb” slowly pulled himself off a rickety couch in the corner. He was lanky and overgrown, with unnaturally high colour and dirty yellow hair; he answered pretty accurately to his sobriquet.

“I don’t want it,” he cried. “I am here, Swingy, I’m sick of the whole business. When are you going to let me off on my own, as you promised?”

Swingy put his tongue in his cheek, and winked at Beans. “Never knowed him, took this way afore. Fit for the melting-pot. Buck up, youngster,” he continued, “it’s an easy job for you to-night. House down hill. Name painted white on the gate—‘Parbar.’ Two on ’em. Old uns. Master deaf. Maids timid. Three pieces of gold plate in left-hand cupboard of sideboard. Pantry window simple latch. A lock or two inside maybe, but what’s that to art and science? You take this bag with the tools, the print dress, and the floppy hat. When you’ve got the swag you stow it and cut up the steep, where you’ll find Beans. But change your dress first behind the summer-house; then no one’s been seen about in the early morning but a pretty girl looking for her sweetheart. See? Easy as pash.”

The boy scowled, sullen, defiant, miserable.

“What’s up with yer? Where’s yer pluck?” took up Beans. “Put yer dirty dial straight and pocket yer funk. You’ve pulled off many a job more dangerous than this.”

He had indeed. With his guileless face, his slim body, and his long fingers, he was an asset worth pounds to his taskmasters.

They packed his bag with the disguise and the vile instruments of burglary.

“And if you’ve any trouble, you know how to manage this,” said Swingy, as he loaded a small pistol. “A little spit from a mouth of steel, you know, is surer

Two at Parbar

than a blow with the crowbar. Less trouble and more genteel."

"I can't," said Rhubarb, whimpering—"not to-night. I can't help it coming over me. It's them bloomin' bells. Why did you take this room so near? I can't abide 'em. They're at it all day long—like—like good words."

Then Swingy swore a great and fearful oath. "You white-livered, canting hound!" he said. "You great, hulking lump of gangrene! Is this yer gratitood to me that snatched yer from the jaws of a watery grave and trained yer in a fine perfession? Let's have no more trouble, else you'll get the little spit instead of the old lady and gentleman. You shut up and do as you're told."

With a great sigh Rhubarb pulled himself together and began making preparations.

"You'll be back in two hours, and there's stewed sheep's head for breakfast. Drink this now, and you'll feel a lot better."

The lad gulped it down, and he and Beans went out into the balmy June night, brilliant with stars.

In the still birth of the dawn he had effected an entrance into "Parbar." He had got as far as the dining-room undisturbed. Then all at once the terrible sinking of heart came over him again. He was unnerved, faint for want of a good meal. Oh, for a morsel of food—something to slay this craving, this collapse of mind and body! He had tasted nothing since morning, and was weak with hunger.

He looked round with his little bull's-eye lantern. Ah! On the sideboard, uncovered pots! Jam, maybe, or mincemeat. Desperately he thrust in three grimy fingers, drew out a portion about as big as an apple, and ravenously crammed it into his mouth.

"Dear! Wake up!" cried Mrs. Leppington, with various pommels and pinchings. "Somebody's coughing so painfully. It sounds like choking."

In Self-defence

"Hey? What?" said the old man, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes.

"Listen! Listen! Or rather, let *me* listen. Somebody seems to be nearly choking to death. It must be either Hannah or Jane. Yet it seems to come from downstairs. Do go and see, dear."

Dr. Leppington hastily donned his dressing-gown and noiseless felt slippers. By some instinct he seized from its corner his thick country walking-stick with its knotted handle.

He tiptoed his way to the dining-room. There was a light, and a slight, dark form with its back to him crouching by the sideboard strangling a cough.

The doctor thumped the quivering back, thereby causing instant relief. Then he gripped the thin shoulders.

"What do you want here?" he said sternly. "This is no place for you."

"Let me go, sir," implored the youth, gasping, fairly surprised. "I have taken nothing, on my oath, sir, except this hot stuff, because I was so hungry. Let me go, and I swear I'll never come near you again! Have pity, sir. I don't want to do you harm," he spluttered, "but I must if you don't let me go."

Dr. Leppington heard never a word. He was intent on keeping his prisoner till he could summon assistance.

With a desperate effort the young man wrenched himself free, faced the doctor, glaring, and raised his pistol. Simultaneously, in self-defence, the doctor dealt him a well-directed blow on the temple, and the boy fell prone.

At first Dr. Leppington thought he was merely stunned, but examination showed a wound of a very serious nature.

The maids, awakened by the pistol (which had gone off harmlessly), appeared on the landing, white and scared.

He sent them both together to rouse up a chemist near, who had a telephone and would ring up the police.

Two at Parbar

Meanwhile he reassured his wife, who knew self-control as well as courage, and gave his best attention to bandaging the boy's bleeding head.

"Poor lad!" he thought, with compunction.

In about ten minutes a constable had arrived. He was able to throw light on a good deal. The youth belonged to a daring gang they had been watching without success for some time. There was evidence sufficient to convict Swingy and Beans for penal servitude at least. The arresting of them would be easier now.

"For the present, sir," he said, "what shall we do with this young fellow? Shall I bring an ambulance to take him to the hospital? Looks pretty bad, sir. Good job you could bandage him."

They turned the light full on the unconscious boy's face—so worn, so unutterably weary, yet almost sweet.

"Ah!" said the policeman. "He was not born to this. This gang makes a speciality of terrorising nurse-maids and kidnapping children, and bringing them up as thieves."

Dr. Leppington gave a great start. His face turned as white as his moustache.

"No," he said decisively, "he's not fit to be moved. Let him stay here until he is strong enough to give evidence."

They carried him up into a little spare bedroom. The doctor took off his filthy clothes, sponged the beautiful white body, and laid him in one of his own night-shirts. The policeman promised to send a nurse at once, also a clever up-to-date young surgeon, in whom the doctor had great confidence.

When the policeman had gone Dr. Leppington called his wife from her bedroom.

"What do you think of him?" he asked.

"Poor creature!" she commiserated. "Poor, poor lad! Oh, let's be good to him for the sake of——"

"Charlie," interposed the doctor in a husky voice. "Think! He would have been about this age."

“Who is it?”

In an instant Mrs. Leppington was kneeling by the bed and hastily pushing back the unfastened wristband on his left arm.

“It *is*!” she cried, deeply moved. “I know so well this tiny pear-shaped mole on his elbow. Oh, to think of it! My little Charlie! My poor darling boy!”

She crooned over him; she kissed him; she babbled baby talk over him as if he were still five, as if there had been no intervening years.

All the pent-up motherhood poured itself out over this gaolbird, this wastrel.

They did all that was humanly possible. . At the end of twenty-four hours he was still unconscious. The blow on the temple, which might not have mortally injured a stronger youth, was likely to hasten the worst with a lad so ill-nourished.

It was a house of love and grief. They watched and watched, longing for the flicker of an eyelid, for a gleam of life. On one side of him sat the poor old doctor, his fingers on the boy’s pulse, in a dazed agony of remorse as cruel as it was undeserved; on the other side sat his wife, her tears falling like rain.

Two days wore away thus. On the third, towards noon, the boy stirred and opened his eyes. They were perfectly clear and conscious. He gazed wonderingly into his foster-mother’s dear face, and a great peace seemed to fill his soul. Then his glance fell on the portrait of himself that she always wore.

“Who is it?” she asked, with a smile, fingering it.

“Charlie,” he lisped, as he had been taught to say when a tiny child.

In an ecstasy of pain she leaned over him.

“Where am I?” he said.

“You’re home again with mother and daddy, Charlie. Do you remember?”

Two at Parbar

"Yes . . ." he said dreamily. "Now I lay me down to. . . . They took me away."

"That's all over, darling. You're with us again now."

"I wanted to say . . . I never forgot. . . . I'm just . . . the same . . . though forced to do such wicked . . . Oh, mother ! . . ."

"My sweet !"

He sighed contentedly, and sank into a peaceful sleep.

"Just the same !" Yes, they felt he was just the same innocent-hearted child they had so loved. Some guardian angel had surely prevented evil from touching anything but the outer surface of his character.

The flickering life seemed to steady and gain strength from the yearning face of love that was so constantly brooding over him. She was fighting death for him—fighting and—yes, old as she was, she prevailed.

The matter was arranged with the police. But the patient had a long, long recovery. The neglect and hardship of years had told on mind as well as body. But at length care and patience did their perfect work, and next Easter Day two happy old people could be seen again climbing the hill to the great cathedral. A little older, a little slower, it is true, but, in pride and joy unspeakable, supported by a handsome stripling between them. They were going to give thanks at their beloved Mercy Seat "for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto us" in the preservation and restoration of "this our son who was lost and is found."

THE artist-traveller's record of
some experiences in Alaska
when the rush to the Klondyke
region was still recent.

Klondyke as I found it

BY

FREDERICK WHYMPER

"THRON-DIUCK," if you please, was stated by a high official of Ottawa to be the proper version of what has settled down by general consent to be known as Klondyke. And being an Indian name, and no very great orthographers about when it was incorporated on the map, it will doubtless have to remain at that, though the old geographical name of the Thron-Diuck was really Reindeer River among the early explorers.

Klondyke has become one of the best-known and most talked-of places in the world, and Bonanza Creek was long its centre of greatest interest, although the whole country is gold-bearing—aye, and will yield some day platinum, galena, and coal, the two latter in abundance.

The provender at an Alaskan or North-West Territory trading post when I visited the country consisted of a mixture of civilized and nature foods. Bread, hot cakes, and tea were always possible, with in summer wild ducks, geese, and swans, and the eggs of all these birds; occasional moose-meat and bear-meat, salmon and salmon-trout galore. The higher class trader might have a few simple luxuries—oatmeal, beans, bacon, and

Klondyke as I found it

tinned goods. In winter the salmon is replaced by the rich, oily "white-fish" (*Coregonus*) of many varieties, common to Northern Canada, which is fished from under the ice, sometimes by using lines with a number of baited hooks, sometimes by large and well-made basket traps. In the latter case a large oblong hole is kept open all winter through the packed snow and ice, and the trap raised periodically.

At Nulato, on the middle Yukon, where the writer wintered, the traps would often yield several hundred pounds' weight of fish, ranging from the size of a large mackerel to a medium cod. Then in winter, again, there were white Arctic hares and ptarmigan in abundance. These were never hunted or shot, but simply snared by cunning arrangement of bent twigs and thin strips of hide. This is mostly left to the squaws. Mr. Big Indian does not waste his time over such small game.

On the coast, porpoise, seal, walrus, and whale were all obtainable and often eaten, for there there is little game. Young porpoise is good enough; at all events, they thought so in Queen Elizabeth's days. The writer has eaten whale-*brain* fritters, and though very rich and oily, they were appetising and even delicate in flavour. Semi-Arctic (and sometimes *entire* Arctic) climates give one an appetite, and Nature has provided in this rich food exactly what is wanted.

Getting through in the winter was then a terrible enterprise. The sledges which reached Dawson City would principally be propelled by *bipeds*, some of whom would have to walk in front to make a path with their snowshoes, walk back again, and then start forward the second time, in order that the dogs and their human companions might travel fifteen or twenty miles a day. The writer has had all these experiences, and would therefore prefer to start for such mines when the rivers are quite open. Paddling one's own canoe, or some one else's, even for hundreds of miles, is baby's work, even when the rivers, torrents, and lakes are not yet free

Missing

from floating ice, compared with sledging up hill and down dale in that primitive country.

As to getting a ride for one's self on a heavily loaded sledge, it would not merely have been gross cruelty to animals, but would have ended in the animals striking, and lying down comfortably in the snow. Should indignation on the part of the proprietor assume violence in the shape of kicking or whipping, the chance is all on the dogs throwing up their employment that evening at camp-time. They will bite through anything in the way of harness or rope, their teeth being sharpened by their usual winter diet of dried fish and iced water, and therefore you waste your time to tie them up. If you do not give them everything you are having yourself—fresh fish, meat, game, bread—they will before leaving your service "go for" anything that is eatable or even chewable.

On one occasion, a single dog got loose while the writer and his companions were sleeping or smoking round the camp-fire. Next morning *six* hams, packed in canvas, were missing from one of the sledges, and the dog was missing too. He had returned to the Indians from whom he had been purchased, and was never recovered, as it would hardly have paid to go back 120 miles for such a tyke, with the dead certainty of not getting him.

There is another point: it is extremely dangerous to jump on a sledge when it is being dragged or propelled rapidly, on account of the chill you are sure to take. Packed up in furs, with fur coat, trousers, and socks, hair inside, perhaps a longer fur overcoat with hood, there is no safety but in rapid *and* continuous motion. The breath congeals on your moustache and beard, and may literally "glue" your lips and prevent you speaking, while you must breathe through your nose alone. Then the whole body is in a state of perspiration, with all the pores open, and although there may be no indication on the surface of the skin, the moment it is checked it becomes ice, and

Klondyke as I found it

you are a frozen man, and very speedily a dead man too, if you do not bestir yourself.

Here is a native tragedy, which occurred at St. Michael's while I was in the country.

An Indian—one of the young Malemutes of the coast immediately surrounding Behring Sea on the American side—was running by the side of his dog-sledge laden with furs, which was skimming along at twenty miles an hour over the clear ice of a little bay ending at Michaelooski (Fort St. Michael's), it being early winter and no snow on the surface. His dogs, sniffing the delights of the Fort, did their best, and their master, not wanting to be left behind, jumped on the side of his sledge, and attempted to light his pipe.

The evening was cold, clear, and starlight; the warm lights of the Fort looked inviting, while he knew that he would be heartily welcome, that the samovar was even then boiling and the tea brewing in his honour, as he had collected a handsome lot of valuable furs, which a season or two later would deck the beauteous forms of stately and noble ladies at St. Petersburg.

Personally he cared naught for these *belles*, these distant dames of high degree, for was not his own squaw, be-furred and beaded, and her dark hair oiled and her dark eyes shining out of her blubbery cheeks, waiting for him? And had he not saved a choice piece of dried moose nose and the richest pemmican for his lady-love, and some mountain-sheep fur for the trimming of her new "parka" (hooded cloak and gown combined), about the only mountain-sheep that had been taken that year for many a long mile, for the creature is shy and keeps to the Alpine rocks and ranges?

Thinking of all these things he fell asleep, the fatal sleep of intense cold from which there is no awakening. When this sledge arrived at the Fort and dashed up the inclined plane through the great gateway into the quadrangle, there was a dead Malemute lying on a bed of rare furs, his pipe tight between his lips, on

Tropical Heat

which a flitting smile had frozen. There, too, was his poor sweetheart, with the tears pouring from her eyes.

These North Coast natives are Esquimaux of a larger and better build than the rest, are Christians of the Greek Church, are universally trusted by the whites, and have many amiable and noble traits. I have travelled hundreds of miles with them, camping in the open or in their underground houses, employing them, and often necessarily urging them to harder and longer work, and do not remember a single refusal or rude denial. Their merry laugh was good to hear, and their appreciation of a little extra kindness almost touching. We left our provisions and goods in their charge, and also "cachéd" all over the open country, generally in the clefts of trees and branches, or on stages specially erected, and never lost the value of a farthing.

Their underground winter houses are often on a large scale, and are all on the same principle. They are roofed holes in the ground, with very small, low doorways and passages leading to them, through which you must crawl, unless you are a dwarf of the most dwarfish proportions. A hole in the roof lets out some of the smoke from the wood fire.

It may be 90 degrees below freezing outside, yet the Yukon Indian—and this is true of the natives of the entire course of the river, from the sea to Klondyke and beyond—can and does enjoy something like tropical heat in his subterranean dwelling. The house is lined with shelves, on which the inhabitants lounge, smoke, sit at work, or sleep. The papoose is in a kind of waving cradle, into which it is securely tied, the whole thing being slung to a young sapling fir planted in the ground in a slanting direction; it moves up and down at the slightest provocation.

In summer the baby would be left for hours together outside. The log fire burns merrily, while iron pots, obtained from the traders, are stewing, boiling, or simmering vigorously, and it also fills the chamber with aromatic and pungent smoke, making ophthalmi-

Klondyke as I found it

troubles very common. The temperature is that of a steam-bath—smoke taking the place of steam, while the general atmosphere is distinctly frowsy. The *ménage* generally is a mixture of Indians, old and young, with a liberal allowance of babies, dogs, skins, furs, game, dried or fresh fish, guns, and snowshoes.

In summer, all hands, Indians and all, may camp under a tree or anywhere in the open, if only they are proof against the mosquitoes and sand-flies which abound, and which are actually so bad that they drive the great, clumsy moose, the agile deer, the rough-and-tumble bear, out of the forests into the great rivers, where they become an easy prey to the hunter. The great difficulty is to drive the animals from mid-stream, where they swim, with their noses continually dipping under water, into shallow and stiller water at the banks and beaches of the river. Even then, when killed, they have to be hauled ashore, and a 600-lb. moose is not uncommon.

Once ashore, the animal is skinned, cleaned, cut up into joints, and on the fire cooking within half an hour. Moose-meat is more like a gamey beef than any other venison, and is even better than bear, which is very good eating indeed. Fancy a stew of fresh moose, bear, pemmican, and two or three kinds of birds ! Such could be had any day about midsummer on the Yukon at the time of my visit.

But the country could not support the mining rush, for the game in particular was driven farther off, and unless supplies were greatly supplemented by stores sent in from below, from Vancouver, Seattle, or San Francisco, there was bound to be great suffering.

The miner who with a certain quantity of heavy goods and provisions has arrived without money will have to stop on the way or sell the larger part of his effects to enable him to pay for the carriage of the rest. This is what had been happening since the "rush"; and the two mountain trails from the Inlet to the Lake, with the intermediate valley swamps, were



The Yukon River, Alaska.

"A dollar per pound"

strewn with packing-cases, boxes and barrels, sacks, mining and agricultural implements, and domestic apparatus found impossible to transport, interspersed by dead horses and mules.

All this was nothing to miners of experience. The like could be told of Californian, Oregonian, and British Columbian mines. When the writer went to Cariboo in its palmiest days, there was nothing but a trail for about six hundred miles of the journey up and from Fraser River. Not thirty or forty miles of road were yet completed. Consequently everything was packed on the backs of mules or horses, and the cost of transportation was 50 and 55 cents—let the English reader remember that a cent is the exact equivalent of a half-penny—per pound for everything that reached the mines. Food, clothing, tools and implements, iron nails and tacks, candles and oil, cables, rope, cord, string, and twine, all cost a dollar per pound when retailed at Cariboo.

Let the reader think of sugar and salt, beans and bacon, flour or oatmeal, and in fact everything, averaging four shillings and twopence per pound, making the "square meal" cost two and two-and-a-half dollars, and the smallest penny loaf a shilling. Two-shilling tea or coffee was \$2.50 per pound. Liquid refreshments were averaged at twenty-five cents or a shilling each, but the choice was sometimes of a nauseating kind.

Nevertheless, there was one redeeming feature in the supplies: beef was then cheap. As the miners said, "it packed itself there," the cattle being driven in from a great distance without much difficulty or loss, as there was food on the road in the shape of thick "bunch grass" and other natural fodder. Meat was retailed at one shilling (or its equivalent twenty-five cents) per pound. The same thing was happening at Dawson City, Klondyke, where both cattle and sheep were driven in every few days.

The value of a common enough luxury under such

Klondyke as I found it

circumstances is illustrated by the following fact. An old miner and professional gambler, a Spaniard of education, used to sit opposite the writer at table, and often ask to be allowed to look at his sketches. This old gentleman had thoughtfully brought with him a dozen-case of Worcester Sauce. There was not a bottle elsewhere within five hundred miles ! Sydney Smith's " miles from a lemon " sank into insignificance, and the writer and one or two other specially favoured diners were often granted a taste of the popular condiment, and considered themselves highly privileged. Its owner could have readily obtained two pounds sterling a bottle for it.

But when one reads in the newspapers of \$1,000 having been paid for a sack of flour—the sacks are really light bags, always made for 50 or 100 lb.—and thirty or so pounds of bacon, a little scepticism may be permitted, or else the storekeepers must have been having an exceptionally good time.

Of course the entire trading community might be nearly out of flour and bacon for a few days in that inaccessible quarter. The story, however, must be taken *cum grano*—the very salt, indeed, in this case, being three or four shillings a pound !

Still, when you are turning out nearly virgin gold at the rate of several hundred pounds sterling a day, what does it matter ? When the writer was in Barkerville, British Columbia, in early days, " old Burns," as he was called, " struck it rich." He had persevered with his tunnel for two years without taking more than the " colour " ; his first partners had given up in disgust, and the day before the great event he had been refused a little more credit. He was near starving ; he could only pick away at his dismal tunnel in the daytime, for candles—at a dollar a pound—had been refused him. One night all this was changed ; the storekeepers became obsequious, while the banks—there were three—would have advanced him anything. In a few days all was in working order, and three

Thirty Mules' Load

"shifts" were working, one each eight hours. And when the "dump-box" was washed up at the termination of the shift 600 oz. of gold, or 1,800 oz. of gold—say £7,000 sterling—per day of twenty-four hours, was the result. Burns, a rugged old Scotch-Canadian, took his gold down to Victoria on the backs of thirty mules, accompanied by all the men who had worked for him as an escort. It was a triumph of perseverance, aided by the practical knowledge of an old mining expert.

There is really nothing to doubt in such statements as "\$96,000 from 45 square feet," or of gold being stored in tin meat-cans or pickle-jars in the miners' cabins, or of Mrs. Kinney—more power to her elbow!—returning from the mines with £4,000 cash, and a title-deed representing ten times as much, the result of honest labour as a cook to the miners. An ex-sergeant of Vancouver Police returned with £12,000 worth of Yukon gold, acquired in a few months.

In conclusion, the trite remark may be allowed that "all is not gold that glitters," and that the fate of first gold discoverers has been in inverse proportion to their deserts. Marshall, who discovered the first Californian deposit in 1847, died quietly in the country, only a fairly well-to-do farmer and lumberman. William Dietz, who discovered William's Creek, Cariboo, the richest of this series of British Columbian mines, was found dead from starvation in a forest near by, with an inscription scratched on the bottom of his tin camp cup recording his sufferings.

IT is easy to lose your way in a fog; but the accident does not always end as happily as the one here recounted.

The Angel in the Fog

BY

E. DIBDIN

IT had been misty all day, and just before four o'clock a heavy black fog settled down on the city, shrouding everything with a thick veil, and making even the street lamps, which had been hastily lighted, invisible except to those immediately under them.

This was the state of things when the boys from Mr. Wilson's Preparatory School raced down the steps with their straps and satchels and prepared to make their way home.

"Hadn't you better wait, Reid?" said an elder lad to a little fellow who might be nine years old. "You've got a good way to go, and the fog's very thick. You might lose yourself. If you waited it might clear, or they might send for you."

Geoffrey Reid tossed his head scornfully. "Much obliged, Snipe," he said; "I can find my way all right, and they would never think of sending for me."

"All right," said Snipe cheerfully, as he disappeared in the gloom. "I'll leave a description of you at the police station as I come by in the morning, and ask them to drag the canal."

Geoffrey felt full confidence in his own powers when

A Collision

he set out on his homeward journey, with his hands in his pockets, and whistling merrily, but it was somewhat shaken when he reached a refuge in the middle of the road where four streets met and he could not tell in which direction he ought to go, and it vanished altogether when he struck violently against an iron railing when he felt sure he was going along a straight path.

He turned and twisted and grew more confused every minute. The fog made his eyes smart and his throat rough and dry, while a damp chill seemed to envelop him, and he wished that he had taken advice and waited till somebody had come for him. It was too late now, however, and he struggled manfully on, not knowing where he was going. He determined to ask the next person he met for guidance, but there did not seem to be any people about, and when one dim form towered over him for a moment it had disappeared again before he had even begun to put his question.

It seemed hours since he had left school, and he felt sure he must have walked miles. There were more tears in his eyes than could be justly laid to the acrid smoke of London when he ran against a boy little bigger than himself.

"Where are you shoving to?" exclaimed the figure. "If you want to bang your head you can try a lamp-post, there's plenty about."

"I beg your pardon," said Geoffrey meekly, "I didn't see you. I've lost my way. Can you tell me if I am near Chesham Gardens?"

"Never heard of them," said the boy briefly; "there ain't no gardens about here," and he made as though he would go on.

"Don't go," cried Geoffrey, grasping his arm. "Can't I come with you a little way?"

"I'm going home," said the boy; "you can come along with me if you like. Mother might know where your place is."

Geoffrey gladly accepted the offer and quickened

The Angel in the Fog

his steps to keep up with his new friend's rapid stride.

It might be well to tell you a little about John Brotherton's home before he and Geoffrey reach it.

John was the eldest of four children. His father had been dead about two years, and his mother had hard work to feed and clothe the little ones. John was just about to leave school, and looked forward to the time when his weekly earnings would make life brighter at home, but just now things were in a bad way.

Mrs. Brotherton was a God-fearing woman, and it was only that morning that she had been telling her little girl how God had fed the prophet Elijah by means of ravens, and that He would always feed His people.

"Does He always send ravens?" asked little Lucy, with a glance at the window.

"No, silly," replied her sister Annie, with the superior wisdom of her eight years; "it's generally angels."

"I never saw an angel," said little Lucy with awe in her voice; "did you?"

Annie found it convenient not to hear this, and their mother went on to tell them that they must ask God to send the food, and He would choose whom He pleased to bring it.

"I have asked Him," said Lucy, "so I suppose it will be coming before long."

But as the day drew on and the darkness grew, poor Mrs. Brotherton was compelled to light her only remaining candle to enable her to see the work she was doing. She looked anxiously at it from time to time, for she feared whether it would last until the work was done, and there was no money forthcoming until she could take the work home.

"Set the table for tea, Annie," she said at length. "The boys will be in presently, and I have not a moment to spare."

It was not the first time Annie had done this, and



'Don't go!' cried Geoffrey, grasping his arm.

An Unexpected Arrival

she set about her work with a business-like air, giving her little sister the cups to carry one at a time with womanly warnings as to possible breakages.

"There isn't much tea, mother," she said, after examination of the little canister in the cupboard.

"Shake it all out and put it in the pot," said her mother. "If I can get this work in to-night there'll be some fresh for breakfast." And she bent her weary back and moved her cold fingers faster than before.

Just as Annie had finished her task steps on the stairs told that the boys were approaching.

"Harry isn't coming," said John, as he opened the door. "He went home with Mr. Smith to do some jobs." While he spoke he advanced towards the light with Geoffrey beside him.

The little girls gazed with wonder on the smart little figure in its warm coat with fur trimmings.

"Is it an angel?" whispered Lucy, but Annie nudged her reprovingly.

"Boys aren't angels," she said, with truth.

By this time John was explaining Geoffrey's appearance, and asking for Chesham Gardens.

"Chesham Gardens!" said Mrs. Brotherton reflectively. "Oh, yes, I know it, but it is a long way from here. Well, you'd better stop here till I've got my work done, and I'll take you home. I'm sorry I can't go at once, because I doubt your mother's in a way about you, but I must finish the work, and I don't dare send you with John in this fog. You'd both be lost."

Geoffrey was gazing round the room with astonished eyes. It was quite unlike any room he had seen before. A good-sized bed took up one side of it, and the little table on which the tea was set out was surrounded by two chairs with broken backs and some wooden stools. There were a good many pictures and framed certificates on the walls, and everything looked clean so far as the light of the candle would allow him to see.

The Angel in the Fog

it ; yet it was but a poor home, and seemed to Geoffrey very crowded and uncomfortable.

"You'd better get your tea, children," said the mother ; "I can't wait now. Go and wash your hands, Jack." Geoffrey accompanied his host to a sink on the landing outside the door, where they washed their hands under the running tap, which seemed a much better and more amusing plan than using a basin, and they all sat down to tea.

"There's only a little treacle left," said Annie in a loud whisper.

"Well, give it to the little boy first," said the mother in a similar tone, and the meal began. There was not a whole loaf, and it speedily vanished under the attacks of the boys.

At length Lucy could stand it no longer, when Geoffrey held out his plate for another slice. "Angels do eat a lot," she said, with withering scorn. "There won't be any for mother if you have any more."

Mrs. Brotherton looked up. "Don't you be rude, Lucy," she said. "Eat as much as you like, my dear. I'm very glad you can make a tea. I shouldn't have any if you weren't here."

But Geoffrey grew very red. "I don't think I want any more, thank you," he said. "Mother always says I eat too much, and your bread is so nice."

"I am sure your mother is a nice lady," said Mrs. Brotherton warmly, "and I am only sorry to keep her anxious all this time, but I can't help it. I haven't a drop of oil left, and this candle is all I've got."

The children drew their stool round the fire while Annie cleared away the tea and prepared to wash the cups and plates. Geoffrey and John talked and Lucy listened.

"Why do you have tea in the bedroom?" said the former. "I should have thought it would have been nicer in the dining-room, or even in the kitchen."

"This is the only room we've got," said John.

John's Resolve

"When father was alive we had two, but we've only had one since he died. You see, the rents are so high, but when I go to work we shall be better off."

"I saw lots of other rooms in the house," said Geoffrey. "Who has all those?"

John promptly supplied him with a list of the other lodgers.

"I wish your mother didn't have to work so hard," said Geoffrey. "I shouldn't like mine to have no time for her tea."

"When I'm a man," said John, "she shan't do any work at all, but shall live in a nice little house as she did before she married."

Then the two boys fell to discussing their future paths in life, and Geoffrey was disposed to envy John when he announced his firm determination of being an engine-driver.

At last Mrs. Brotherton folded up her work just before the flame of the candle leaped to a great height and then died away.

"Now we'll start," she said. "You children must make the fire do till I get back, and that won't be for a good while. John, mind Lucy and Annie don't get lighting bits of paper and such."

"Yes, mother," said John, and Mrs. Brotherton set off, the bundle of work on one arm and Geoffrey's hand firmly grasped in hers.

It was a good way to the shop that gave the work, and poor Mrs. Brotherton was five minutes too late to get her money, so that it was with an empty purse and a sorrowful heart that she went the yet longer distance to Chesham Gardens.

Here she found a sorrowful household, for the loss of the only son had caused his parents much pain and anxiety. Mr. Reid was still out engaged in the search, and Mrs. Reid rushed into the hall to clasp her child in her arms as soon as she heard his voice.

Mrs. Brotherton refused to wait till the father came in, as she was anxious to get home, but she carried

The Angel in the Fog

a piece of gold in her hand when she left, which provided such comforts for the next morning that little Lucy gravely announced, as she ate the unwonted luxury of bread and butter, "You see it was the angel, after all."

A HINT to boys who love
Nature, and a pleasant record
of happy days in the past.

Holidays in an Old Wood

HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S.

I AM sure that it is one of the best things that can happen to a boy that he should be allowed to grow up near a large wood in which he has free permission to wander. Of course, if he has not permission, it will be a bad thing for him to be tantalized with the neighbourhood of a wood which he cannot enter, and he will be certain to invade it without leave, and so come into collision with gamekeepers and others, and get into trouble with his parents, pastors, and masters.

But if he has permission and opportunity, it is a great advantage to have the run of a wood of fair size. A boy cannot rightly understand *The Deerslayer* or *The Last of the Mohicans* unless he has learned something of woodcraft. Now, one cannot avoid acquiring some of this knowledge, if he is in the way of making for himself a straight course through trees and undergrowth, where there is no path, and where it is not always easy to see the sun. I have known us boys to curve round in such a place and come out, to our great bewilderment, at a point opposite to where we expected to be.

Then look at the chances for Nature-study which

Holidays in an Old Wood

occur in a wide area covered with many sorts of trees and plants. One can there see wild creatures in a state of nature, watch their curious ways, listen to their calls, and get to know them as a good naturalist should do.

For many years as a boy this privilege was mine. I might wander as I liked through a large wood which was situated in the North of Scotland. Wild animals of many kinds dwelt in its depths—roedeer, badgers, rabbits, squirrels, owls, hawks, and smaller birds and insects innumerable. Hedgehogs and young wild rabbits we often took home and tried to tame. Hedgehogs became very friendly and familiar, but generally made their escape in the end. The young rabbits, in spite of all we could do, went off their food and died. I remember only one exception, and we were inclined to wish that he had shared the fate of his kinsfolk, for he taught our other rabbits to burrow out of their hutch, and escape into the garden, where we recovered them with difficulty, and with considerable damage to the vegetable crop.

I am not aware of the exact extent of this wood, but I should say that it covered about six square miles, if we count the open moorland enclosed within it. Some parts were level, others hilly, and at its northern extremity it crested a ridge about three hundred feet high. Much of the space had been planted with Scots pine and larch, but large areas had been left in a more or less primitive state, and were covered with dense thickets of scrub oak, beech, birch, and other hardwoods. In the moorland and pinewoods heather flourished, and was often more than knee-deep; among the hardwoods the soil was mostly carpeted with plants of what we called blaeberry, but which is in England named bilberry or whortleberry. In the month of July we used to gather great quantities of the fruit.

Buried in the heart of the wood were dark, sullen ponds, some of considerable depth. This was in one

Poachers

instance tested in a rather odd manner. The local curling-pond had become so overgrown with weeds and rushes that the game could not be played upon it, and until it was cleaned the members of the club made use of one of these ponds. One Saturday forenoon a match was being played amidst the usual excitement. The curlers failed to observe that the weather had changed and that a thaw had begun. Suddenly, when the whole of the stones were up at the "tee" at one end, there was a loud crack. The curlers made for the side, where they arrived in time to see the mass of stones, weighing over a ton, subside into the depths. The stones were recovered with much difficulty, the water being ten feet deep, but no more games were played upon that pond.

To the wood we went at all seasons and at all hours. A favourite adventure was to go into it after dark with a bull's-eye lantern. There was a spice of danger about this which made it more attractive. There were many deep pits among the heather, and if our lantern had gone wrong when we were involved in the wood, we might readily have fallen into one of these and have shared the fate of Joseph.

There were other risks. One night we came upon a party of poachers. When they saw our light they fancied we were the police and bolted. A short time previously a gamekeeper had been attacked at night on his way home and beaten almost to death, so that it was probably just as well for us that the poachers mistook us. It is impossible for persons directly in front of a bull's-eye lantern to see the persons behind it, and to this circumstance we owed our escape.

On another night we got a bad fright, from a less real cause. We were making our way through the darkest part of the Scots pines, and walking warily. Outside the beam from our lantern there was intense blackness, where nothing was visible. Anything might have been lurking there. All at once there burst upon our affrighted ears the most appalling shriek—"hoo-

Holidays in an Old Wood

oo-oo." If there had been Red Indians in the wood we should have trembled for our scalps, but it was only a tawny owl protesting against our intrusion.

There were several tawny owls in the depths of the wood. Once we found a baby owl which had fallen from a nest and was lying at the foot of a lofty pine. We took it home, but it was not a satisfactory pet. It bit us savagely and kept up an incessant squeaking. We did our best for it, but we could not hit upon the right food, and it only lived a few weeks. Perhaps it had been hurt by its fall from the nest.

Speaking of owls naturally suggests hawks. Of these more than one kind frequented the wood. Kestrels built every year in a large disused freestone quarry. The nests were usually quite beyond reach, although we knew where they were. Only once did we succeed. That year the nest was on a ledge among some young self-sown Scots pines, about half-way down a face eighty feet high. We judged that the ledge could be reached by a sloping climb downwards. One of our party successfully negotiated the dangerous pass. I was less fortunate. A bad start left me slipping slowly down a steep slope of hardened clay with a perpendicular drop of seventy feet beneath it. It was a most terrible sensation. I could not check myself, and experienced what a mountaineer must feel when he gets in motion on a snow slope. Fortunately, the toe of my boot caught a projecting stone, and with caution I was able to climb back, but I wisely concluded that the adventure of the kestrels' nest was not for me!

From the top of this quarry there is a wonderfully fine view. One can look over the tops of the trees beneath, and over fields and low-lying country beyond that, until the prospect is closed about five miles away by a range of heath-clad hills. Between two of these hills a dark cleft can be detected. This is the mouth of a narrow glen, down which a mountain stream rushes to join the river below, which is not visible

A Captured Kelpie

from the quarry. A few dark objects near the mouth of the glen are the farmhouses of Mill o' Mannoeh, concerning which farm a strange legend is told.

A short distance above the mill the stream slips over a waterfall into a black pool of great depth, in which there dwelt, and, in the belief of country folk, may still dwell, a kelpie. There are various tales told of kelpies, and various characters given to them, but all agree in describing them as actuated by malignant feelings towards human beings.

The kelpie at Mill o' Mannoeh was never seen except when the wintry blast was raging and snow was drifting in death-dealing sheets across the moors. Then the belated traveller approaching the flooded stream in search of a ford would see a black pony cantering along the bank. Woe betide him if he tried to cross the stream !

But, like others, the kelpie had a weakness. He was fond of the warm kiln at the mill, and sometimes slipped in at midnight to toast his chilled limbs. In this position, sound asleep, he was one night found by the miller. Now if you find a kelpie asleep, and have the pluck to slip a bridle upon him, he becomes your slave, and must work like an ordinary horse. Hope of gain overcame fear of the kelpie, and Mill o' Mannoeh, as the miller was generally called, crept quietly round to the stable, seized the first bridle that came to hand, and bridled the kelpie.

The miller was about to build new houses, so he set the kelpie to drag cartloads of stones from the hill. By employing relays of carters he kept the work going day and night. But his greed was his undoing. In his haste he had picked up an old bridle, which was unfit to stand the wear and tear of such steady work.

One afternoon the miller was himself driving the kelpie yoked to a heavy load. He gave the bridle a vicious pull, and it snapped. In an instant the kelpie lashed out with his hind legs, dashing the cart to splinters, and hurling the miller with a broken leg

Holidays in an Old Wood

into the stream. He then rushed up the glen and as he plunged into his pool was heard to moan :—

“Sair back and sair banes,
Drivin’ Mill o’ Mannoeh’s stanes.”

Such is the story of Mill o’ Mannoeh and the kelpie. It may have a moral. To every one of us a kelpie may come in the form of an opportunity. If we seize it and hold it firmly, the opportunity becomes our servant, but if we relax our grip, it slips away never to return.

Great numbers of jackdaws nested in the quarry. The daw is, as is well known, a most mischievous bird. On the banks of a large river several miles from the wood a number of herons had established a heronry. A colony of jackdaws took up their quarters in the cliffs farther down the river, and soon began a system of persecution of the noble birds. A daw would fly boldly up to the heronry, dart into an unguarded nest, spike an egg with its bill, and fly off down-stream. The herons started in pursuit. Whenever the other jackdaws saw the herons drawn off in this manner, they invaded the heronry and pillaged the nests. It is believed that this persecution was the reason why the herons deserted the place in the course of a few years.

A favourite amusement of ours was to start from some point on the outer edge of the wood with a pocket compass. We would lay down a course—say south-south-west—and follow that without deviation right through the wood. By this practice we became acquainted with many strange spots which we might never otherwise have seen.

One day in July we had set off in this manner, and the course for the day led us to the foot of the hill which, as I already said, closed the wood to the northward. The slope from the south was long and gradual, leading over a piece of moorland ; the slope to the

A "Find"

north was steep and abrupt. The summit at the point where we reached it was a tableland, planted with Scots pine, forming a dense wood. As we worked our way through the closely massed trees, we unexpectedly emerged at the edge of a sheet of water. Near the far side of this were a group of tiny ducks, and floating on the water, a little distance from them, was the mother wild-duck. The little things were grubbing among the mud for insects. The quick eye or ear of the mother detected us in a moment. With a loud "quack" she glided to the rushes which lined the edge of the pond, the ducklings taking cover at the same moment, and in an instant the pond was devoid of all sign of wild fowl.

As we skirted the pond to try to reach the place where the birds vanished, we came upon its outlet, and were diverted from our pursuit by a more remarkable sight.

The pond was evidently supplied partly by springs, partly by accumulations of surface water. There was a slight overflow which passed into a hole about a foot in diameter, which descended into the ground about three feet, when it became blocked with loose stones. The inside of this tube was lined with bright green moss and tiny ferns, kept always fresh in consequence of the constant trickle of water which poured down in a thin but steady stream. Where it went to we could not see. To us it was an absolute mystery, and quite put the ducks out of our thoughts.

In later years I was able to form a guess as to the solution of the mystery. The hill was really a great block of sandstone. Quarries were in all directions, and in these it was evident that the rock was fissured and split. The water of the pond in seeking an outlet had chanced to strike one of these fissures, down which it was slipping to the lower level, and possibly reappeared in the well of some cottage at the foot of the hill.

The old wood was a place of great delight to us,

Holidays in an Old Wood

and I may say more especially to me. I slept in it when I was a baby, and played in it when I was a boy. My first collections and observations were made there. Like most young collectors, I made many captures of what I felt sure must be great rarities, only to find that they were all very well known indeed. Like others, too, I had my strokes of luck, and got some specimens at that time which I have never had the opportunity of taking again.

On this subject of collecting I have a very strong impression that it is overdone by most Nature-students. In my case it was in a measure excusable, as there was no public collection to which I could refer, and without retaining specimens for comparison, I should never have learned anything. But in the general case, where a young naturalist can, without much trouble, consult the collection in the nearest museum, there is little necessity for his taking life. Observation of habits is far more interesting and far more useful, while it does away with the destruction of bright and beautiful creatures, which have a true enjoyment of their brief life. When one reads in a scientific paper that Mr. Smith on a certain day succeeded in capturing seventy-two specimens of a rare moth, one can only feel intense pity and disgust.

In these days the cry is all for games—cricket, “rugger,” hockey, golf, and the rest. No one will be so foolish as to decry games, but I would like to say that no game can replace the free life of the woods and fields, and the original observation of Nature. That is why I have tried to recall some of my recollections of the Old Wood for the amusement of other boys, and in the hope that they, too, may find woods of their own.

THE late Duke of Argyll, when Marquis of Lorne, wrote this story of Indian perils for the volume "Canadian Pictures" which he prepared for the R.T.S.

Saved from the Iroquois

BY

THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL

IT is difficult at this day to realize the dangers to which the first colonies in Canada and in New Zealand were exposed by the incursions of the savage Indians. It was the Iroquois, whose threats of massacre kept the garrison at Quebec in alarm, and who became so bold that a large party of Hurons was actually attacked by them on the Isle of Orleans; and the invaders passed the French town with the bleeding scalps of their victims displayed from the canoes as they paddled again up-stream.

A state of siege was not uncommon. It was rumoured that the savages meant to destroy the town and carry away the sisters, who, for safety, were ordered to be lodged in the fortress of the Jesuit quarters in the square near the cathedral. The mother superior wrote: "We are between life and death. No one can be assured of safety from the fury of the barbarians. All this, I assure you, gives me no fear. I feel my heart disposed to bear and to suffer all that it may seem best to the good Lord to send me. He knows what I am able to endure, and I have faith that He will not permit anything to happen which shall not be for the best."

Saved from the Iroquois

Tales were told, amid the distress of the colonists, of the power of religion.

Two French soldiers had been surprised in the woods by a party of Iroquois near the hamlet of Three Rivers and carried off to captivity in their country. One of the soldiers had, in defending himself, received a bullet, which had remained deeply embedded in his body. An Iroquois warrior, in the hope of taking him alive to the tribe so that he might there undergo the refinements of cruelty which were inflicted on the prisoners, probed the wound, and, making an incision, extracted the bullet with a dexterity unsuspected in a savage. He then bound up the wound, applying wild herbs to it, and tended him so well that before the end of the journey was reached the wound had closed and was in a state which promised a complete cure.

On the approach of the party to the Indian quarters, one of the band was sent ahead to give notice of their arrival. All the Indians poured forth and ranged themselves in two lines at the entrance of the place. The two unhappy prisoners were, according to custom, divested of their clothing and made to run the gauntlet of these two lines amid a hail of blows. They were then left on the ground covered with blood and almost dead.

At nightfall they saw furtively passing a human being, in whom they recognized a Huron Christian, who had been for two years with the French. He came to them and exhorted them in words of admirable faith to endure their pains with patience and to commend themselves to the care of God, who had so marvellously protected himself. He then added that the time of their suffering was nearly past, and that they would soon receive their recompense.

"For," said he as he departed, "your fate has been decided; to-morrow at dawn you will be burnt alive. Be of good courage until the end and remember me when you are in heaven."

The exhortations of this convert gave consolation

A Pleasant Surprise

to the two victims, and made them look at their fate with resignation, for death seemed infinitely preferable than to live in such torment. They passed the rest of the night in prayer and in mutually encouraging each other to suffer martyrdom for the love of Christ.

At length came the dawn. The sun rose and the morning wore on without any unusual movement taking place in the village. The prisoners marvelled at the cause of the delay. An envoy from the district of Montague had arrived during the night. He had assembled the chiefs and had, with all his eloquence, endeavoured to persuade them to deliver the two soldiers to his tribe, to be used as a help in procuring a treaty with the French. Both prisoners were brought before the council, and heard with astonishment that instead of being tied to the stake to be roasted they were to receive their liberty.

But they had hardly escaped from their first danger before another renewed their fears. The authority of the chiefs was seldom accepted without question among the tribes. An Iroquois warrior, furious at hearing that the prisoners were to escape, went in pursuit of them, tomahawk in hand, and they would certainly have perished had not a friendly Huron given them shelter and hiding in his hut.

When the new peril was passed they were conducted out of the village and pursued their way to Montague. The first days of the march were uneventful. The two Frenchmen, in spite of the fatigues of the journey, their weakness, and the wounds with which they were covered, thanked God that the end of their captivity was near, when one morning on awakening they found to their consternation that their guide had deserted them. The savage who had served them as guide had thought that his companions might assassinate him when alone in the forest. Haunted by this idea, he had taken advantage of the shadows of night and had fled.

Not knowing in what direction to proceed, the two

Saved from the Iroquois

soldiers became lost, and walked on at random, a prey to terrible anxiety, to privation, and to cold, for the time of the year was November. After wandering long they found themselves near a camp, which they saw was full of Meionts, a tribe fiercely hostile to the French.

Trembling lest they should be discovered, they entered a hut which seemed to them abandoned by its owner. They were about to hide in it when they found it was tenanted by a squaw, who, at first surprised by their hurried entrance, recognized them when she looked at them as fugitives and received them with kindness. With great astonishment they heard her address them in good French. She told them to fear nothing, and that she would take them under her protection.

This Indian woman was named Margaret, and had been a Christian captive taken from the poor Hurons, who were at the time scattered among their enemies. She had formerly received instruction from the Ursuline sisters in Quebec; often in her girlish days she had entered into the Hôtel Dieu, and had been witness of the motherly care accorded to the patients in the hospital. Profoundly moved by the sight of this exercise of Christian charity, she had resolved to imitate the sisters, and so to earn grace in the eyes of God.

She hid the Frenchmen from all curious eyes in a corner of the hut and carefully nursed them. She warmed their frozen limbs by lighting a fire, gave them nourishing food, and applied to their wounds the medicinal plants of which she well knew the virtue. While so engaged she would constantly speak to them of what she had seen in Quebec and of the nursing practised by the religious women. The memory of such an example was, she would repeat, her chief incentive to persevere in the Christian faith.

But their presence in the village was suspected at last, and their retreat was discovered. But, wonderful as it seemed to them, they were well treated by the

Indian Customs

tribe, who had never been friendly to a white man before, and were conducted to the borders of Montague. There they came under the authority of a great chief, whose policy it was to be friendly to the French, and he gave over to the Governor, De Mesy, who was then at Montreal, the men who had so often given themselves up as lost.

Very full accounts of the Iroquois are given by the old voyagers. We can imagine from their recitals their whole mode of life, as well as that of northern savages to the south and east. Some led a life giving them food only as they were successful in hunting and fishing, but others had settled habitations.

In 1608 Champlain describes them in the neighbourhood of Quebec as catching fish from September to October, and making a winter store by drying the fish. In January or February they hunted the beaver, the moose, and other wild animals. He represents them as reduced sometimes to great straits by hunger, and obliged to eat their dogs, and even the skins which they used as clothing. They were reputed to be great liars and very revengeful.

The Christians were much shocked at hearing that they had no special form of prayer, but that each one prayed according to his own liking. Priests or medicine-men among them were reported to have direct communication with the devil, and no enterprise was undertaken without consulting the Author of all Evil. All dreams were considered to be revelations and realities.

Half clothed in summer, they possessed excellent furs for winter wear, among which the skin of the seal is specially mentioned.

They believed in the immortality of the soul, and carefully buried with the dead all the arms and other articles which belonged to him, a custom followed, as we shall see later, by other tribes now living. A feast was held two or three times a year around the grave of a departed chief, and his friends danced and sang in his honour.

Saved from the Iroquois

But there were villages inhabited by others who must have been able to support themselves. They are uniformly described as of good stature ; the head was shaved around the temples and high on the forehead, leaving the hair on the crown to fall in a long tuft, garnished with feathers, very much as many of the nomad tribes have shaved until quite recently. Like the present wild Indians, these also had the face painted with red and black.

They planted maize ; they sowed in May and reaped in September. They burnt the trees of the forest, just as a modern settler does, in order to produce ground for planting, and sowed the seed among the charred stumps. They showed forethought also in sowing more than was required for one season, lest a bad year might come and no crop be gathered.

The village itself consisted of wooden huts, surrounded by a strong palisade, behind which in case of trouble they retired and discharged clouds of arrows on the assailants. Their arms were clubs, bows and arrows, and lances ; and I have nowhere seen that the sling was in use with them, although it was a favourite weapon of the more southern Americans, for the Spaniards were much harassed by the fire of stones slung by the Aztecs during the wars of Cortez. The good Brittany soldiers thought the savages' dance was very much like one they had at home called the Trioly de Bretagne.

Their mode of fighting was, of course, no match for that of the Europeans, who, armed with arquebuse and in armour, were able to defeat greatly superior numbers. An amusing old drawing shows Champlain hard at work knocking over a whole hostile army, assisted by friendly natives. It will be seen that, like some good people in Europe to-day, the artist imagined palms to be one of the chief trees of the newly discovered wilds of Canada, and these ornaments of the tropics are plentifully scattered in the engraving among the Canadian woods.



Champlain attacking an Iroquois Fort.

A Iroquois Fort. The Iroquois, a band of holding ten fifteen or eighteen men, and one wounded by Champlain's attack. The Iroquois, a band of holding ten fifteen or eighteen men, and one wounded by Champlain's attack. The Iroquois, a band of holding ten fifteen or eighteen men, and one wounded by Champlain's attack.

JIMMY'S self-sacrifice may have been mistaken, but it recalled Jack to his better self.

Terror and Hero

BY

M. C. RAMSAY

UNTIL the Boy Scout movement came to provide a healthy outlet for his superfluous animal spirits Jimmy Burnett had been known all through the suburb in which he dwelt as the "terror." If any special mischief was done, everybody took for granted that Jimmy was at the root of it. Yet he was a lovable little rascal with it all and a general favourite.

The moving spirit in everything planned for the benefit of boys in the district was the Reverend Arnold King, a young curate with a wonderful understanding of boy nature. He occupied a very special pedestal in Jimmy's private gallery of heroes, and the boy would have gone through fire and water for his sake. He did not preach to his boys, but used to have quiet little talks with them and contrived to impress upon them the most priceless truths, setting before them the highest ideal of manhood and inspiring them to noble thoughts and deeds.

The young curate lodged with a clergyman's widow, who had an only son. Jack Jordon was a decided contrast to Jimmy, and Mr. King, believing that a brave, manly boy like Jimmy would be the making

Terror and Hero

of the widow's spoiled only son, asked him to befriend Jack.

"He has never got a fair chance, old fellow," he said. "It takes a man to bring up a boy. Fortunately, he has taken a great fancy to you, and I think you could do him a world of good if you would."

"He is not at all my sort, Mr. King," said Jimmy; "but I'll do my best."

After that Jimmy devoted himself whole-heartedly to Jack, to the great joy of his mother and sisters. The new chum was such a mannerly, refined, gentlemanly boy that they felt sure that he would do their "terror" a world of good; but Jimmy's father, a small shop-keeper, kept his far from flattering opinion of the widow's only son to himself.

Jimmy was essentially an out-of-doors boy, and the very last who should have been condemned to life on an office-stool. But his mother was determined that he should have a "genteel" occupation, and, a post being found for him in the City office of a distant relative of Mrs. Jordon, he commenced work there a few weeks before Jack Jordon. In the office Jimmy was seldom out of trouble. He had a perfect genius for playing practical jokes, and was absolutely without reverence for his elders and betters. Jack, on the other hand, bade fair to become a model City clerk, and the cashier and book-keeper frequently held him up as an example to mischief-loving Jimmy. Strange to say, the younger clerks heartily disliked Jordon, and considered Jimmy the life of the establishment.

Though he had no liking for his work, Jimmy did everything thoroughly, so on that score his superiors had no cause to complain; and even the grumpy book-keeper came to feel that there was a decided want in the office when Jimmy was on holiday and his cheery whistle was not heard.

Jack and he had not been long in the City when there came a break in their friendship.

One evening they were accosted by a flashy-looking

Pounds for Shillings

youth a few years their senior, who worked in an office in the same block.

"Want to go in for our Derby sweepstake, you chaps?" he said in would-be frank and friendly tones.

Jimmy, who was a clean-minded, clean-living boy, promptly answered—

"No. We don't bet."

"Speak for yourself, young 'un," retorted the youth.

"No doubt your lordship has more money than he knows what to do with; but what about your friend?"

Jack flushed a little.

"I could do nicely with a few pounds," he said.

"But I don't want to get it in that way."

"What's the odds so long as you get it?" was the prompt query. "You give me five shillings and leave me to make your selection, and I'll earn you five pounds as sure as my name's Bill Jones."

Five pounds! Foolish Jack began to think of all the wonderful things he could do with such an amount. To give him the credit which is his due, almost his first thought was of the new bonnet his mother so sorely needed. He knew that it was wrong, yet he silenced conscience with the old argument—

"It can't be any great harm just for once, and if I don't go in and win some one else will."

As it chanced he had exactly five shillings in his pocket. If he gave it to Bill Jones, he would need to go without lunch for a week or more; but it was surely worth risking when there was the prospect of such a return.

Jimmy was watching him anxiously, reading his thoughts as in a book.

"Don't, Jack," he said earnestly. "You know it is wrong to bet, and that your mother would be hurt if you did."

Jones laughed mockingly.

"A chap can't always be tied to his mother's apron-strings," he said jeeringly. "And it's no business of yours, Burnett. You aren't Jordon's keeper."

Terror and Hero

"I have enough regard for him, anyhow, to prevent him from making a fool of himself," retorted Jimmy, but the perverse strain often found in weak natures suddenly showed itself in Jack.

"You have no business with what I do, Burnett!" he said angrily. "I'll join in a hundred sweepstakes if I like."

He pulled two half-crowns from his pocket and handed them over to Jones, and with a shrug of his shoulders Jimmy turned away.

"Let the fool go his own way," he said to himself, "He will see for himself when he loses his five shillings."

Unfortunately, Jack did not lose the money, but neither did he win the five pounds. The day following the Derby, Jones gave him fourteen shillings, saying—

"You have won ten shillings, and there you are. I have kept a bob for commission, though most chaps would have needed two."

"Is that all?" said Jack. "I expected five pounds at least."

"There's no pleasing some folks," said Jones. "But go ahead, and it will come to five pounds in time."

Jack hesitated a moment. Should he go on or should he be content with what he had won? The greed of gain proved stronger than his reason. He put the nine shillings in his pocket, and handed the five to Jones, little dreaming, poor foolish lad, how dangerous was the path on which he had entered.

Time and again he won, and then his luck turned. To begin with, his previous gains more than balanced his losses, but before very long he was considerably out of pocket, and his common sense told him that he ought to call a halt. By this time, however, young though he was, the gambling fever had him in its fell grip, and he went on till the whole of his small savings had disappeared and he found himself in debt for two or three pounds. Then his so-called friend Jones showed himself in his true light.

"Pay up!"

"You pay up before the end of the week," he said, "or I'll split to your saintly mother. Perhaps she will pay up."

"She has nothing to pay up with," said Jack, almost in tears. "Telling her would do no good, but if you wait I'll manage to scrape it together somehow."

"I have a certain tip if you could only pay up five pounds," said his tempter. "You would gain twenty in a few days."

Before Jack could reply Jimmy Burnett, who went out for lunch at two o'clock, came up, and said abruptly—

"It's past two o'clock, Jordon. Time you were at your desk."

"My word, so it is!" cried Jack. "I'll see you later on, Jones."

He made a dash for the office, and Jones, who was not due at his post till a quarter past, followed more leisurely.

"I have got the little fool on a string," he said to himself. "He will pay up before the week is out, get the money where or how he will."

Jack paid but little attention to his work that afternoon, his mind was too fully occupied with his own troubles. He felt miserably certain that Jones would carry out his threat, and weak and selfish though he was, he could not bear the thought of the grief it would cause his mother to learn what he had been doing.

"If only I could lay hands on five pounds!" he said to himself. "Jones seemed so certain that he could make twenty for me with it. With twenty pounds I could do such a lot. I am sick tired of not having things like other fellows. To think of the money that passes through hands in this office every day, and that my mother's cousin is rolling in wealth, yet never gives me a penny beyond my miserable wage. But there is no use appealing to him. He has a perfect horror of gambling, and I believe he would fire me right away."

Terror and Hero

Thus brooding over his troubles, he opened wide the door to the tempter, who was not slow to take advantage. He was presently summoned to the cashier's room, to which Jimmy had recently been promoted. Jimmy, who had charge of the postage-book, was hard at work entering the day's letters. The cashier was standing at his desk, on which several piles of gold and silver stood, while he had in his hand a sheaf of notes which he was counting.

Jack eyed the money greedily as he listened to his instructions about a task he had to perform. Even while he spoke the cashier went on with his work, and, having finished counting the notes, he placed them on his desk, with a heavy paper-weight on top, and entered the amount in his book.

Just as he turned to open the safe the master's bell rang for him, and he hurried off, looking round at the door to say—

"Look smart, Jordon! I want that job finished off to-day."

"All right, sir," said Jack, and the next moment the door had sharply closed.

Jack stole a glance at Jimmy, but he was absorbed in his task, and did not even look up. Jack moved a step nearer the desk, the tempter at his elbow.

"Dare I risk it?" he asked himself. "I only mean to borrow it. I'll pay it back certain; but what if the loss should be found out before I am able to do so?"

"Who would ever think of blaming you?" said the tempter. "This office is so carelessly managed that the loss might not be discovered for days, and by that time you will be able to put it back. It is your only chance to pay your debt of honour and gain enough to make up for your losses."

He cast a glance over his shoulder. Jimmy was still too busy to take any notice of him. Jack himself had forgotten the All-Seeing Eye. He put out his right hand. He could just reach the paper-weight. He raised it slightly, and with his left hand caught up the

Jack's Fall

topmost five-pound note. He crushed it up in his hand, and the rustling it made seemed to him so very loud that he looked fearfully at Jimmy, certain that he must have heard. But Jimmy was now knitting his brows over some figures which would not come right, and Jack slipped across to the door leading to the general room, which stood slightly ajar. As it closed behind him Jimmy looked up.

"I suppose Jack will be in a huff with me for not speaking," he said to himself, "but I really quite forgot that he was there."

He turned back to his work, and had just completed his task when the cashier came in.

"We have got to hustle, Burnett!" he said sharply. "I am going out of town, and have to be put of here in ten minutes."

He swept the gold and silver into a canvas bag, snatched up the notes, and put the whole into the safe, while Jimmy closed his books and carried them over to him.

"I'll have to check them to-morrow," he said, as he put them on their shelf, and closed the safe door with a bang.

Then he hurried off, leaving Jimmy alone in the room.

Meanwhile Jack had realized the enormity of his act, and if he could have slipped the note back unseen he would gladly have done so, but no opportunity came, and when Jimmy and he left the office together the stolen note was still in Jack's pocket.

His evil companion was on the look-out for him, and Jimmy, who could not endure Bill Jones, walked off in front.

"If you are about when I come in to-morrow," said Jack in a sharp whisper, "I'll be able to pay you the money I owe you, and perhaps something else."

He had been on the very point of handing over the note when he remembered that he would thus betray himself, and he was planning to change it for gold.

Terror and Hero

"All right," said Jones, and looked at him with a knowing expression in his eyes. "But mind, no tricks, for I won't stand that."

"I have no intention of playing any tricks upon you," retorted Jack, and hurried after Jimmy.

"I wish you'd cut connection with that chap," said Jimmy. "He isn't the kind of fellow your mother would like you to associate with."

"A fellow can't always be tied to his mother's apron-strings," said Jack. "There are worse fellows than Jones."

"Yes, if you knew where to get them," said Jimmy shortly, as they reached the District station. "But don't think I want to interfere. You are at liberty to choose your own companions, just as I am."

"And I mean to!" said Jack angrily.

It was a decided relief when he got home to find that his mother was out—called away to see a sick friend. Mr. King was just hurrying off to the Boys' Club, and said briskly—

"Hurry up Jack, lad! I have something special for you to do to-night."

"I am not coming," said Jack sullenly. "I have something else to do."

He went to a shop where he was not known, made some trifling purchase, and changed his five-pound note. When he returned home he went straight to his own room, locked the door, spread the stolen money on the table, and gazed at it with gloomy eyes.

Yet he was determined to go through with it now. He spent a wellnigh sleepless night, and rose in the morning feeling as if a sword were hanging over his head. Just as he was starting out a message came round from Jimmy that he had twisted his foot and was unable to walk, asking Jack to report this fact at the office, and that was how it came that Jimmy was not in his usual place when the outcry about the missing note was raised.

Just after ten the money was sent round to the bank,

“ Arrest him ! ”

and the messenger speedily came back to report that it was five pounds short.

“ But that is all nonsense,” said the cashier angrily. “ I counted it twice before I put it into the safe last night.”

“ But not this morning ? ” said the master, who had come in just behind the messenger.

“ No-o, sir,” said the cashier slowly. “ I took for granted that it was all right. But ”—he had grown a little pale, for he was a kind-hearted man if somewhat choleric at times, and hated to think of suspicion falling on any member of the staff—“ but I remember now I left the money on my desk when I answered your ring.”

“ Who was in the room ? ” asked the master, sharply.

“ Jordon and Burnett, sir,” was the prompt reply ; “ but Jordon left the room just as I did.”

“ Where is Burnett ? ” demanded the master.

“ At home, sir,” answered the cashier. “ He sent a message that he had twisted his foot and could not come.”

“ A very likely story ! ” snapped the irascible head of the firm. “ Where does he live ? ”

Having learned Jimmy’s address, without saying a word about his intention, the master went straight to the telephone and called up the police-station for that district.

“ A lad in my employ, James Burnett, 15, Rose Terrace, has stolen a five-pound note from the cashier’s desk,” he said abruptly. “ He is supposed to be at home on sick leave. You send a policeman round at once to arrest him.”

“ We must have something more to go upon than that, sir,” said the inspector at the other end of the wire. “ But if you can give me more particulars I shall send a policeman round to see the boy.”

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Burnett, hard at work over her baking, was startled by a loud knocking at the front door. Without even pausing to roll down her

Terror and Hero

sleeves, she hurried to answer the peremptory summons, and was surprised to see a big, burly policeman standing on the step. He had a half-open notebook in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other, and regarded her sternly as he said—

“James Burnett lives here. Is he in?”

“Do—do you mean father, or Jimmy?” Mrs. Burnett faltered, staring at him with affrighted eyes.

“Jimmy, I presume,” said the policeman, who was a stranger to the district. “Money has been stolen from his employer’s office, and he is suspected, so I have come to ask him a few questions.”

Jimmy’s mother became white to the lips. She gripped the half-open door with her right hand, while she stood in a half-defiant attitude as if she would prevent his entrance.

“My Jimmy would not take a single penny that was not his own,” she said. “He has his faults, like other boys, but he is as honest as day.”

“Nevertheless, ma’am, I must see him and put a few questions,” said the policeman dryly, and Mrs. Burnett drew aside to let him enter.

“He is lying on the parlour couch,” she said in dull, lifeless tones, and led the way to that room.

Jimmy looked up from his book, and a dull red flush dyed his cheek and brow. He had injured his foot the previous evening when riding his bicycle on a footpath through dismounting in a great hurry when he saw a policeman turning the corner, and he had instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was now to be called to account for this mild violation of the law.

When he learned the policeman’s errand he was rendered speechless with astonishment. His mother, who had expected a speedy indignant denial, looked at him anxiously.

“Why don’t you speak, Jimmy?” she said in breathless tones. “It is quite impossible that you are guilty of such an awful thing.”



IS HE IN?

“Nothing to say”

Still Jimmy did not speak. He was doing some hard thinking, putting two and two together, and getting straight at the truth.

Jack Jordon had been given into Jimmy's care and keeping by Mr. King. Jimmy had failed him because of a few rebuffs. If he had stuck to weak, foolish Jack, Jones would never have led the latter into such a dangerous path. Jack was the only son of his mother, and she a widow.

All the lessons in chivalry taught by Arnold King came back to him. The time had come, it seemed to Jimmy, to act the noble, self-sacrificing part of shielding another by bearing the stigma of and the punishment for that other's crime.

“Speak, boy!” said the policeman sternly, and with a strange expression in his clear, honest blue eyes, Jimmy answered in sullen tones—

“I've got nothing to say.”

“Jimmy, oh Jimmy, don't tell me that my only boy would be guilty of such an awful thing!” cried his mother, clasping her hands together.

Jimmy's lips quivered, and he hastily turned away his head. He could not look at his mother and go bravely along his self-chosen path of sacrifice. He must not think of her, but of that other mother, the widow with the only son who was her earthly all.

“I suppose we can take that as a confession of his guilt, ma'am,” said the stern policeman. “You had better come along with me, young man. It's only a few steps to the station, if you are genuinely crippled.”

Jimmy, who was prepared for the big sacrifice, cried out indignantly at being accused of the meanness of shamming, and the policeman took upon himself to allow the boy to remain at home meanwhile, provided his mother would guarantee that he would not attempt to run away. And then he took his departure, leaving Jimmy's mother in black despair, sitting on the edge of a chair in the dining-room, her face buried in her hands, rocking to and fro, and moaning—

Terror and Hero

" Jimmy, oh Jimmy, I would rather have seen you in your coffin than come to this ! "

That was the hardest bit of all to Jimmy, that mother could ever believe him guilty, even though he had tacitly declared that he was so !

Even before he telephoned to the City the inspector rang up Jimmy's father at the shop. The latter emphatically declared that it was all a mistake. Wild his son certainly had been, but dishonest, never.

He hurried home, but could make nothing whatever of Jimmy, who buried his face in the cushions and refused to speak at all.

Baffled there, he went straight to the big City office, and asked to see the head of the firm. That gentleman was engaged, but Mr. Burnett was shown in to the cashier, with whom he had a stormy interview.

" You have to bring further proof than you have given me before you ruin my son at the threshold of his career ! " the indignant father cried. " Judging by your own account, the office is so loosely managed that anybody could have slipped in and taken the note. And Jack Jordon, for instance, had as good a chance to do so as my boy. I don't say that he did. Perhaps the note is about the office even yet. I don't suppose you ever took the trouble to look."

The cashier acknowledged that they had not, and promised that a thorough search would be made before anything more was done.

Then Jimmy's father left only a little pacified, and as he passed through the general room Jack Jordon, who was copying letters, stole a glance at him, but did not obey the voice of conscience which bade him cry aloud the truth.

The search, of course, was fruitless, and the hard, merciless employer decreed that Jimmy Burnett must be arrested, so that night our hero was lodged in a police-cell. And his sleep on his hard plank bed was sounder and sweeter far than that of Jack Jordon, for whose sake Jimmy was suffering.

Jack's Confession

"Just hold your tongue. You have no need to speak," said one voice, but beneath all his weakness and folly Jack was a staunch, true boy at heart. His mother's silly indulgence had gone far to ruin him, but he was his noble father's son for all that.

Towards dawn he could bear it no longer. He stole out of bed and rushed across the landing to the curate's room.

Mr. King had also spent a wellnigh sleepless night, for Jimmy Burnett was very dear to him, and he felt absolutely certain that a ghastly mistake had been made. His hard thinking over the problem had brought him wonderfully near the truth when he looked up to see Jack standing in front of the bed.

"I can't stand it any longer, Mr. King!" he cried. "I'm going to the police-office to give myself up and make them let Jimmy free."

"Thank God for that!" said the young clergyman fervently. "When we confess our sin, Jack, we have God's assurance that 'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,' and we have taken the first step to make amends."

At the earliest possible moment Mr. King went with Jack to the police-station, and helped him to tell his tale to the officer in charge.

Jimmy was set free and Jack left at the police-station in his stead. The curate took Jimmy home, where he was rapturously welcomed, his mother full of remorse and shame for having doubted him. Then Mr. King accompanied Jack's heartbroken mother into the City to plead the boy's cause with the hard master, and his arguments were more effective than the mother's tears. The merchant agreed to give Jack another chance.

The five pounds, which had not yet been paid to Jones, was restored; the charge was then withdrawn, and a deeply penitent Jack given back to his loving mother.

At considerable sacrifice, Mrs. Jordon paid the boy's

Terror and Hero

debts, but Jack, at Mr. King's instigation, promised to repay her as soon as ever he could.

He returned to the office, afraid to face the staff, but his master did nothing by halves, and a stern command had been issued that no one was to mention the matter to the boy at all. But one thing he could not prevent, the great reception the staff gave Jimmy when he limped into the office a few days later.

Jack had learned his lesson, and the spoiled boy's fall truly proved the stepping-stone on which he rose to better things ; but Mr. King felt certain that the sacrifice Jimmy had been prepared to make for the sake of his friend was the greatest earthly factor in Jack's redemption.

A JOURNALIST of long standing
talks about memories of news-
paper contents bills, and how those
bills are looked at within the news-
paper offices.

Lines for the Bill

BY

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

I EXPECT many who read this volume will remember one of the most striking newspaper placards—contents bills they are properly called—that ever appeared in the streets :—

THE TITANIC
RAMMED BY ICE
AND SINKING

The huge liner, I need hardly remind you, was on her maiden voyage, and did sink, with calamitous results. But before your time—very much indeed before your time—we had our thrills on the placards too. Shall I ever forget a winter morning in the early 'eighties when the newspapers announced this on their bills? :—

ANNIHILATION
OF HICKS PASHA'S
ARMY IN THE
SOUDAN

Poor Hicks was one of the predecessors of Charles George Gordon, and met the same fate, his army of

Lines for the Bill

Egyptian fellaheen being no match for "Fuzzy Wuzzy."

In the thirty years in between there have been many others—placards of the great Boer War, of disasters by sea and land, of royal celebrations and royal sorrows, of murders and mysteries, and other events which, as Mr. Kipling has pointed out in humorously philosophical verse, begin as "scare-headings" in the papers and end with little obscure "make-up" paragraphs when the public is tired of the last echoes of them.

I grieve to say that in Fleet Street the first tidings of any important event, however horrific, is known as "good" news. Cynics say that that is because it will sell the papers. Be a tragedy never so appalling—the wiping out of San Francisco by an earthquake, for instance, or the slaughter of ten thousand Turks and Christians in the shambles of the Balkan Peninsula—it affords "good copy."

When I had to do with those things I found myself once in a quandary. That must have been shortly after the Yukon was opened up, at a time when Dawson City had begun to be heard of and the Alaska boundary question was very much to the front. A dreadful pun had occurred to me. Puns do occur to people; the worst of this one was that it kept recurring. There were, you see, hitches in the negotiations between this country and the United States about the Alaskan settlement; and I kept on saying to myself, "Alas! Can we ever arrange it?" It nearly came out on a placard as

ALAS! CAN
NOBODY PLEASE
THE STATES?

(which, of course, would have been very deplorable). But I throttled the impulse which would have made me entrust to the "bill-boy," that dreadful play upon words.

War-time Dreams

You hear and read a good deal about "printers' devils," the boys who fetch and carry journalists' copy. The bill-boy, believe me, is quite as important a personage. He is often as much, or as little, of a "boy" as the West African Krooboy—that is to say, he is usually quite grown up, sometimes even middle-aged. It is his duty to arrange in large type and to prepare for printing those lines which appear on the placards in the streets—a terrible task. Fancy the responsibility of setting up

MOAT
MYSTERY
DEEPENS

I actually do remember those three lines appearing on a contents bill, and I thought them ingenious but amusing—even though they had reference to a murder case. There seemed a suggestion of ambiguity as to whether the moat itself was not getting deeper.

By the way, I mentioned the great Boer War, and ought perhaps to explain that I call it so because there were other Boer Wars before 1899. I could tell you a good deal about the newspaper placards of that year and of 1900-2. But possibly a patriotic man's anxieties and dreams of that date are more interesting. One such dreamed at or about the time of the Battle of Colenso that he saw a narrow bridge across a South African river; that over that bridge there came (after the manner of dreams) an ordinary troop train conveying an entire division of the British Army, horse, foot, and guns; and that the bridge was blown up, with dire consequences, just as they were in the act of passing it. And if that anxious man dreamed once about

RAVAGES OF
PLAGUE IN
THE BRITISH CAMP

Lines for the Bill

(the dread sort of message that naturally groups itself as "lines for the bill"), he dreamed it three or four times between October, 1899, and February, 1900—when things began to look brighter. Happily, though enteric was bad enough, there were no ravages of plague. But I don't know that even the dreadfulness of the reality of (say)

MAGERSFONTEIN

REVERSE

was as terrible as the effect of those bad dreams. Magersfontein, I need hardly remind you, was the climax of "Black Week, 1899."

Let us turn, however, to subjects more cheerful. The Indian Durbar for the Coronation of King Edward afforded plenty of good copy and placards; and all of you will remember King George's own Durbar at Delhi—not so much by reason of newspaper bills, I dare say, as through the medium of the cinematograph. Ah! that is one thing in which you lads "score" nowadays. There were no moving pictures when I was a boy, only panoramas, which we used to vote rather slow, and "kinemacolor" was undreamed of. It is true that more than twenty years ago an ingenious Scot (with, I think, a touch of Highland second sight about him) wrote of "Golf in the Year 2000," and worked in a description of an apparatus by which matches in France or America or any links overseas could be watched while they were in progress by spectators in this country. But even he could hardly have dreamed of actual colour pictures of wild life in the East African jungles or of the splendours of that Delhi Durbar of 1912, in comparison with which even the Field of the Cloth of Gold of Henry VIII's time must have seemed insignificant.

When I think of other parts of His Majesty's dominions, it seems to me that—from the newspaper point of view—the Antipodes mostly supply tidings of

Over-seas Affairs

cricket matches and the Mawson Antarctic venture ; South Africa, intelligence of labour troubles ; and Canada, political news not infrequently connected with the Imperial Naval Question. But in the case, at all events, of the Dominion and of Australasia it is natural they should not bulk very large, as yet, as providers of copy and "lines for the contents bill." They are busily and usefully engaged in filling themselves up with immigrants from the Old Country ; and it is from the home letters which most of us look forward to getting periodically from our Transatlantic or Australasian kith and kin that the average Briton gets the bulk of his notions of everyday life and affairs in the Dominion and the Commonwealth.

AN account of some striking episodes connected with the finding of gold in Australia.

A Town Paved with Gold

BY

77

PHIL PHILLIPS

ON May 2, 1851, the day following the opening of the great first International Exhibition in London, there came the announcement from the opposite side of the globe that gold had been discovered. It was a singular juxtaposition of events: the one instituted to promote trade (and, incidentally, the brotherhood of mankind); the other, the finding of that for which men were ready to tear each other to pieces. Both of these great events have had far-reaching results, and have left indelible marks on the history of the world, but it is impossible to tell which has had most influence in moulding the character and destiny of mankind.

To the people on the spot the announcement came as something of a shock. They felt they had been throwing away opportunities, for now it was known for a fact that rich deposits of gold existed at their very doors they remembered certain forgotten but significant circumstances of the past. It was known that an old Scottish shepherd, named Macgregor, had been in the habit of bringing small pieces of gold to the colonial capital, which he disposed of to a jeweller. But no person could ever learn from him where he found his

Astounding News

treasure ; and the suspicion was entertained that it was the melted-down produce of robberies.

Macgregor at length disclosed the source of his treasure. He had accidentally met with the prize in the first instance, and then at intervals regularly searched the spot for more. This was at a place called Mitchell's Creek, about two hundred miles west of Sydney.

The inhabitants of Sydney also recollected that a convict labourer had been sentenced to receive fifty lashes for having a lump of gold in his possession, as it was deemed to be the result of stolen property. Then the announcements of scientific men were thought of, and no little mortification was felt that they had not adventured forth with pick and spade to turn up the soil and test its contents then and there.

Three days after, on May 5th, Mr. E. H. Hargreaves, who had made the discovery, assembled a number of the inhabitants of Bathurst, a neighbouring town, and informed them of the unappropriated wealth lying in their vicinity. He imagined the goldfield would probably prove as rich as many of the Californian diggings. To remove all incredulity he exhibited four ounces of gold, the result of three days' labour.

Then the precious metal was found in the very streets of Bathurst. Two nuggets about the size of threepenny-pieces were found opposite the door of a stationer, near the junction of Durham and William Streets.

People at once set to work, and small nuggets and coarse particles were scratched out of the roadway, with forks, pieces of stick, and even the fingers of little children. An innkeeper found a nugget by his doorstep. Crowds of men, women, and children then began to turn up the roads they had so carelessly tramped over, the material for repairing which had been brought into the town from the banks of the adjoining stream.

Gold-digging may be said to have commenced in earnest in Australia on May 9, 1851, when a small party, equipped for the purpose, left Bathurst and commenced operations on Summerhill Creek, one of the sites dis-

A Town Paved with Gold

covered by Mr. Hargreaves, who had reported his discovery to the Government, and had offered to disclose the auriferous areas in return for certain advantages for himself. By the 13th a nugget valued at £30 had been brought into the town, and created an immense sensation. On the 19th four hundred persons were at work, many with merely a tin dish, obtaining from one to two ounces a day.

On the 22nd a proclamation was issued, declaring the right of the Crown in all gold found within the territory of New South Wales, and forbidding any person to dig without a licence. By the 25th the gold-diggers had increased to over a thousand, and many fine nuggets had been found, varying in weight from one ounce to four pounds.

As may be imagined, as soon as the news got about there was intense excitement. Sydney was thrown into a ferment, and a sweeping revolution took place in the plans and projects of its inhabitants. Eyes turned wistfully to the Blue Mountains, where people were picking up gold in lumps. Shops underwent a sudden change. Ordinary articles were withdrawn from the windows and replaced with wares for the diggings—blue and red serge shirts, Californian hats, leathern belts, mining boots, picks and pans, tents, pistols, and cradles.

Then the warehouses began to close, and counters and desks were deserted. Heavily laden drays and carts, bearing crockery, tools, and stores, each with a complement of armed men, took the western road. Employers could no longer get assistants. Building had perforce to cease for want of men; and merchants could no longer carry out their contracts, even though double wages were offered. The gold mania had become a curse, and the more stable section of the community complained bitterly and declared they would be ruined. It was the same in private life. The one topic of conversation was gold and gold-digging.

"Are you going to the diggings?"

"Have your servants run yet?"

A General Exodus

"My coachman is off !"

Such were the expressions heard on all sides. There was no singing in one of the churches for several Sundays—the choir had gone to the goldfields. The bell at the Scots Kirk ceased to toll for want of a ringer.

At last, unable to obtain help, employers themselves went after the glittering bait, and descended to the level of their men, digging by their side. Then was seen the strange sight of merchants and cabmen, magistrates and convicts, lawyers and their clerks, doctors and scavengers, aldermen, constables, colliers, cobblers, and sailors, cheek by jowl, servant as good as his master, all levelled by community of pursuit and costume, and scarcely to be recognized by intimate friends, all equally begrimed and all equally showing signs of the hard and laborious life at the diggings.

The same scenes occurred as other goldfields were discovered and opened up, until in Australia all ordinary business was dislocated, even the offer of exceptionally high wages being rejected.

After all, here, as in other parts of the world where gold has been discovered, the men who made most gold were those far-seeing enough not to go digging themselves, but to supply the bodily needs of those who did. It was the shopkeepers and other tradesmen who really made money at the mines. As a rule, with very few exceptions, the digger who rushed off to the latest "find" took with him and left behind far more than he managed to abstract from the soil. Of course, there were, as always, the fortunate few. But there were thousands of unfortunate wretches who managed to get back to the settlements with impaired health, and nothing else. An eye-witness of the appearance of these disenchanted and impoverished miners as he passed them on the road graphically sketches their wretched appearance. The narrator is Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy :—

"In my four days' journey across the Cordillera I met, as I calculated, about three hundred men returning,

A Town Paved with Gold

disheartened and disgusted, towards the townships. Many of them had sold, for next to nothing, their mining equipment, tents, cart, cradles, picks, spades, crows, and washing pans, which had probably cost them all they possessed in the world three weeks before. They had nothing left but tin pots, 'possum rugs, and a suit of seedy clothes. A few had gold, 'No great things,' they said. Some had drunk, or gambled away, or had been robbed of their earnings. Mortified, half-starved, and crestfallen fellows, they were not the men for mining. Some looked so gaunt, savage, and reckless, that my thoughts turned involuntarily to my pistols as they drew near. They were returning to their homes in a state of mind by no means likely to redound to domestic peace and comfort. They were rendered all the more savage and sore by having been jibed at and fretted by the villagers and passengers on the road who continually taunted them by asking, 'Have you sold your cradle?' This verbal dagger had sent them near crazy."

It was, indeed, only those of iron frame and determined will who succeeded in wresting fortune from the goldfields, though here and there a few made "lucky" finds, and found fortune after only a few turns at the pick or spade. Others, of an excitable or nervous nature, fell piteously, victims to an unworthy greed. One such, a shepherd, finding a piece of gold on his run, continued in vain searching for more on the same spot until he went mad. Another individual, after nearly starving for two days, found five pounds' weight, fainted repeatedly, and became insane.

In time the pursuit of gold became more familiar, but the recollection of the earlier romance will not soon be obliterated.

THE account of a singular experience in real life.

The Mystery of the Bell Inn

BY

JESSE PAGE, F.R.G.S. .

WE had spent a glorious day, and little Carruthers, the youngest scout, lying prone among the buttercups with a bright smile on his brown face, declared that it had been "just rippin'!"

For one thing the weather had cleared up, and that was a blessing; for camping out in a drizzling day and a night of downpour *is* camping indeed! But then, of course, one must take the rough with the smooth and do a lot of whistling.

Never mind, there had been sunshine enough to-day, and when they pitched the wickets on that bit of greensward, level as a board and almost as hard, we had one of the best games of the summer. Danks, just made patrol leader, was in fine form, keeping the field busy while he made three fives in one over, including one straight drive clean into the spinney. There was some good bowling, too. Lanky Larkins, with that excruciating little limp of his as he swings to send up the ball, was on the spot. Bob—steady Bob—was a long time at the wicket. Everybody knows what a sticker he is when once he is fairly set, and it looked as though he would take out his bat when the moon came up, his quiet defence was so fine.

The Mystery of the Bell Inn

Whether it was that the sun got in his eyes or he grew a bit venturesome one cannot say ; anyhow, one of those lobs came and tricked him into a savage swipe. He missed the ball ! The bails were on the green in a second and Bob wiping his brow, for he was hot ! Then the bugle sounded and—we fed.

After all this to talk about our bit of fishing in a quiet stream will sound rather tame. In this game both sides see who can take it the quietest, one in the water looking up to see if anybody is there and the other crouching among the reeds looking down to see if the float bobs at all. Only three of us went that way, and really only one fished, for we had but one lot of tackle with us and no spare hooks. Indeed, the rod was ready-made on the spot out of a clean and convenient stick. Did we have any sport ? Plenty, and one fish, a little chubby fellow which Grayson, who lives in London and knows nothing about it, insisted was a trout ; while Black, who landed it bravely by a butterfly-net, was inclined to the opinion that it must be a rare specimen and ought to be taken to the Natural History Museum. The third member of the fishing-party really caught this fine fish, but was so much overjoyed with his first bite that he slipped amongst the rushes and got a wetting.

But the day had to come to a close. The sun began to sink behind the trees like a fire behind a lattice-work of stems and branches, and darkness was soon upon us. We had just time to forage round for some dry sticks, and in less time than it takes to tell it the flames were leaping about the crackling wood and we were sitting round in the firelight, having a bit of a sing-song before turning in.

A pretty picture it looked, that circle of brown, jolly faces, with bright eyes reflecting the fire-glow, and behind the three white tents and all round at the back the dark fringe of the wood. We had sung ourselves fairly hoarse, and in a moment's silence a well-known voice rang out—

A Ghost Story

"Boys! Hands up for a ghost story!"

It was our good old friend Mr. Paget. Somebody once called him "grandfather" in an affectionate kind of way, but was instantly reprov'd. "My dear boy, you don't know how many years young I am."

Of course he is not a scout. When he was a lad they were not born or thought of; but he has the heart of a boy and the spirit of a scout all through. Did he not once in our room when the play flagged a little, actually stand on his head and walk a few paces on his hands from the wall to show what could be done by the boys in the fifties! And other things are written in the chronicles of scout memories which we are not likely to forget. So when he called for "hands up" every chap of us responded with a cheer.

"Here goes, then," and at the sound of his cheery voice every lip was still. "This is every bit true, for it happened to myself years and years ago."

I was just a lad then, perhaps thirteen, and my father, who was very fond of a long walk on his holidays, used to take me with him for long stretches at a time. We carried just a change of things in our knapsacks, and, with a stout stick to walk with, nothing else was wanting to equip us for a week, except, of course, some "siller" in our pockets, or rather in his.

On this occasion my father had asked a friend of his—I think he was a schoolmaster—to come with us; and one of the counties in the West of England was chosen for the expedition.

We had already done several days' tramping when we found ourselves, rather late in the afternoon, with at least a dozen miles in front of us. Not being disposed for such a long stretch, we decided to find some place midway where we might stay the night.

A man we overtook on the road was asked if there was any inn he could recommend for our resting-place.

"Well, gen'lemen," he answered, "there be two places further on; the one on the right as you enter the

The Mystery of the Bell Inn

village be good enough, but t'other, the Bell Inn, I should say, don't go there."

"Why not the Bell Inn ; what's the matter with the place? "

"Well, gen'lemen, you'll not get me to say anything about that ; all I do say is, don't go there ! "

So we trudged on, and after a few miles we met another man and asked him whether we were right for the Bell Inn. He grew very grave and eyed us closely.

"You be on the right road, gentlemen ; but I don't advise you to go to the Bell Inn."

Beyond this he would say nothing, and walked on, making us feel more curious than ever. At last we reached a bright-looking inn, and being tired, were glad to sit down and ask for a night's lodging. The landlady was very kind, and said she would gladly provide us with a good supper, but could not keep us all night, as she never took in travellers to sleep there. As we wanted both, we begged her to tell us whether if we went to the Bell Inn farther on, we might find good accommodation. Her looks changed directly as though unwilling to speak on an unpleasant subject, and she simply said—

"It's not for me to say anything against the Bell Inn, but since you ask me I must advise you not to go there ! "

My father seemed now determined to fathom the mystery ; so, bidding this good lady good-night, we three trudged away onward. In due time we came near some cottages, and behind the blind of one of the lighted windows we saw the shadow of a big woman with her arm striking some one, and the air was filled with cries.

We hurried to the door and knocked ; it was opened by the woman, who told us to mind our own business. However, on our asking where the Bell Inn could be found she called her husband—a rough-looking man—who, after the promise of a shilling, agreed to lead us thither.

As we walked through the darkness we tried to get

A Night Alarm

him to tell us something about this inn against which we had been warned so often. But even the offer of half a crown extra was refused.

"I'll show you the way, gentlemen, but as to saying aught about the 'Bell,' not a word; you must take your own risk."

At last he pointed with his finger, pocketed his shilling, and disappeared. Before us was the "Bell" at last, and on a swinging sign was the picture of a noble bell.

At the door stood a big, hulking man sucking a stumpy pipe. He answered us not a word, so we passed in. A smiling landlady greeted us and said we could have supper in a few minutes and then a bedroom. We sat down in a big sort of parlour, and my father and his friend left me for a little time, so I had a chance to look round.

In the flickering firelight I could see old pictures on the wainscoted walls, and at the other end of the room a woman with white hair and pink eyes was getting a baby to sleep. I was beginning to feel a bit scared when my father and his friend returned. The woman and the child hurried out, and candles were placed on the table with a plentiful supper, which we heartily relished.

When we got to our bedroom—a big, dark place with wainscoted walls—we found an old-fashioned four-poster in the middle for my father and his friend, and for me a shakedown on the floor near the door. Two things we noted to our dismay—there was no lock on the door and no match to relight the candle if necessary. But being so tired, they were soon fast asleep. I, however, lay awake and listened.

Presently, though no footstep was heard, a light came in the corridor and shone under the door. Then, as I watched, I saw the handle begin to move!

Acting on my first thought, I quietly jumped up, seized the handle, and turned it firmly the other way.

Not a sound! The light faded and all was pitch-dark once more.

The Mystery of the Bell Inn

Presently, on the other side of the room, what we had thought to be an old wardrobe, began to show a light all round. Again a handle moved, and once more I silently turned it the other way. All became dark again as the light disappeared.

Then I woke my father, and we held a council of war, deciding to keep awake till daylight and watch. This we did. It was a long night, too ! But the light of day came at last ; the sound of horses and dogs outside were heard ; we could see that the work of a farm was beginning.

Thinking it best to keep our own counsel, we had our breakfast as if nothing had happened, and were glad to leave the " Bell " far behind.

When we reached the market town it was dinner-time, and we were allowed to sit down with about twenty farmers in the dining-room, and a brisk conversation on general topics followed. Boylike I happened to say, loud enough for many to hear, " We stayed at the ' Bell ' last night. Can you tell me what is the matter there ? "

My father promptly urged the question, but in an instant all was still, every knife and fork laid down. But not a word could be got out of any of these farmers about the secret of the Bell Inn. When we left a silver coin was pressed into the hand of the old ostler as we went away with a pleading question on the point.

" Look here, sir, it's not for me to say a word about the ' Bell,' but I may just whisper that some time ago a gentleman who had money on him stayed a night there and has never since been heard of ! "

When we got back to London my father did his best to find something out, but the secret is not known to this day even after nearly sixty years.

" Good-night, lads ! Pleasant dreams ! "

Half an hour afterwards the bugle sounded " Lights out ! " and every white tent was still, but some of us saw the sign of the " Bell " in our sleep that night.

AN account of the ghost dance
of certain Red Indian tribes.

A Strange Rite

BY

R. A. GREGORY

DURING the years 1889-92 a strange religious creed overspread the western United States, and was connected with the rising of the Sioux Indians. An officer of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, Mr. James Mooney, was engaged at the time in the study of the tribes affected by the fantasy, and made an inquiry into its rise, spread, and decadence. The results of his work were published by the Bureau of Ethnology. It was the first detailed description of the "ghost-dance religion," which began to attract attention towards the end of 1890, and rapidly extended from tribe to tribe of Indians, until its influence was felt over an area covering nearly one-third of the United States.

The ghost-dance religion was the outcome of a belief that the Messiah of the Indians had come. The hope and longing for the return of a deliverer is common to a large part of humanity, and among the American Indians the belief in the coming of a Messiah (usually described as a white man with a flowing beard), who will restore them to their original happy condition, is wellnigh universal. This faith in the return of a white deliverer from the

A Strange Rite

East caused the simple natives of Haiti, Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru to welcome the Spanish explorers ; and it was only after the white strangers had trampled all their most sacred things under foot that they rose up, in 1680, and attempted to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. Despite their bitter disappointment, however, the natives continued to cherish the hope of a coming Redeemer, and whenever a prophet has arisen and preached a union of all the red tribes and a return to the old Indian life, he has always gained numerous followers.

A large number of such prophets have appeared from time to time, and one, named Wovoka, who announced his mission in 1890, is dealt with by Mr. Mooney. Wovoka did not claim to be Christ, as was often asserted, but he declared himself a prophet who had received a Divine revelation, and had been given supernatural powers.

The great principle of the ghost-dance religion to which the gospel of the new prophet gave rise was that the time was near when the whole Indian race, living and dead, would be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of happiness, for ever free from death, disease, and sorrow. The moral teaching of Wovoka was pure and comprehensive in its simplicity. "Do no harm to any one. Do right always. You must not fight. Do not tell lies." These are a few of the precepts which Wovoka gave to his disciples.

But in addition to these principles, believers were ordered to dance every six weeks for four successive nights, and the last night to keep up the dance until the morning of the fifth day, when all had to bathe in the river and disperse to their homes.

The ghost-dance thus established differed slightly in different tribes, but in all of them the aim of the performers was to work themselves into the condition of a trance.

After painting and dressing themselves in a peculiar fashion, the chief apostles of a tribe walked to the



Hypnotised Performers of the Ghost Dance.
A Ghost-Dance.

In a Trance

dance place, and, facing inwards, joined hands so as to form a small circle. Then, without moving from their places, they sang an opening song in a soft undertone. Having sung it through once, they raised their voices to the full strength and repeated it, this time slowly circling round. As the song rose and swelled the people came singly and in groups and joined the circle, until any number from fifty to five hundred men, women, and children were taking part in the dance, in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration.

The secret of these trances is believed to be hypnotism. It cannot be said that the Indian priests or medicine-men understand it, for they ascribe it to a supernatural cause, but they know how to produce the effect, and many of them are skilled hypnotists. Some of the performers in the dance work themselves into this state without coming under the influence of the medicine-men ; but others are hypnotized by a leader who stands within the ring, holding in his hand an eagle feather, or a scarf, or handkerchief.

Selecting a subject, the medicine man stands immediately in front of him or her, and by rapid movements of the object he holds gradually produces a hypnotic condition.

The subject breaks away from the circle of performers, staggers towards the centre of the ring, becomes rigid, with eyes fixed or staring, and at last falls heavily to the ground, unconscious and motionless. When this happens the medicine-man gives his attention to another dancer. Any man or woman who has been in a trance, and has thus, it is believed, derived inspiration from the other world, is at liberty to go within the circle and endeavour to bring others to the same state.

The doctrine and ceremony of the ghost-dance found more adherents than any similar Indian religious movement within the historic period, but among most of the tribes the movement was soon extinct.

THE Chinese pirate still pursues his murderous work ; but the British Navy has done a good deal to restrict his enterprise. Here is a first-hand account of the way in which such operations were carried out when the pirates were more numerous.

Hunting Pirates in the China Seas

BY

A NAVAL OFFICER

A GOOD many years ago, whilst we were lying at anchor in Hong-Kong harbour, we heard of some pirates being in the neighbourhood. I therefore, in compliance with orders received, went on board a gunboat, and placed myself under the orders of her commander, having two boats of the flagship to which I belonged under my charge, and accompanied by two midshipmen and an assistant-surgeon from the same vessel.

A few days afterwards I was fortunate enough to be sent after some pirates who had committed several murders and robberies at a place called Mirs Bay, to the northward of Hong-Kong. On this occasion I again had charge of two boats, and with them repaired on board another gunboat of a larger description than the other, to act in conjunction with but under the orders of her commander.

At daylight we weighed anchor and stood into the bay, threading our way through a perfect labyrinth of islands and creeks, where any number of piratical junks could lie hidden and carry on their games with impunity. We were approaching

In Mirs Bay

an island called Grass Island, behind which we were assured we should find some of the vagabonds secreted, so we arranged a plan in order to cut off their retreat. The gunboat was to go round one side of the island, while I with my two boats proceeded by the other. Accordingly we separated.

We had not gone far before we observed a small junk apparently making her escape. This we chased and captured without difficulty—her object was clearly to act as a decoy and lead us in another direction.

Leaving a small guard on board her, we pushed on in chase of a large lorch which we observed standing out from the land, and evidently attempting to escape to sea. In this she would certainly have succeeded, as there was a strong breeze blowing and she sailed well, while our boats were propelled by oars only, but that the boats were so placed as to cut off her retreat.

As we neared each other we perceived her decks to be crowded with men, and also that she carried several large guns. On coming within range, any doubt as to her character was dispelled by a shower of grape with which they favoured us, a compliment we were not slow in returning from our brass twelve-pounder howitzer.

Seeing escape impossible, and apparently not relishing a closer acquaintance, the Chinaman quickly altered his course, and steered boldly in towards the shore, with the evident intention of running his craft aground; nor could we frustrate the clever manœuvre, though pulling as hard as we could to get alongside.

The pirates managed their vessel beautifully. The wind was blowing dead on shore, and a heavy surf was breaking on the rocks, when just as we expected her to strike, being already amongst the breakers, they let go two anchors, and the lorch immediately swung round with her head to seaward, whilst her stern grounded on the rocks.

The crew then effected their escape over the stern and

Hunting Pirates in China Seas

scrambled up the hills in the rear. But some of them were drowned in the attempt, and not a few dropped by the shot which we poured upon them.

Being anxious to get on board the lorch, I approached as near as I dared to go in the pinnace, the larger boat of the two, and then got into the cutter, which was a handier boat in a surf. Dropping our anchor some distance out, we veered in till we were able to jump on board, but not before the boat had been nearly swamped by a heavy sea which broke right over her, filling her up to the thwarts with water. As soon as we were safe on board, the boat hauled off into deep water, leaving some half-dozen of us on the vessel.

We at once proceeded to search the ship, which proved to be a fine craft, fully equipped with guns, swords, pikes, etc.

We found one of the crew who had not had the courage to trust himself to the sea. We made a prisoner of him, and then went down below to search the hold, where we discovered a poor old fellow, a Chinese fisherman, who had been taken prisoner by the ruffians some days before. He was chained by the neck, arms, and legs to the bottom of the ship, and had been tortured two or three times.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one left on board, and finding that the rocks were coming through her sides, I gave orders to set fire to the vessel, which was done, and we then hailed to the boat to come and take us off. This proved no easy matter, as the sea had increased to such an extent that it was dangerous to approach. They made the attempt, however, and had to haul off again with the water over the thwarts.

At this moment two small Chinese fishing-boats came in sight, and, seeing our position, they most gallantly came to our assistance. Each boat had one man in it, but their frail craft were no match for the elements—the sea tossed them about like nutshells ; one of them

A Raging Surf

was speedily dashed upon the rocks, and the other split to pieces against the bows of the lorch, while the two poor fellows disappeared to rise no more.

The crew of the cutter now veered breakers astern, hoping that they might drift upon us, but they did not come within our reach. The doctor, who was in the boat, took his coat off, and would certainly have jumped overboard to swim to us with a line, but I begged him to remain where he was rather than uselessly to sacrifice his life in such a vain attempt.

In the meanwhile the flames had spread with great rapidity, although we had set fire to that part most remote from where we were standing in the bows. The whole of the stern and midships were enveloped in a blaze, which was working its way forward to where we were assembled. The rocks also had beat through the vessel's bottom, and it was evident she could not hold together much longer.

Our position at this time was most critical ; the flames were so close that we could scarcely bear the intense heat ; the magazine we knew to be well stocked with powder, and I expected her to blow up every minute. Before us was a raging surf. We were all huddled together in the bows, six in number, including the prisoner and the old man we had saved.

At this awful moment I told the men that if any of them thought that by jumping overboard they might catch hold of some of the lines towing from the boat they might do so. Swimming to the shore was quite out of the question. I could swim myself, but one or two of them could not. Two of them availed themselves of the permission, and, throwing away their rifles, they plunged overboard, preferring the risk of being drowned to the certainty of being blown up. I was thankful to see them reach the ropes and be hauled safely into the boat.

The coxswain and I were now left with the prisoner and the old man, who was so weak from starvation as to be utterly unable to help himself. The crew of the

Hunting Pirates in China Seas

cutter now made a last desperate effort to reach us, and approached so close that we all sprang overboard, and were dragged into the boat. We then manned the boat's coble, and hauled her off with the water up to our waists in the boats.

We had not got more than fifty yards from the lorch when she blew up with a terrific explosion, the burning spars flying far over our heads, and covering us with splinters and burning wood, which fell hissing into the sea around us.

I should have much liked to have saved this fine vessel, which mounted fifteen guns, one of them a thirty-two pounder, but it was impossible.

We had no sooner disposed of this awkward customer than we espied another junk making her escape up a creek. We at once gave chase to her. The crew deserted on our approach, and we took possession of her. She was an old craft, mounting only two guns, and had evidently once been a trader.

Leaving the prisoner on board with a couple of hands in charge, we proceeded to join the gunboat, which we could hear firing at the back of the island. We soon came in sight, and found a spirited action going on between the gunboat and two large heavily armed piratical junks moored close in shore off a village. This place was evidently their nest, and they appeared determined to defend it to the last. It appeared that the junks had commenced the action by firing on the gunboat as soon as she came in sight.

On going alongside the gunboat I found her gallant commander in his shirt-sleeves directing and firing his big gun, which was pouring forth a brisk fire of shot and shell upon the enemy.

Our arrival with the doctor was most opportune, as we found one man badly wounded and requiring medical attendance, while our crew were also able to assist in working the big guns, which were firing at a distance of three hundred yards.

The Chinamen fought well, and responded most

Destroying the Nest

heartily from some forty guns of all sizes. The junks mounted about twenty guns apiece, all of which were transported to one side of their vessel, so that every gun could be brought to bear upon us. Both junks also were crowded with men.

The action had gone on for some time, our fire doing great execution, but theirs being ill-directed and generally over our heads, when a shell exploded the magazine of one of the junks, which immediately blew up with a tremendous explosion, sending masts, guns, and men into the air. We thereupon gave three rattling cheers, which were answered by yells of defiance from the other junk, whose crew, nothing daunted by the fate of their comrades, fought more desperately than ever.

Presently, however, the fore magazine of this junk also exploded, blowing up the fore part of the vessel and killing a great number of her crew. The remainder then jumped overboard and made for the shore. We then pulled in with the boats, landed, and burnt the village which belonged to the pirates. The first junk was burnt to the water's edge, and of the second nothing remained above water.

By this time, being both tired and hungry, we returned on board the gunboat and piped to dinner. Whilst enjoying our frugal meal, we observed great numbers of Chinamen come down to the burning junks, no doubt to see what they could pick up. Not caring to molest them, we sat and watched them, when suddenly the after magazine of the last junk blew up, sending the greater part of them into the air together.

After dinner we endeavoured to recover some of the guns, but without success, as they had mostly sunk in deep water, and we had no time to attempt to get them up again, so taking a few which were lying in shoal water, we returned on board and soon afterwards got under way for Hong-Kong.

A CANADIAN adventure in
which dogged pluck won
the day against terrible odds.

Sealing from a Lighthouse

BY

C. F. FRASER

JACK and Bert Benoit lived in as lonely a spot as can well be imagined. In the north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on a high barren rock, is perched the Bird Lighthouse, of which their father was the keeper.

There are two Bird Rocks, the Greater and the Less, but except for the family of the lighthouse-keeper and Peter Lefebre, the aged assistant, there were no human beings on the steep islets. The gulls, puffins, and sea-birds innumerable flapped about the grey walls of the beacon, as little fearsome as though its rocky sides were but the sheer coast cliffs in whose crannies they made their homes. For months at a stretch the isolated family heard no other sound of living creatures.

On rare occasions a fishing smack would beat cautiously up to the shore (for there are but about twenty days in the year when a landing can be safely effected), and every six months a steamer sent by the Canadian Government brought supplies. Beyond this, the family were completely shut off from communication with the mainland.

Scores of half-hidden reefs surround the islets, and in times gone by many good vessels have been caught on their weedy yet jagged edges, and hundreds of men

A Squabble at Sea

have been drowned in the foamy green water that frets the dark-caverned shore.

The lads took an active part in the routine of work at the lighthouse, filling the great lamps, oiling the ponderous machinery, polishing the thick glass windows, and, in stormy weather, taking their turns at the signal gun that all vessels within hearing distance might be warned away.

It was an unusual life for young boys, and both Keeper Benoit and his wife were troubled over the fact that their children were fast growing to manhood with but such little educational advantages as they could give them in the intervals of their busy lives. The boys were needed at home, for they saved the wages of a second assistant by their work, and, in the event of their being sent to school, there would be their board bills as well as their other necessary expenses to be met.

With Mr. Benoit's small income the chance for such schooling seemed but small, yet each member of the family was pondering some scheme which should solve the problem. Jack, the elder son, a lad of fourteen, was fully aware of his deprivation, as he struggled through the magazines and books which were sometimes a welcome addition to the Government stores, and he longed for a chance to get the coveted learning. Bert, the younger brother, was less troubled over the disadvantages of island life. He was a jolly, rosy lad of ten years of age, fearless and robust.

One morning, early in the month of March, a terrific outcry came from the Little Bird Rock. The barren reef was well covered with snow, and though there was scarcely a patch of it to be seen, yet the islet glittered like ice in the morning sun. Thousands of sea-birds were crowded together on its surface—the glistening plumage of the gannets and murrs, with their hosts of sea-friends, caught and reflected the sun's rays. Now and then a squabble arose between the feathered tribes, and the sunbeams gleamed on the fierce, fighting creatures, while their shrill cries resounded for miles.

Sealing from a Lighthouse

Jack watched the scuffle with less interest than his lively brother, until suddenly a bright idea crossed his mind. "Bert," he exclaimed, "that row isn't for nothing. Depend upon it there's something big going on in Birdland. I believe the floe is coming."

With one impulse the lads rushed up the narrow winding stair leading to the beacon, where they found their father making careful observations with his great field-glass. His practised eye easily discerned the black-dotted ice which was rapidly drifting towards them.

"Boys," he said slowly, "maybe your schooling is out on yonder floe, for the black spots mean seals, and seals mean oil and skins, and they mean money."

The lads could have danced with joy—Jack, because a chance that might mean his education was nearing him, and Bert, for delight that there was active work to be done in which he would have a share.

In an hour's time the drift ice had banked against the lesser rock. Hundreds of seals played awkwardly with each other on the slippery cakes. Others basked contentedly in the sun, rousing only to give a short snapping bark when, in the crowding of the ice-floe, the comfort of a steady bed was denied them. Above the grinding of the broken ice arose the shrill cry of the alarmed birds, which huddled stupidly together.

Mr. Benoit carefully marked out a plan of action. With the aid of his wife and old Peter, the great slung-box was made ready alongside an open window. Into this he and the boys scrambled, crouching on its rough floor, and, with Mrs. Benoit staying the crank, slowly, link by link, the chain unwound, lowering them until they had reached in safety the foot of the cliff.

Chopping the little skiff free from the rocky cove to which the ice had bound it, they rowed swiftly to the Little Bird Rock. Then, grasping the clubs with which they had provided themselves, Mr. Benoit and Bert leaped upon the ice-cakes. The seals blinked stupidly, and made little effort to escape the death-blows which fell thick and fast.

The Crash of Ice-floes

Jack remained in the boat, holding it in position and throwing on board the dead animals they tossed him. In half an hour the little skiff was full. He rowed rapidly to the lighthouse, loaded the slung-box with a heavy freight, and watched it move slowly upwards. Again and again he made the homeward trip, and each time the heavy box was hoisted to the window.

The seal-killing was exciting work, and the cold air exhilarating. Three hours passed rapidly. There were still scores of seals to be had. The animals now made some show of fight, stumbling awkwardly on the shore rocks, barking shrilly, and showing their white teeth, or diving to avoid the blows. A cloud of birds descended from the cliffs and circled above the seal-slayers, uttering incessant, blood-curdling cries.

Suddenly a strong current seemed to set in, and the boat began to drift, despite Jack's best efforts to hold it fast. As he turned homeward with another load he saw a sight which in a moment put his boyhood far behind him.

Close by was another ice-floe, larger and denser than the first. It was bearing straight for him. In a few minutes his boat would be caught and crushed. He shouted loudly to his father and brother, but, in the excitement, or, perhaps, because of the tumult of the birds, they did not heed him. With mighty efforts he pulled the clumsy boat out of the ever-narrowing strip of water. Then, crash! behind him came almost instantly the report of the meeting masses.

The shock shivered through the ice to the shore, and roused the seal-killers to the danger of their situation. Their first thought, which was for Jack's safety, was soon set at rest, for the lad was signalling them anxiously from the farther edge of the floe. A serious trouble at once arose. The great ice cakes on which they stood, jarred by the shock, quivered, dipped uneasily, and then the whole mass was swiftly sucked again into the current on its southward journey.

It is a perilous thing to stand on a jagged ice-block

Sealing from a Lighthouse

bound on an unknown voyage. Both father and son realized that their only safety lay in speedy action, yet neither dared to stir until Jack's young voice rang lustily out, "I'll follow the floe! Come you to the edge!" It was no easy matter to leap from block to block over the slippery, ever-moving seals, but their chance for life lay in doing so, and at last, almost utterly exhausted, they gained the outer edge.

Jack, meanwhile, was in constant peril. There was always the danger of the sharp-pointed rocks whose heads rose needle-like in the water. Fortunately, the long snake-like trails of seaweed, which had caught on their pinnacles, warned him of their nearness. The rapidly moving current drew his boat too easily along, and it was only with a great effort that he veered in his course to avoid the ponderous ice-fragments which seemed intent on wedging his boat to the main mass.

A collision with either rock or ice-block would have been instant death. Sometimes a cake would catch on a pointed rock, and would spin twice or thrice before making a headlong rush to join the floe. Jack soon found that his best hope lay in getting out of the current in the immediate neighbourhood of the ice, and in changing his course he found himself left far behind the fast-moving ice-floe.

High up in the open window of the lighthouse Mrs. Benoit stood straining her eyes at the fearful sight. Old Peter turned away from her white face, in which the helpless horror of the situation was reflected. Then, taking the field-glass, he watched Jack in his efforts to row out of the current, while the two figures on the ice-cakes were each moment drifting farther away. Old Peter's heart sickened at the prospect, and the teardrops gathered unbidden in his faded eyes. Then, with an evident effort, he said gruffly—

"Our business is to get the slung-box down, ma'am."

Together they rapidly cleared the box, heaping the wet seals on the white-scoured floor. Peter watched Mrs. Benoit closely.

"I shall be so strong!"

"Maybe I'd better go too," he added carelessly. "There'll be help needed there," and, with a shrewd look, "I'd go in a minute, could I be sure there'd be no fainting up here; for there'll be a good firm hand and a stout heart needed before this business is done."

Mrs. Benoit almost pushed him to the window in her anxiety to be of use. "Go! go!" she cried; "you can trust me. I shall be so strong—I shall not faint."

Peter climbed into the box, and the anxious woman sent it spinning downwards. Then, catching up the glass, she watched the tragedy which was being enacted so near at hand. The current which bore along the ice-cakes seemed to move faster and faster, out-distancing Jack's best efforts to keep abreast. Her husband and Bert were standing on the very edge of the floe. She could distinguish their figures, though their features were mercifully hidden from her.

Then, oh! could it be? Surely her eyes had deceived her! She looked again and again, rubbing the glasses on her gown, and twisting the thumb-screw frantically. There were no figures on the ice. Could it be that her husband and son had missed their footing and were at that instant struggling for their lives?

She reeled against the wall nearly unconscious! Then, as in a dream, she heard herself replying to old Peter, "I shall be so strong—I shall not faint."

The remembrance of her promise nerved her to her task. She laid down the glass and fell on her knees, voicing at last the prayer which her heart had been silently offering up.

The father and son had decided to make a desperate effort to swim to the boat. They plunged boldly into the icy water, but the shock nearly paralysed their exhausted bodies. An undertow from the travelling mass threatened continually to draw them under. Little splinters from the ice-fields dogged their way, and in the dazzling light it was almost impossible to tell the direction of the boat.

At last, close to them, came an outstretched oar, and

Sealing from a Lighthouse

in another minute the dripping sealers, stumbling over the spoil on the skiff's bottom, were making for home as fast as Jack's young arms could row them. His strength had nearly failed him as he drew near the beacon. How could he, single-handed, lift his helpless father and brother into the slung-box?

Just as this thought came to torment him, he heard Peter's cheery "Hullo!"

At the sound of another voice his courage was renewed. Mr. Benoit was soon placed on board, and, single-handed, his wife turned the great crank that brought him safely home. It was a terrible pull, the ascent occupying nearly a half-hour, and old Peter, fearing that her strength might give out altogether, sent Jack up on the next trip, that his vigorous arms might turn the crank more swiftly. Another upward journey, and Bert was safely landed; then another, for which the efforts of the entire family, strong or weak, were required, and old Peter, sitting upon a heap of seals, appeared at the window.

When he had safely landed, Mrs. Benoit swooned in dead earnest, and the first care was for her welfare. While Mr. Benoit busied himself with her, and old Peter attended to the seals, the boys made up a roaring fire, ladled out hot broth from the soup-pot, and got out dry clothing for all.

The keeper and his sons had fought valiantly that day against terrible odds, but as all were well and strong, there were no ill results. The profits from the seals were excellent, and in the summer-time, when the lads began their school on the mainland, they thought little of the adventure, in which, to their father's watchful eye, they had shown pluck and perseverance which would surely later on win recognition in the world.

And sometimes when their mother hears the screeching of the birds on Little Rock, there comes to her a vision of the perilous position in which her loved ones were placed on that memorable day.

